

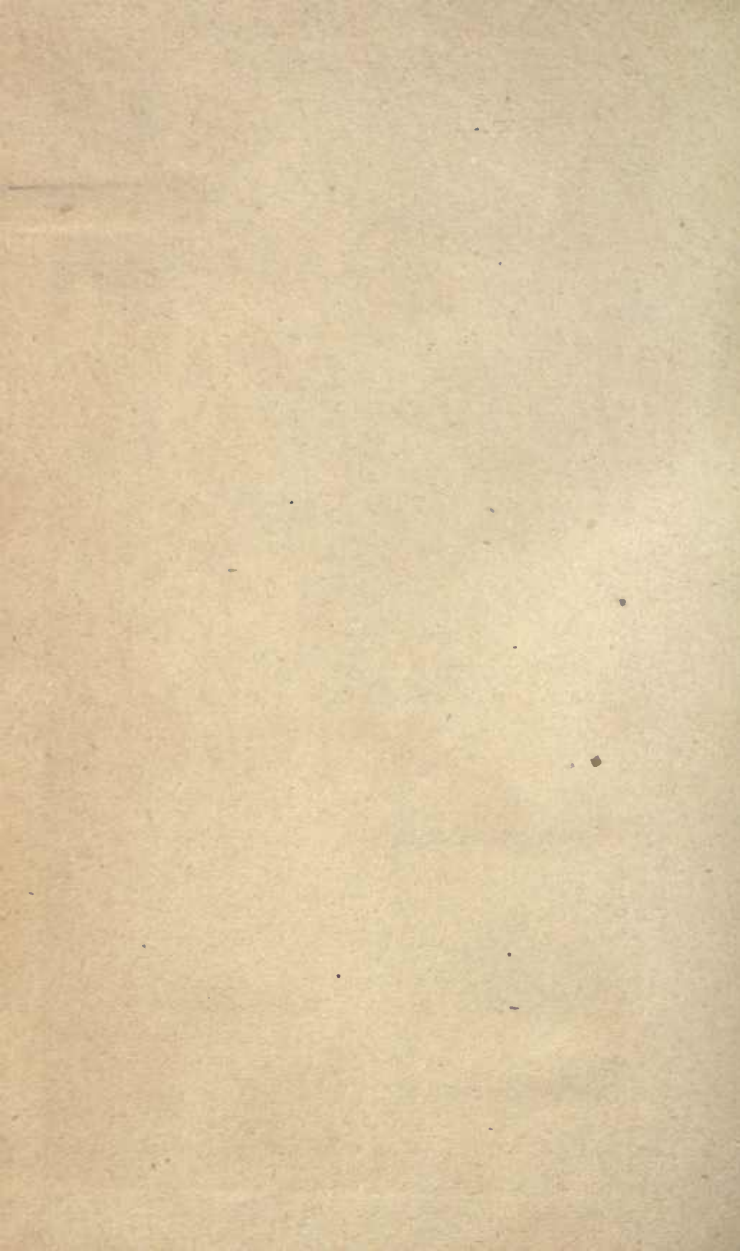
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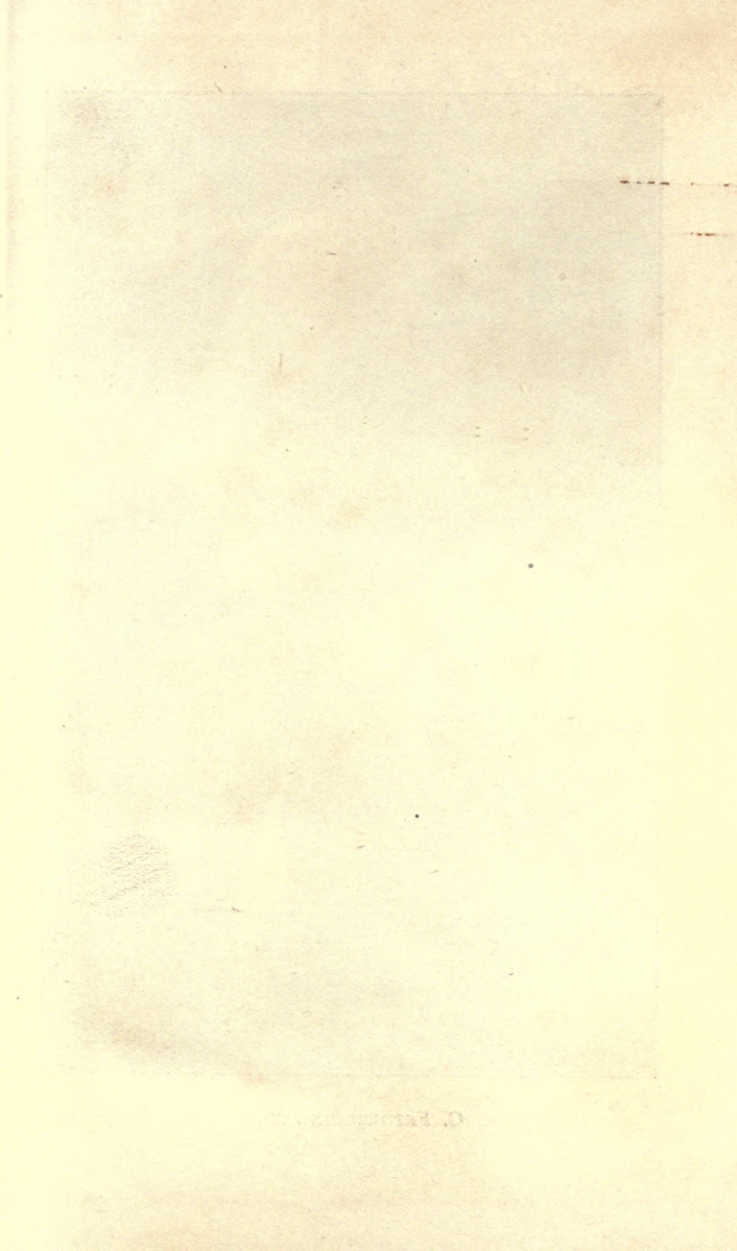
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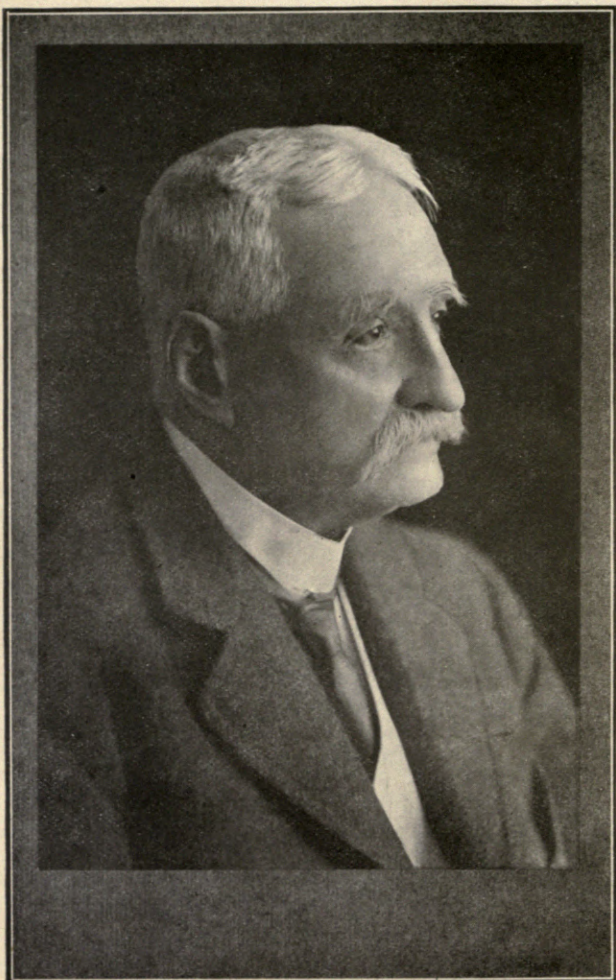
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C. FETHERSTONHAUGH

# AFTER MANY DAYS

BEING THE REMINISCENCES OF  
CUTHBERT FETHERSTONHAUGH

E. W. COLE, Book Arcade, Melbourne  
Sydney and Adelaide





## PREFACE

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Urged by my wife, and indeed also by many friends, I have for a long time intended to record my experiences of many years with a view to publishing them.

I do not think I would have carried out my intention but for the insistence of my good friend Walter G. Henderson, of Albury, author of *Midnight's Daughter*, *The Bathers*, and other works depicting Australian life.

When staying with me in Blackheath last year he so pressed me to make a start that I did so. His enthusiastic appreciation of my work has been unfailing ever since, and has greatly helped to the conclusion of my task in setting forth these experiences of 35 years of my life.

All I have narrated is at first hand and actual fact. If by any chance these "memories of the past" should "take on," I hope to put the experiences of the following 45 years into another volume

C.F.

Blackheath,

November, 1917.

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## DEDICATION

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To the bushmen of Australia—more especially to those of “the blood of the don’t give in,” who have so heroically made Australia historic in this Great War.

*God bless them for their big soft hearts  
And the brave, brave grins they wear.*

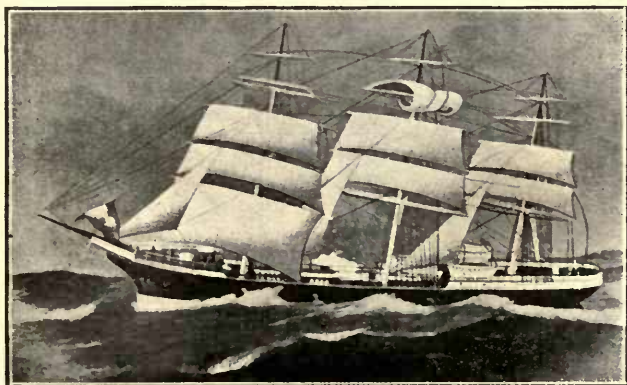
HENRY LAWSON.



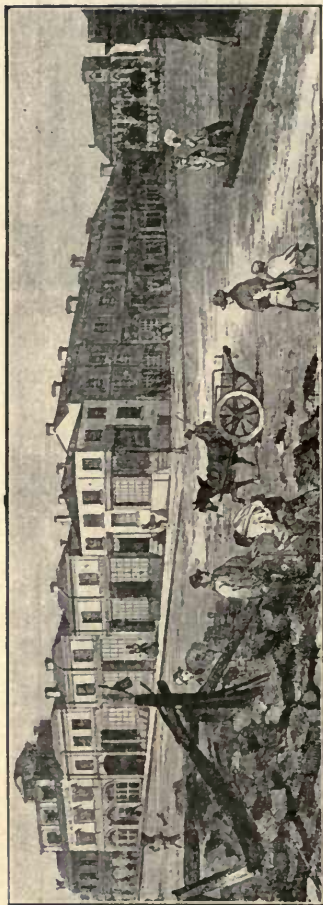




PRINCE'S BRIDGE, MELBOURNE, 1853



SHIP SUSSEX, 1853



SWANSTON AND COLLINS STREETS, MELBOURNE, 1853



CANVAS TOWN, MELBOURNE, 1853

# AFTER MANY DAYS

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## CHAPTER I.

Books of reminiscence are many, yet the happenings of seventy years, beginning in Ireland, continuing in Germany, and for sixty-three years extending over the States of New South Wales, Victoria, Queensland and South Australia, covering many strange occurrences, and embracing many striking and characteristic personalities, may well justify the further use of pen and ink.

I am satisfied that the material is there, rich and abundant. My only doubt is as to whether or not my pen is of sufficient candle power to light up to the reader, so that he or she may see it as I have seen it—the interesting past. I therefore make no apology for writing this book, but shall “clap into’t roundly” and do my best. After all, folk need not read it unless they like, but if they will come a little way with me I think we shall become good friends and keep together to the end of the journey. Sometimes we may trot along merrily, sometimes the pace may be only a walk, but I hope there will be a glorious gallop or two even if we have to camp occasionally for a bit.

I have the honour of having been born on the day Queen Victoria came to the throne, the 22nd of June, 1837. My birthplace was Dardistown, my father’s home in County Westmeath, Ireland, not far from Mullingar, famous for its fat cattle, from which originated the saying applied to girls with thick ankles, “beef to the heel like a Mullingar heifer.”

I remember but little of the first six years of my life, beyond, from a window, seeing my father driving with long reins a colt from whose mouth flew foam, flecked with blood. Also I just remember one night seeing a four-in-hand drag, lamps lighted, leaving Dardistown, having on board a lot of my uncles, all smoking cigars, bound for my grandfather's place, "Mosstown." The late Beresford Cairnes, of Parramatta, seemed to know a lot about my people, for he told me that not only were there usually forty blood horses in the Mosstown stables, but that often forty people sat down to dinner there. This is not to be wondered at when I mention that my grandmother bore no less than twenty-eight children to my grandfather. She outlived her husband to whom she was married at sixteen. In her old age she used to go to sleep in her armchair after dinner, and one evening in her seventy-fifth year she did not awaken again in this world. Seventeen of the children grew up. The men were tall and handsome, all of them good horsemen and good shots, and I think there were some pretty gay boys among them. Some of my aunts I can remember as beautiful women.

With such a family, accompanied too with proverbial Irish prodigality, is it any wonder that my father sold Dardistown in 1843, under the Encumbered Estates Act, and took his family to Germany for economy's sake. Living and education were very cheap then in Germany. My father's family consisted of my mother, three sons and five daughters—so that moving to Germany with our belongings was no joke. We went to "Neuwied-am-Rhein" for a year, and I remember a big flood on the Rhine, and going up to the counter of a shop in a boat. From Neuwied we went to "Frankfurt am Main," where we lived for four years, until the revolution in 1848 seared us back to old Ireland. I must confess that we carried away very happy memories of Germany and of the Germans. My recollections of them after



all these sixty-eight years are of a kindly, friendly, sociable and thrifty people, a people, too, steeped in music. Alas that the name "German" now gives one a shuddering feeling of horror and disgust. We can quite agree with Kipling when he says that the world consists of human beings and Germans, and applaud the *Bulletin* prize definition of a German: "A German—why, he's just a German, blast him."

Yet for German I fain would substitute "Prussian," for it must be remembered that in Frankfurt we were among Saxons, and that after the Prussians had beaten Austria in 1866 they attacked the minor German States that had been allied with Austria, treating them most brutally and perpetrating "frightfulness" almost as great as that which they inflicted on Belgium and France in the Great War raging (1917) as I write. Saxony, which had been allied with Austria, after being subjected to atrociously cruel treatment, was made to pay an indemnity of ten million thalers, and was forced to join the North German Confederation. Almost as I write I read how the Prussians greeted the arrival of the Australians in the trenches by exhibiting a board written on it, "The scum of the earth have arrived." Soon after this greeting a savage attack was made by the Prussians, who were completely driven back by the Australians. The Prussians were relieved by a regiment from Saxony, and the latter again put up the board, but this time it bore the words, "The scum of the earth have beaten the Prussians." There is no love lost between the Saxons and the Prussians, as we have often heard from our soldiers in this War.

Frankfurt is still very real to me—the Zeil, the Ross Market, the Hotel D'Angleterre, Bethman's beautiful place with the far-famed Ariadne sculpture, the Promenade round the town, made after the fortifications were taken down, and finally the Judenstrasse where the Jews had to live. Our house, the "Burgemeisterhaus," a large three-storied building, fronted

the "Promenade," and a very happy and cheerful life we young people lived in it. There were a good many British families living in Frankfurt, but we were on very friendly terms with a number of nice German families also. My eldest sister and my brothers used to go to the German balls and parties. We Irish seemed somehow to get on better with the Germans than did the English. We were, I take it, more free and easy, not so stand-off, "don't you know."

My father was then forty, quite a young man, though to me he seemed quite old. He was a splendid shot. (Years afterwards, on the morning of his eightieth birthday, he came to my bedroom and held out a bag of snipe he had shot before breakfast.) He and a great friend of his, Robert McCarthy, used to go on shooting excursions in Germany. They imported a fine upstanding Irish mare, and a real Irish jaunting car, which rather amazed the Germans and caused some amusement.

In Frankfurt I went to a German school, and for four years I was taught as if I were a German boy (how I praise God that I was not!), with the result that when we left Germany I spoke German better than I'd did English.

At school I found the German masters kind and fair, making no distinction with the "Englishers," and the boys were friendly too. The only game I remember playing was ball. The German boys could not fight for "sour apples." Any one of us could take on two of them. I well remember a street fight (one of many) in which six of us retired unbeaten though set upon by some fifteen German lads. Among our crowd were several young Huxhams—real devils to fight. I met them sixteen years afterwards on the Burnett in Queensland, married and sobered down. Their elder brother—a lieutenant in the Royal Navy—when on a visit to his people in Frankfurt got the name of "Der Veruckte Englander"—the mad Englishman—and truly he was as wild as a Warrigal

Black and absolutely fearless. On one occasion when the ice broke on the river Main he jumped on one of the floating blocks, and bounding along from block to block he reached the middle of the river, while crowds of people rushed to the river banks to witness his apparently inevitable death. However, as he passed under a bridge some gendarmes lowered a rope to him and he climbed up—sailor like—hand over hand, reaching safety perfectly cool and unperturbed. He was duly fined next day.

Among the English living in Frankfurt when we were there was a Dr. Leighton and his family. His eldest son Fred, who afterwards became famous as Sir Frederick Leighton, was much at our house, and became a prime favourite with my father, who always called him "Fritz." He was a handsome boy then, about eighteen, and very attractive. He was studying to be an artist and was a clever caricaturist. My brother had quite a collection of his caricatures and little sketches of friends. I had a little oil painting of his done on the cover of an old book, and I have still a pencil sketch of what he intended to be a painting of the Babes in the Wood. "Fritz" thought himself at that time to be very much in love with my eldest sister.

It was very cold in Frankfurt in the winter. The River Main at times was frozen so thickly that I have seen loaded carts cross on the ice, and we could skate for miles on the river straight on end. My father never wore a greatcoat in winter. How the Germans used to stare at him! He took his cold bath every morning even when the ice on it had to be broken. We used to see an oldish Englishman going to have a bath in the river accompanied by a man with a pickaxe to break the ice. The Germans very rightly concluded he was mad. On the ice you could hire chairs, and it was the custom to ask any lady—without an introduction—to take a turn on a chair on the ice, the chair being pushed along at a great pace by the skater.

Then came the troublous upheaval year of 1848, and not thinking it safe to remain in a country seething with revolution, we decided to leave. Even before we left there was street fighting in Frankfurt. Then in my twelfth year, I, to my great excitement, one day saw a mob of revolutionists march up the Zeil (the main street) headed by a big truculent looking man with a red sash crossed over his shoulders, while his head was bound up with a blood-stained bandage. These were a lot of the "Saxon hausers," being men of the baser sort—low rascals, ever ready for revolt and disorder. Some time before this I heard Prince Metternich address a large audience from an hotel window. I also remember hearing Jenny Lind in "der Freishutz." We schoolboys spent one never-to-be-forgotten summer holiday on a delightful walking excursion with one of the masters, a right good fellow he was. He seemed to enjoy the trip as much as we did. On one occasion I stood on the middle of the bridge at Strasburg with one foot in Germany and one in France. Alas, both feet would be in Germany now. Then there was the wonderful old clock in Strasburg Cathedral in which there was a cock that crowed twelve times at noon. We, of course, had German servants, and the wages were horribly small. Such nice women they were, too. Marie, the cook, and Lenchen, the housemaid, I liked greatly. I remember the latter with a charm stopping in a few seconds the bleeding from a bad cut I got. My great ambition in those days was to be a circus rider, while my mother's great wish was that I should take holy orders. Also I wanted, like most boys at that time, to join the navy.

We returned to Ireland at about the end of the frightful famine of 1847 and 1848. The worst was over before our return, but of the many terrible times of trouble and distress through which poor old Ireland has passed, none pressed more hardly on her than the disastrous famine caused by the failure of



the potato crop, the staple food of my countrymen. The poor people died in hundreds of thousands, of absolute starvation. The greatest loss of course was among children and the aged. Children died in such numbers that often five and six little bodies were put in one big case and carted away for burial. A great deal of help was given by England, but will it be believed that during this famine quantities of food was exported from Ireland to England. Towards the end of the famine quantities of fat pork and of Indian meal were sent to Ireland from America. The people did not take to the yellow meal. They had a doggerel about it—

*Eat it up, eat it up,  
It will blow your belly out.  
It will cure the chincough,  
The measles and the gout.*

For years I have been a Home Ruler, not an ardent one, but still a Home Ruler. Ireland should be given the opportunity of Home Rule—it is due to her—she has a right to demand it.

On one occasion some years ago when Home Rule was being much discussed in Australia, I gave expression to my feelings in our local Castlereagh paper. Shortly afterwards at a show at Coonabarabran, a wild Irishman, who had been making acquaintance with John Barleycorn, jumped up on the step of my buggy, and to my wife's great amusement shouted out, "Sure, and you're the man for us. Say the word, and begorra we'll follow you through blood and slaughtery." I felt rather abashed, for I was much more seeking "Peace and Goodwill" than blood and slaughtery.

As our old home "Dardistown" had been sold when we returned to Ireland, we rented a place in County Westmeath called Rath-Caslin, where we were near many relatives. I then went to a large school in Wales. All I learned there was to fight and be a

blackguard. I am sure the Heads of the school were good men, but I honestly believe that every boarder of the eighty or ninety in the school was depraved in mind. I was generally in trouble, and had enormous impositions to write out, and once (deservedly) had to spend one whole vacation at the school by myself. I spent much of the time trapping sparrows and roasting and eating them. I had no books and saw no one. I was, in fact, a prisoner. We boys several times visited the Britannia tubular bridge, then being erected over the Menai Straits. It was intensely interesting.

After a year in Wales I went to school at Belfast at the old Academy, over which reigned a Dr. Bryce—a Presbyterian clergyman and a gentle good man. It was also a large school—about one hundred boarders and a large number of day boys. While in Wales I had to fight every boy in the school anywhere near my own age. At Belfast I really do not remember having had a fight at all. The boys were morally a much better lot. I did better at Belfast and learnt a good deal, and got on well with my French, and, *mirable dictu*, got a prize for writing! Belfast was the most drunken town (1850) that I have ever been in. I have seen women lying in the gutter blind drunk in the daylight. The old charwoman at the Academy emptied all the bottles containing specimens of lizards, snakes, and so forth, preserved in spirits of wine, and she actually, out of the goodness of her heart, poor old soul, let me have a pull at the awful decoction! And didn't the tears run out of my eyes!

Sectarianism was (and no doubt still is) rampant in Belfast. As an illustration of this there was a story current of an Ulsterman who had fallen down a well and who in his extremity essayed to pray, but all he was able to get out was, "To Hell with the Pope."

While at Belfast I spent two of my winter holidays with a cousin—Charley Kelly—at his father's place,

Lunestown, in Westmeath. A kind old uncle, and a house full of pretty cousins, and always some girl friends, plenty of horses, and just do as we liked. My cousin Charley smoked. Although I was only 13, nothing would do me but to smoke also. It took me a whole holiday to learn, but, sick as it made me, I persevered. I continued to smoke till I was 18. Then finding I was fast becoming a slave to the habit—in fact, I smoked before getting out of bed in the morning—I gave it up for good and all. I learnt to ride at Lunestown. My first experience was one day when Charley, who was four years older than I—I was thirteen—threw me up on his sixteen-hand-high chestnut hunter, put the reins in my hand, and gave the horse a “skelp” of his whip. Off the animal sprang, and never stopped till he reached the stable door. I hung on and was greatly delighted. Then my cousin Kate—a lovely girl of about eighteen—lent me her grey thoroughbred mare. She, dear girl, was in a rapid consumption, and not able to ride—and oh! what a time we two boys had. We used to muster up a pack of dogs of all sorts and sizes—greyhounds, terriers, a beagle or two, and “a-hunting we would go.” After jumping a big fence, Charley at our first ride called out, “Better not tackle it, you might hurt the mare,” and then after we got home he told the girls I had been afraid to follow him. He did not tell them so again, though, for after that I’d have followed him over a precipice. It was not very long before the “grey mare proved to be the better horse.” Charley was an awfully mischievous beggar, and used to get up fights between me and a cousin of his, Johnny Meares, of Mearescourt, and on one occasion he got us to go out of church before the service was ended and engage in fisticuffs in the churchyard. We were hard at it when the congregation came out—among them Mrs. Meares, Johnny’s mother, and didn’t I get a wiggling! Charley Kelly became an engineer, and went to India—was there during the

Mutiny—volunteered, and fought all through it—did splendidly and was mentioned in despatches. Later on he came to Australia and bought Kamarooka Station, near Bendigo, Victoria. He kept a pack of hounds, and my dear old father when over seventy had many a run with them.

It was, of course, only in my holidays that I got a chance of riding, and at home I had no horse to ride. But once on a visit with my father to a friend—one Jack Rynd, of Reynella—I had a great day. If I live to a hundred years I shall not forget it—it was truly a red-letter day. The evening before Jack Rynd asked me if I could ride. Of course I said "Yes." Well he said, "My daughter's pony is too much for her, and is spoiling for a good day out. He is a bit fresh, but no vice, and you can ride him to hounds to-morrow." The pony was a perfect beauty. During the first run he took me over a big bog drain greatly to Jack Rynd's delight, and shortly after, pulling hard, he got me too close to the hounds and someone swore at me. But the master said, "Let the boy alone; after jumping that bog drain he can go where he likes." At one time in the hunt I jumped the pony up on top of a strong wide stone wall, and as we got there the hounds turned and came back over the wall. I rode the pony a bit along the top and jumped him back the same side we started from. I have seen a pony, 14.2 high, jump a 6-foot stone wall in Ireland. He just tipped the wall with his hind feet.

There was a memorable and never-to-be-forgotten steeplechase meeting at Mullingar, to which Charley Kelly took me surreptitiously—I riding my cousin Kate's grey mare. Over one fence during the meeting there were no less than five horses killed or had to be shot—they broke their backs. It was not a big fence, for I took the grey mare over it at the end of the day. The fence was just a ditch and bank, but it was uphill. After the fifth horse came to grief, the stewards took the fence out of the course.





SIR GARNET WOLSELEY



LADY COLVIN (WHEN MRS. SITWELL)

Jemmy Kelly, of Donovan Brown fame, will be remembered by all old Victorian sportsmen—Jemmy with his ash plant in his hand saying “Aisy Donovan, aisy Donovan.” Jemmy was an “illigant” horseman across country and a great judge of pace. Well, he rode four winners at this same steeplechase meeting at Mullingar in 1852, and he carried an ash plant in his hand then. I little thought I’d see him riding steeplechases in Australia some six or seven years later on.

After a while we left Rath Caslin and went to live at Kingstown, on the sea near Dublin. Our greatest friends there were the Brookes. The Reverend Mr. Brookes was a delightful man, and he had an equally delightful family. There was a charming Roman Catholic clergyman in Kingstown at the time, a tall thin man, and these two men, Mr. Brooke and Father Germaine, might often be seen coming along the street arm in arm, the best of friends, and yet probably the very same evening Mr. Brooke would be preaching a controversial sermon and dealing sledge-hammer blows at the other’s church.

The eldest son, Stopford, who took holy orders, died lately. His name has become a household word in religious and literary circles. His life of that magnificent and most lovable man, the Reverend F. W. Robertson, is an enthralling book. Stopford Brooke’s sermons are broad, poetical and very uplifting. He was a light and comfort to all who knew him. He radiated happiness, and, as was well said of him, “He was the prophet of love and joy. He opened our blind eyes to heavenly visions and filled our dull ears with the music of the world.”

In our avenue lived the Wolseleys. Garnet, afterwards Field-Marshal Sir Garnet Wolseley, was then a lad, bright and winning. Another brother, who was a constant visitor at our house, became an army surgeon, and there I first met my great friend Fred

Wolseley, so well known in Australia as the inventor of the shearing machine, of whom more anon.

My great delight at Kingstown was to go to the end of the pier when a gale was blowing from the East and watch the mail boats steam out for Holyhead. No gale was ever known to stop a mail steamer. I had hired a boat, very broad in the beam, consequently heavy to pull, but impossible to upset. My swimming belt on, I one day sailed her right out into the bay, when it was blowing great guns, and did my best to upset her. I only succeeded in getting the mast carried away, whereupon a pilot schooner closely reefed, bore down on me to "rescue" me, but I treated her with contempt. I was not able to make the harbour again, but I beached the boat all right.

One day when out in the harbour with some friends—a son and daughter of General Pratt (then in New Zealand)—we noted a commotion on the pier, and we at once pulled over. There we saw an old lady floating on the water, her eyes shut and one hand firmly clasped on a little black reticule. She lay quite quiet, and not one of a number of men on the pier offered to go in and pull her out. We soon got her into our boat, and then into a cab, and I never heard any more of her. Ten years afterwards I met Miss Pratt in Melbourne, but she was then Lady Barkley—the Governor's consort.

In 1852 my father, two brothers and a cousin, Travers Adamson (afterwards for years Crown Prosecutor in Melbourne) started off for Melbourne to try their luck at the diggings. I pulled out into Dublin Bay in my boat, met them in the Bay and waved by last farewell to them.

The loss of the troopship *Birkenhead* off the Cape of Good Hope occurred in this year. I do not suppose there was ever a finer instance of cool collected courage and of heroism. The troops helped to get the women and children into the boats, helped the sailors required to man the boats, and then, under the



command of a young cornet, they formed up on the deck as if on parade, presented arms, fired a volley, and went down with the ship, cheering as they went. When this news reached Germany the Emperor—grandfather of the present Kaiser—ordered a parade of 100,000 troops and had the account of this splendid instance of discipline and heroism read to them. I guess it was the discipline that appealed to the old Emperor.

Most of the twelve months after my father left for Australia I spent at home and at my uncle's, as I was delicate and had to leave school several times. My mother (a Curtis) came of a clever talented family—she was very musical and well read, and to a certain extent a classical scholar. She could read her New Testament in the Greek text and had a little knowledge of Hebrew.

Just at this time Dickens' works were coming out in serial form, and I remember how eagerly we all looked forward to a new number of *David Copperfield*. Truly, our home was a happy one. My mother used to read Dickens and Thackeray to her five daughters, and to me when at home. She was deeply religious—hers was not the church-going and psalm-singing, and pulling a long face sort of religion, but real religion—the religion of Christ. With all she was strictly orthodox. About eight years ago one of Mr. Brooke's sons, Edward Brooke, came out here for his health with his sister, and I called on them at Medlow Bath, in the Blue Mountains. We had not met for over fifty years. I left him in 1853, a slim, handsome lad, and I met him again in 1907 a stiff old Major-General with white hair, but the dearest of men and full of humour. Our meeting was a very happy one, and we parted with mutual regret—he died not long after returning to England.

Four of my sisters are still alive—one married a French engineer, M. Ponsarde. She and he went through the two sieges of Paris. Mon Dieu! how she

did hate the Prussians—"cochons" she always called them—and I can now readily believe all the atrocities she attributed to them. The Ponsardes' sympathies were with the Communists until they murdered the Archbishop of Paris and started burning the beautiful city. For many years I had in my possession a letter from my sister with *Par ballon monté* (by balloon post) on the envelope. I wish I had managed to keep some of her letters from Paris under siege. She nursed in the hospitals most of the time. Her husband was afterwards at the Panama Canal doing engineering work.

Another sister, Fanny Sitwell, when a widow, married late in life Sidney Colvin, afterwards knighted. She and her husband, as is well known in literary circles, were Louis Stevenson's greatest friends. When I was in San Francisco in 1896 I called on Mrs. Stevenson, and as soon as I told her who I was she put both arms around me and gave me a hearty kiss. This sister appears in E. V. Lucas's book *Her Infinite Variety*, under the heading "A Thoroughbred."

Dickens, Thackeray, and later on George Eliot, formed a good literary introduction for a lad of fourteen. Also I was a great admirer of Longfellow, and especially of his *Hyperion*. My other reading consisted of Cooper, and Marryat, and Tom Cringle's Log, and I remember being greatly taken with Georges Sandes' *Consuelo*, so that although I left school at fifteen, I had the advantage of a talented mother, and an introduction to the works of the best authors of that day who, in my opinion, have never been excelled as novelists. When I was thirteen I was given my choice of whether I would have a profession or be a business man, and as the latter choice obviated learning Latin and Greek, naturally I chose it. However, in 1853, five of my relations made up their mind to sail for "El Dorado," and I persuaded my mother to let me join them. Prior to this my

eldest brother had returned invalided—he never had been strong though he lived to be over eighty. One morning at breakfast my mother told us she had dreamed that she had had a letter from my brother saying he was ill and returning home. When the postman came he delivered a letter exactly in accordance with the dream.

I remember when in Frankfurt an old English lady who had a son a midshipman in the navy, telling us that she awoke one night with a heavy weight across her feet conveying to her the impression of a wet body lying across the bed. She was greatly perturbed, and made a note of the occurrence. Later on she heard of the death by drowning of her son on that very night. Richard Blackwood, of Hartwood, told me of two rather remarkable dreams. When he was managing Macmeikan Blackwood's business during his brother's absence in England, he one morning got news of the loss of the *Gothenburg* on the coast of Queensland. He at once sent a confidential clerk to break the news to the Captain's wife. As the clerk approached the house, the Captain's daughter came out to meet him and said, "I know what you have come about. I saw my father on his ship on the rocks last night with the waves breaking over him. I know he has been drowned." The same morning the landlady of a house where Judge Cope resided said to the Judge, "I had a dreadful dream last night. I receive a telegram with two great black strokes across it. I am sure something has happened to my husband." The judge put her off; but the woman's husband was Chief Engineer on the *Gothenburg*, and he was drowned the night his wife dreamt about the telegram.

Richard Blackwood told me of another strange occurrence in connection with the wreck of the *London*. A man he knew well was dying of delirium tremens, and he sat up in his bed and described a wreck as circumstantially as if he were looking at it.

Of course his action was attributed to delirium, but just then (allowing for difference in time) his wife and children went down in the *London*.

To me there is nothing extraordinary at all in these stories, for I believe in telepathy, and I also am confident that at the moment of dissolution the departing spirit can often in some way appear to friends or relatives at any distance, but I must not be led into opening out on the occult.

## CHAPTER II.

In 1853, then, we six fellows, going to try our luck, took second-class passages on the good clipper ship *Sussex*. We sailed from Plymouth in May. A Mr. Llewellyn, a sailor, and a gentleman, and an old chap named Jobson, were put with us in No. 3 mess, and we eight occupied for the voyage a cabin which measured 10 feet by 8, and was about  $6\frac{1}{2}$  to 7 feet high. There were no portholes, and we did three months in this confined space. It opened out on 'tween decks, where we had our meals. Jobson soon left our mess, and no wonder, for No. 3 mess no doubt contained a fairly boisterous lot of fellows. I dropped into the billet of cook, as no else would take it on, and if I had not also cleaned out the cabin it would never have been cleaned out. In heavy weather (and once we had ten days of it) we were battened down, and a nice Black Hole of Calcutta sort of place we found ourselves in. No matter how hard it was blowing I managed to get up on deck, in a sou'-wester and oilskin, and one one occasion I had to be lashed to the rigging. The sailors were awfully good to me—one old chap used many a time to share his tot of rum with me. We did not think we were well fed, but I think now that the rations were good enough, though we always ran



short before the next week's rations were issued. We all had good appetites, and nothing to do except eat and drink. We got salt junk, soup and bouillet, canned meat, preserved potatoes, flour, currants, and plums and suet. What more could we want? We had bread sometimes, but mostly ship's biscuits—at times weevily. I used to tow the salt junk overboard to get the salt out of it before boiling it. I may say that I was complimented on my plum duffs.

It was a good breaking-in for a lot of fellows intending to rough it in Australia. The worst of it was that we managed to get a good deal of brandy through the kind (?) intervention of some friends we made among the saloon passengers, and the end of it was that we spent nearly as much on brandy as would have made up the difference in the passage money. Yet we had the experience, and that was worth it all. When we arrived in Port Phillip Bay I was stone-broke, and as thin as a whipping post. My father thought me a scarecrow, but all the same I was quite well and right. We landed on Liardets Beach, now Sandridge, and went up to Melbourne on a jingle, past Canvas Town. I was in the seventh heaven at finding myself with my father and brother in a nice comfortable home with good food. My people were keeping house with two Misses Henderson, and their brother Jack—the dearest of good nice Scotch gentle folk. We became very fast friends and ever remained so.

Within three days I got a position as wharf clerk to Lyall, Mackenzie & Co. I had £2/10/- a week, and had to work pretty hard for it. I had to attend to a defined number of lighters unloading goods at the wharf. I was given the invoices, and if I neglected to take delivery of any of the goods recorded in my invoices these goods would be stored at my expense. On one occasion nine octaves of port wine were landed for us, but the office had not given me the invoice, and they were left on the wharf. Next morn-

ing they were empty. Some rascals had drawn all the wine off into other casks and carted it away. In addition to discharging at the ordinary wharves, lighters used to discharge "below Raleigh's Wharf." In wet weather this part was a quagmire. Below Raleigh's reminds me of three friends, John, Willie and Joe Raleigh. All now have passed on. In 1853 John, the eldest, was quite a feature in Melbourne as he rode down Collins-street on his brown stallion, "Necromancer." A handsome pair they were, and they knew it. John married Miss Ryder, sister of the Ryder brothers, well known as the pioneers of Fiji and as the owners of Calga Station in New South Wales. They were the first growers of cotton in Fiji. John and his wife were a very handsome couple, and I think divide honours with the Keightlys, who have been immortalized in Rolf Boldrewood's *Robbery Under Arms*.

We wharf clerks didn't have a bad time of it—all outdoor except one hour a day in the office before going home. Latrobe was Governor of Victoria in 1853, and I'm afraid we boys used to join in "Joe-ing"\* him when he happened to come to the wharf. I am afraid also we boys all smoked and took nips too, but we were tired when we got home, and we went to bed early and came to no harm. I can speak for myself, at all events.

One of the first things my father did for me was to take me to Milton, the tailor in Collins-street, and get a coat made for me. It cost £7/10/-. My board cost me £2/10/- a week. While on the wharf I noticed that the draymen appeared to be making money. There was one man, evidently a gentleman, who had two horses and drays, one of which he drove himself. One evening a friend asked me to dine with him at the Criterion Hotel, and to my surprise at a

\*The diggers used to "JO" the officials at the diggings whenever they had any fault to find. They would call out Jo—Jo—Jo as the officials went past.

table near us was seated the drayman, very nicely dressed, and quite a swell. Moreover, he was having a small bottle of champagne with his dinner. I made some enquiries, and found that a man driving his own horse and dray could clear from £12 to £15 a week. I told my brother about this, with the result that he and a friend purchased four horses and drays and harness, while I, much to my joy, was given the superintendence of them at a salary of £5 a week.

The history of this transaction is interesting. I was very friendly with most of the wharf clerks, so could be sure of getting loading, but to make certain I promised some of the clerks 6d. a load for all the loading they gave me. The rate of pay was seven shillings a load for any distance in the town, and even if it was only across the street seven shillings had to be paid. This was the unwritten rule of the road—unless one took a contract to unload a big line of goods. Our best horse was a very handsome up-standing bay called Samson—he came from Tasmania—then Van Dieman's Land—and he cost £160. The next in value was a beautiful white horse called Prince; his price was £130. The next was a raw-boned three-cornered looking horse called Napoleon; he cost £110\* and the fourth was a bay mare not so heavy as the others, and she cost us £90. The drays and harness ran into £50 for each. The dray-men's wages were £4 a week each, and feeding the horses ran into another £4 a week each, so with my pay we had to pay out £37 a week before we made any profit. For some months we grossed £72 a week, and things looked very rosy, but after a while some of the men took 6/- a load, and later on the rate tumbled down to 4/-, and "the game was not worth the candle." I was offered at that time £100 a ton to take flour to Bendigo, about one hundred miles, and I would have done so but my brother did not care to take the job

\*Napoleon regularly "took ill" on Sundays. Want of exercise, I take it. Some people do the same.

on. The horses and drays were eventually sold at a loss.

I had a great time while this dray venture was on. I had one contract for a big line of hay at 6/- a load, and the hay was sold and the buyer gave us another 5/- a load to take it a shorter distance. I used to get 20/- to take a load to Richmond, where we lived on the Punt-road. Ten bags of flour went to a load, and many a bag of flour I have humped on my back and loaded, for often when I could not get a drayman, I had to drive the dray myself. I had my carter's licence for years as a memento. Three bales of hay or three hogsheads of beer went to a load, and as many cases of case stuff as we could put on. We were supposed to take a ton to the load, but our loads did not average 15 cwt. In the Punt-road, almost opposite where we lived, was a deep boggy place. The draymen declared that I had dug it, and they christened it "Fetherston's gully." No Melbourne draymen would tackle it in wet weather. When they reached it they used to unload and clear out, whereupon I would make a good bargain, getting the full rate from Melbourne to take the load on. A nice job it was. I used to put Samson in the shafts and Polly in the lead, and go into the bog nearly up to my waist, but I never got stuck! Many a time also in flood time, I have had a shilling a head to take people across Elizabeth-street. I remember a woman being drowned in Elizabeth-street. One day I was driving old Napoleon up Collins-street, and contrary to the regulations I was trotting, so was looking out for a policeman. I turned the corner into Queen-street, where the Union Bank then stood. Three "swells" took off their hats to me. They were Mr. Stawell—afterwards Chief Justice—Sir William Stawell, Mr. Childers, Collector of Customs, and my father. They seemed greatly amused. Childers' Christian names were Hugh Culling Eardly. Melbourne *Punch* (we had a *Punch* even then) used to call him Huge Curly-Eaded Childers.



My first business with Dalgety & Company, then as now in Little Collins-street, was rather interesting. One of my draymen had dropped a cask of porter and sprung it, so I went to Dalgety's about it. They said I must pay for it. "All right," I said, "but you will, I suppose, only charge me the invoice price?" This they agreed to, and I took the cask out to Richmond and made £4 profit on the transaction by selling it to a publican.

I knew a good many people in Melbourne at that time, and even though I happened to be driving a dray my lady friends always bowed to me.

The seven shillings a load tariff (and this had to be paid equally for a case of beer, as for a ton of flour) did not last very long. I would have made a good Unionist, for when some of the carters began to carry for 6/- I put one of my draymen, who could use his fists, on the first man I found loading at that rate. My man knocked the other out, but the police got wind of it, and I had to drive one of the drays for a fortnight while my man "lay low."

Some parts of the Melbourne streets were then in a shocking state in wet weather. One day I got bogged in Collins-street. I was driving Samson, and I had three bales of hay on. I went to a timber yard and borrowed a plank. As I got near the dray I called out to Samson, "I'm coming, old chap." Samson put his head down, took up a mouthful of mud, flung it in the air, and in a minute he had the load out on hard ground. I could have kissed the old chap. This occurred close to where St. James' Church then stood, between King and Spencer streets.

One Saturday, on my way home to Richmond, just as I was going up the hill to the Parade Hotel, I heard a shout. Looking round I saw two fellows trying to stick up a drayman, who, however, flogged his horse and got away. As he passed me, I jumped into the dray as I had a good deal of money on me, Saturday being pay day, and I was just too late to

bank the money. Cases of sticking up were frequent in those days. The Parade Hotel reminds me of one day when I was dining there, and the conversation turned on curious food people had eaten—one had eaten shark, another had eaten 'possum, and so on. Some one turned to a dour looking Scotchman sitting beside me and said, "Grant, you have had some weird experiences. What may you have eaten?" Grant did not look up, but just said, "I have eaten *mon*," and went on eating. It was quite true, too. One of Grant's police experiences was bringing a murderer overland from South Australia to Victoria, single-handed. At night he handcuffed the bushranger to his own wrist.

I knew two men who later on were well known and very wealthy Riverina "squatters." In those early days, one drove a dray and the other was in a store. Williamson's was the swell ladies' shop in Collins-street, where Alston & Brown's was later on. Germain Nicholson's was a big grocery establishment at the corner of Collins and Swanston streets. Milton was the tailor *par excellence*.

Magistrate Panton was another notable Melbourne man of the old times. He was handsome, and stood a good bit over six feet. He was a good conversationalist, and the type of a high-class English gentleman of the old school, as was Evelyn Sturt, whom he succeeded as Police Magistrate in Melbourne. Panton was offered knighthood, but declined. When I first met him at Bendigo he was Chief Commissioner of Gold Fields. He held his first court at Bendigo, sitting on a packing case, while his clerk was seated on a keg of rum. He did some good exploring work, and withal was very artistic. A staunch friend and a most delightful man to meet or with whom to spend an evening, in fact one of the most charming personalities I have ever had the good fortune to call friend.

That grand old man, Dean Macartney, who was

born in 1798 and reached the great age of ninety-six, came out to Melbourne with Bishop Perry (another splendid man) in 1847. In speaking of Melbourne in the time of the gold fever, he said that one night there was only one policeman left in Melbourne, and that he personally knew of sick people in the hotels who had no one at all to look after them.

Many a "Digger's" wedding party have I seen passing along Collins-street. The bride and bridegroom in a "barouche," the horses gaily decked with wedding favours, the bridegroom with one arm round the bride, in the other hand a bottle of champagne, out of which he was prepared to regale all and sundry. How often the bride had gone through the marriage ceremony it would be hard to say—probably the "woman of Samaria" was not in it with her. The old Dean graphically recounts "How in those days, rough-bearded men, in blue or red shirts, leather belts in which were stuck bowie knives and a revolver, and with trousers, the material of which was concealed by layers of soil, would apply to him for marriage licenses. But to his astonishment, on the day of the ceremony would appear a bridegroom trimly shaven, with oiled hair, white satin waistcoat, patent leather shoes, and jewellery galore, together with a lady in still more resplendent get-up. Only the glimpse of wrist accidentally displayed between sleeve and glove would betray the fact that the bride did not favour soap and water."

The "Bull and Mouth" was a favourite hostelry in Bourke-street. I remember a shooting affray there. A jealous husband while at dinner pulled out a revolver and across the table shot his "suspect" right on the forehead. The man fell, but in a few minutes got up apparently all right, and yet there was the hole in the forehead where the bullet had entered, and another hole at the back of the head where the bullet had come out. Examination showed that the bullet had glanced off the frontal bone and

traversed right round the skull just under the skin, coming out exactly opposite to where it had entered. A similar thing happened to me once. I shot a dog one morning, quite close to me, in the forehead and left him for dead. When I returned in the afternoon the poor thing fawned on me.

The old Ship Inn in Elizabeth-street was rather out of the way, and was patronised by drovers and working bushmen. The Old Port Phillip Club Hotel and the old Lamb Inn was where the "upper ten" from the bush foregathered. I do not remember in what year Menzies started in Lonsdale-street, but it was in the fifties. The old White Hart at the top of Bourke-street was then going strong, and opposite it was the "Sallede Valentino." It was there I first heard Madame Carandini sing, and what a fine voice she had, and what a favourite she was, and what splendid audiences she had at the old "Sally" as it was always called.

There was a good comic man who used to sing "Billy Barlow" and a topical song that ran:

*And then the price of greens and taters,  
Oh dear me,  
It's enough to give a cove the Vapours,  
To drink the Colonial tea.*

And so it was. The Colonial tea had two names, "Jack the Painter," that was the green tea, and it had a whiff of paint. The other name was "Post and Rails," which speaks for itself. The favourite sentimental songs of the fifties were "Ben Bolt" and "The Old Folks at Home," and are they not in favour still? Then there was Braid's dancing academy—possibly some of my readers will remember learning their steps there. In Russell-street there was a very popular dancing-place called "Denning's Polite Assembly Rooms," which the "Knuts" of those days used to frequent. A great shindy took



place there one night between "the Duke of York" mob, and other frequenters of the rooms. The former consisted of C. M. Lloyd (the squire of Yamma), my brother and four or five other choice spirits. Wild boys, but no harm in them—there was a wild element in the spirit of those young digging days of Victoria. It was these boys, more particularly Charley Lloyd and my brother, who initiated the block in Collins-street. Who would have thought that people actually did the block in 1854? But such was the case.

A new arrival, a business man, took a room at the Duke of York at this time, and he was not at all to the taste of the boys. Next morning the whole six appeared at the breakfast table clad only in blankets fastened round the neck. They were very solemn and polite, but the newcomer thinking he must have got into a private lunatic asylum, cleared out at once.

This reminds me of a good story about Tom Lloyd, Charley's brother, and a more humorous man even than Charley, and that is saying a good deal. One night at a bush "pub" the only sleeping accommodation available for Tom was to share a bed with a man already ensconced in the blankets. Tom was equal to the occasion. Standing in front of the looking-glass he commenced to strop his razor, casting furtive looks at the man in the bed, and making some ugly grimaces at himself in the glass. Very soon the alarmed occupant of the bed, feeling sure that he was about to be murdered, stretched out his arm, grabbed his trousers, and made a dash out of the door, while Tom gave a wild whoop, brandishing his razor. As soon as the man was out he locked the door, went to bed, and slept the sleep of the righteous.

Tom Lloyd was digging at Bendigo when my father was there at the time the Government enacted that all persons mining for gold must hold licenses for which they had to pay. There was much grumbling

and dissatisfaction over these licenses. One day a trooper went down Tom's shaft and asked him for his license. Tom feigned deafness and said "Yes, it's a fine day." The bobby, in a little louder tone, "I want to see your license." "Well," said Tom, "I'm only doing fairly well." "Your license," shouted the trooper. Tom made some other irrelevant remark. The trooper put his mouth to Tom's ear and yelled, "Your license." "Oh," said Tom, pulling it out of his pocket. "Is it my license you want? Here it is."

In the roaring fifties, Kirk's Bazaar in Bourke-street was the great rendezvous for horse men and bushmen of all classes. There you would meet George Watson, Master of the Melbourne Hounds, looking the part to the life, and not to be beaten at that time whether he donned scarlet on the hunting field or silk in a steeplechase. His horses that I can remember were Lottery, White Squall, Blackboy, and that cleverest of ponies, the Little Doctor. Pop Seymour was often to be seen at Kirk's. He was called Pop because he used to ride "Pop goes the Weasel." He might have come out of one of Lever's novels. Then there was little Jimmy Henderson, the nattiest and neatest of men. Rolf Boldrewood was then no doubt busy at *Squattlesea Mere*, or he could not have kept away. William Stawell, afterwards Chief Justice, would find some excuse to look in. Charley Lyons and Lloyd Jones were sure to turn up, and Tom Chirnside and Hector Norman Simson, owner of Flying Doc. Also Billy Lang and John Orr, and Anthony Green, the trainer and vet.—afterwards murdered in the Bazaar by Martin Rice. Dick Goldsborough, not so burly then as in later years, was a frequent visitor to the Bazaar, as also G. T. Rowe, and Tozer, who bred Mariner. I do not remember meeting the Powers in those early days. I was only a youth, and Robert was the only one of the three brothers older than I—they were probably then in

South Australia. Later on there were no more accomplished horsemen with the Melbourne hounds than "Bob" on the Wandering Jew, and Herbert on Freetrader, and they were both hard to beat over the sticks. Willie, the younger brother, was also a great horseman. Peter Snodgrass, Janet Lady Clarke's father, then living with his family on the bank of the Yarra opposite Richmond, was often to be seen at Kirk's Bazaar.

He was the son of Colonel Snodgrass, for a time Administrator of the Government of New South Wales. He was one of the founders of the Melbourne Club, and, if I don't mistake, he had fought more than one duel. When in Melbourne in these roaring fifties I more than once met a Mr. Harry Fowler, who had a very ugly scar on his face. He got the scar in an encounter with four desperate bushrangers. Fowler was a squatter, and he and three other squatters, Peter Snodgrass being one, and a Melbourne business man, a Mr. Gourlay, very pluckily volunteered to tackle the bushrangers who were carrying on their depredations in the neighbourhood of Heidelberg. Fowler was elected leader of the party. They came on the bushrangers in a house they had stuck up. The bushrangers had got five inhabitants of the house bailed up when the relieving party hove in sight. The prisoners, having given their word not to take part in the approaching fight, were released. A fierce fight ensued. The attacking party fought gallantly, while fully exposed to the fire of the bushrangers from the house, and pretty well all of them were wounded. Fowler was badly hit twice in the face and head and became *hors-de-combat*. Gourlay had a narrow escape. He fought his way into the house and was then knocked over, stunned by one of the bushrangers, but was saved by Snodgrass and Chamberlin, who shot his assailant dead. Snodgrass had several narrow escapes. The fight lasted from early morning till two o'clock, when Hopping Jack,

mentioned below, volunteered to try and induce the bushrangers to surrender. His friends tried to dissuade him from interviewing the desperadoes, but Jack pluckily approached them and actually persuaded the three left to surrender.

The three bushrangers were tried, found guilty, and duly hanged near the site of the present gaol. Thousands of well-dressed men, women and children turned out to see the unfortunate men "done to death," and this was no longer ago than 1842.

Snodgrass' friends, the five Hunter brothers, could not come to Melbourne without calling in at the Bazaar, where too would crop up that well-known "horse couper" Jack Ewart, but better known as "Hopping Jack," who rode from Sydney to Melbourne, six hundred miles, in ten days, on the same horse. Grand men were those Hunters, and all of them splendid dare-devil horsemen, straight goers whether over fences or in business. In all their many wild escapades none could ever throw a stone at them or dare to challenge their rectitude. Alec was the only one whom I knew well. I worked for him and Peter Snodgrass for most of twelve months after a mob of wild horses on the Goulburn. The last time I saw Alec Hunter I dined with him in Melbourne and with his beautiful daughter, who afterwards married Charley Rome, and I think a son of theirs, or perchance a grandson, is at the front in France. Alec Hunter told me an amusing incident that occurred at the old Port Phillip Club Hotel. He and Jack Graves (brother of Warden Harry Graves, the well-known stock and station agent) were in the lounge at the back of the hotel. A number of other people were about. Jack Graves, one of the coolest, cheekiest, and most plucky of men, was stretched full length on a lounge. Alec some distance away on another. "I say, Alec," said Jack, "You remember this place a few years ago?" "Yes, of course I do," replied Alec. "Well, you used to see gentlemen here



then; you never see a gentleman here now." As Alec was about to reply one of the fellows strode up to Graves, and looking down at him, said, "Look here, sir, do you know what you have just said?" "Well, what about it?" said Graves. "Well, you said you never see any gentlemen here now. Do you mean to tell me I'm not a gentleman?" Graves did not move, but looking him over from head to foot, replied, "Well, you may be a gentleman, but I'm damned if you look like one." The chap took it and walked off, but had he attempted to take to Jack, the latter would have had him by the throat in an instant.

Jack Bellew Graves carried his eccentricity to an extreme, for having become engaged to a very pretty and accomplished cousin in Ireland, he, fearing to lose his liberty, wanted to break off the engagement. He was remonstrated with and said, "Oh, all right, I'll marry her." He left her at the church door, and she divorced him. Many years afterwards he went to a well-known phrenologist in Melbourne, a Professor Hamilton. Hamilton, after running his hand over his head, told him, among other things, "You are the sort of man that would leave your wife at the church door the day you were married." Graves jumped up, and was about to strike the Professor, but calmed down when assured that it was really only a happy hit.

The five Hunters arrived in Victoria one after the other from 1839 to 1851. They started a land company, but did not succeed, and then more successfully went in for pioneering, chiefly in South Australia. That well-known station, Kalangadoo, belonged to them. Bendleby, in an interesting article in the *Australasian*, on the Hunters, relates that on one occasion Alec Hunter, having been cast in damages to the tune of £500 over a collision between his four-in-hand and a hawker's cart in Melbourne, when he asked for time to pay was told not to worry—the damages had been paid by the sportsmen of Mel-

bourne, headed by William Stawell, afterwards Chief Justice, and the opposing counsel in the case.

Jimmy Hunter was another magnificent horseman. Frank Hunter, another brother, was killed in South Australia. In spite of warnings he would keep in the yard with a vicious old cow, and she caught him on the fence and carried him round the yard on her horns. This happened the year after I arrived. Willie got crippled when a boy, and had to use crutches, but was just as good a horseman, and just as daring as his brothers—if anything he was more full of fight. He was one day dining at a restaurant in Melbourne, sitting opposite a stranger at a small table. The latter somehow insulted Willie, who reached across the table, dragged the stranger over and gave him the “father of a hiding.” Willie was in Fiji for many years. While there the natives resolved on his death, and one evening about a dozen of them trooped into his hut one after the other. Willie was seated by the fire, and no firearms within reach, and remember he was a cripple. He was smoking, and quietly bidding the natives welcome, he continued to smoke. The natives squatted on the floor and told Hunter they had come to kill him. He still continued to smoke apparently quite unperturbed, but actually very alert, and meditating mischief. Suddenly he grasped a crutch and hit out, and with such vigour that in a few minutes the hut was clear of natives. But the wildest of the five brothers, and most daring, was Jack, the eldest, “Daredevil Jack.” One time the police were after him for one of his escapades, and he was in hiding. Jack wanted to see the Melbourne races, and went to them dressed in a riding habit and on a side-saddle. The police recognised and tried to capture him, but Jack sailed away over the fences and soon lost the “bobbies.” He was quite at home in a side-saddle.

The following, by Bendleby, appeared in the *Australasian*, and I reprint it by permission:—

“An instance which has recently been supplied to me, concerning Jack Hunter, serves to illustrate the complete understanding which it is possible for a thorough horsemaster to establish between himself and his mount. It appears that, when he was still a young man, Jack Hunter broke in a very promising colt, upon which he bestowed the name of The Badger, and, as he had a reason for most things that he did, one may feel fairly confident that this colt had a dark streak down its back. Hunter was in the habit of walking down to the paddock every day with his bridle, of catching this colt, and riding it up bare-back to the homestead. At first he made a practice of opening the various gates between the paddock and the stable yards. This proving troublesome and monotonous, it was not long before the colt was taught to jump the fence, nor was it long before Hunter also got into the habit of going down to the paddock without a bridle, and of catching the colt, and thus riding it home. What with the latter's eagerness to get to his feed, and the pace at which Hunter would start the horse off as soon as he was on its back, it proved just as easy to take a straight course for the yards, and jump all the intervening fences without a bridle as with one. Rolfe Boldrewood states that he was present on one occasion at Kilfera Station when Jack Hunter went through one of these performances on The Badger, without either saddle or bridle. ‘He had only a switch in his hand, came at a swinging gallop, took the creek at a fly, and then a three-rail fence at the stable, and came down as square as if in the park, holding his hat in both hands, jumped off on the straw heap in the yard, and fell on his legs like a cat.’ ”

I understand that the following incident has not been made public. One of the favourite stopping-places in Melbourne with the young bloods of that period, or that portion of them which was styled the “Goulburn mob,” was the Lamb Inn. Jack Hunter

was at this time under one of these temporary clouds, which necessitated his keeping clear of the police. Having successfully gained admittance, as he thought, unobserved, into the Lamb Inn, he was soon engaged with an acquaintance in a game of billiards. During the course of the game he caught sight of a police-trooper at the front door, and it was not long before he realised there was another individual of the same persuasion at the back door. He therefore made up his mind to face the inevitable, and at the conclusion of his game, sauntered out with his pipe in his mouth, tobacco in one hand, and knife in the other, busily at work upon a plug. He at once exchanged greetings with the trooper at the front door, who remarked that there could be no doubt that they had him this time, which view of the situation Hunter was quite prepared to endorse; but pleaded to be allowed to ride up to the watch-house instead of having to walk, a form of exercise for which he had no liking. To this the trooper readily agreed, on condition that he was allowed to take the reins, and lead the horse. To this, in turn, Jack Hunter agreed, and was soon on the back of the horse, and, continuing the process of cutting up tobacco. After going a part of the way, Hunter's horse gradually dropped a little behind the trooper's. At an opportune moment the supposed prisoner leant forward, and cut the bridle between the horse's ears. As soon as this was done, Hunter dug in his spurs, the animal gave a bound forward, and the bit dropped out of its mouth. Away went Hunter, and it is generally understood that many days elapsed before he was even again seen by the policeman. Eventually he went to South America and died there of cholera.

Rolf Boldrewood, in writing of the death of Willie Hunter, who died peacefully in his bed at Warragul, in Gippsland, says:—"That any of the Hunters of that generation should have died in their beds is a matter of wonder and surprise to all having know-



ledge of their reckless horsemanship, their deeds of derring-do, and their desperate adventures by flood and field, in all sorts of climates and in all kinds of countries. There must be a special interposition of Providence for men of their temperament who habitually defy danger and challenge death in their daily lives."

### CHAPTER III.

More than likely you would meet at the Bazaar one of the Greenes from Woodlands.

There were four of the brothers, Molesworth, Rawdon, George, and Charley. Their father, Mr. Pomeroy Greene, came out to Victoria in 1842, and settled down at Woodlands thirteen miles out of Melbourne—a beautiful home not far from Broadmeadows. He brought out quite a little colony of retainers from the "ould country," and some valuable blood sires. Among the last a big up-to-weight Irish hunter, Rory O'More, by Irish Birdcatcher, who left his mark behind him.

Three of the boys took to "squatting," but Charley took holy orders and a right good parson he made. Readers of Rolf Boldrewood's *Old Melbourne Memories* will remember the chapter giving such a graphic description of a steeplechase at Woodlands, in which the competitors were—

Molesworth Greene's "Trifle," ridden by his owner.

William Stawell's "Master of the Rolls," ridden by owner.

E. McNeil's "Thurrun," ridden by owner.

Acland Anderson's "Spider," ridden by Rawdon Greene.

W. Anderson's "Chestnut," ridden by Acland Anderson.

Leslie Fisher's "Achmit," ridden by Rolf Boldrewood.

Stawell won a great race, Molesworth Greene second. I had the opportunity of going to Woodlands as a "cadet," as jackeroos were more euphoni-ously styled in those days. But I did not cotton to sheep, and I did not go, and so lost a fine opportunity of starting life in Australia under good auspices. Rawdon and I were fast friends later on—"Wawdon Gweene, of Ten Mile Wace Fame." He got up the Great Ten Mile Race at Wagga Wagga; he used to pronounce the letter "R" as if it were "W," which most people put down to side, but it wasn't. Molesworth, whose death occurred in October, 1916, I met at intervals since 1854. George and I used to foregather often during the forty years preceding his death. George made a name for himself at Iandra, in the Grenfell district, New South Wales, a property of 36,000 acres, which he purchased in 1878, against the advice of friends and bankers, from J. A. Mac-kinnon. Iandra lies—now the timber has been cleared off—in full view of the Weddin Mountains, one of the haunts of Frank Gardiner, Ben Hall, Gilbert, Dunn, and other notorious bushrangers whose doings have been made familiar to readers in all parts of the globe through *Robbery Under Arms*. George Greene made a great success of Iandra, of which perhaps more hereafter. His son Roy (Pomeroy) is at the front somewhere in France doing his bit for us all—and more power to him. Molesworth Greene married Miss Browne, the Brownes having come out to Victoria two years earlier—that would be in 1840. Rolf tells us that at that date there were some weatherboard and brick cottages in Melbourne, but no bridge over the Yarra.

At Rolf Boldrewood's (T. A. Browne) death I sent to the *Australasian* the following obituary notice, which, by permission, I now republish, as also my obituary notice of "Vessey" Browne, Rolf's brother, by permission of the owner of the *Pastoral Review*:—

I met "Rolf Boldrewood" first in Melbourne sixty-

one years ago. I was then a lad of 17, and he was a man of 27, so we saw but little of each other, and I do not remember even his appearance at that date.

Some seven years later I first met his brother Sylvester, generally known as "Vessey," then a slim youth, and well known as a pioneer pastoralist, successful mining speculator, and staunch sportsman. "Vessey" was trying conclusions with the gloves with a Jew boy, and, good as he was with his fists, could make no impression on the Jew. If "Vessey" had but jotted down his reminiscences, his many adventures, his pioneering experiences with dear old Fred. Wolseley and quaint, humorous Langloh Parker, what a good Australian book we should have had, especially if he had written in anything resembling the vein of his brother Tom.

I met "Rolf" next at Mudgee in the late seventies, at one of those never-to-be-forgotten Bligh Amateur Race Meetings, where we used to have some of the good old-fashioned real picnic races, with such fine sportsmen to the fore as Vincent Dowling—always a hot member over the sticks; Cob Cox and his brother Stan, not omitting Brindley Bettington, on one of his own horses, for the welter events, and riding, too, many a ding-dong finish.

Then I used later on to come across "Rolf," as we stayed a night at Dubbo, on our way to Sydney. I well remember one day on the railway platform at Dubbo meeting him and several of his daughters at the time *Robbery Under Arms* was coming out week by week in the *Sydney Mail*. Many people were taking exception to the author's making his bushrangers, and more especially Starlight, such attractive characters, so I said to him, "Look, Browne, if you don't hang Starlight, there will be trouble." One of his daughters instantly flashed out, "Father, if you hang Starlight I'll never speak to you again." Fortunately the original Starlight was shot down by

the police, exactly as is depicted in *Robbery Under Arms*, so that situation was saved.

Although Tom Browne had written several earlier novels, it was *Robbery Under Arms* that made his name, and gave him a world-wide reputation. *Robbery Under Arms* is, in my opinion, a long way the best Australian novel ever written, and I put Mrs. Æneas Gunn's *We of the Never Never* next.

I am not at all losing sight of that great and powerfully-written novel *For the Term of His Natural Life*; but Marcus Clarke deals almost entirely with the convict system, which he exposes in the most poignant manner, and with the life of one great and most pathetic character; but it cannot be looked on as illustrative of Australia as a country or of Australian life.

*Geoffrey Hamlyn*, too, although very truthfully portraying life in Australia, all the time bears the impress of the Britisher who wrote it. The author is never heart and soul with the Australian bush or with the Australian bushman. The Britisher is sticking out all the time.

Far different is it with *Robbery Under Arms*. It is pure Australian, redolent of the gum-trees; the writer is one with it all, and does he not love a good horse? At one time he was not to be despised across country, or in a point-to-point steeplechase.

An article of Tom Browne's that appeared in the *Australasian* many years ago, telling of the starting of a pair of high-bred, nervous, buggy horses, is, I really think, the best thing he ever wrote. It is just perfect. These horses, Steamer and Eumerella, were, as, indeed, are most high-spirited horses, not to be depended on as starters; they were always more than a bit balky. Much diplomacy had to be observed. The family were allowed to settle themselves in the buggy at their leisure; the horses must on no account be allowed to suspect that those in the buggy wished to start. Small talk must be indulged in; a news-



paper might be opened; and some of the matter read out; but not a hint as to starting. After five minutes or so one horse would poke his head round to the other (not a move for their lives on the part of any of the occupants of the buggy), then there would be a sniff or two, and away the animals would go, sidling and prancing, and gaily blowing their noses. If the driver had tried to start them, or, worse still, had flicked his whip—good-bye to starting that day. Broken swingle-trees, or mayhap, a broken pole, would have been the result of the least indiscretion.

The best drawn character in *Robbery Under Arms* is old Marsden, the father of the two bushranger brothers. He is drawn to the life. I had an old dog-poisoner in the Warumbungle Ranges, from whom I verily believe "Rolf" drew the old man, and, as he came from Mudgee, it is quite possible. He always reminded me of old Marsden. He had been in many a "cronk" bit of cattle and horse work—a hard, inscrutable man, but faithful and loyal, and like a sleuth-hound on the track of a dingo. Once on the track he would follow for days, sleeping on it at night, and never resting till he had got his quarry. He always set three traps for a dingo. He said a dingo knows there is a trap if there is only one, but he does not know that there are three, and fools about till he gets caught in one of them. I saw an old slut caught in all three of his traps once. The nose was caught in one, and two feet in the others.

I was in Riverina when Tom Browne's first book—the first I remember—came out. It was called *Ups and Downs of Australian Life*. This was afterwards changed to *The Squatter's Dream*. At that time I think Tom Browne was owner of Bundidgerie Station, just above Narandera. We were all delighted with Tom Browne's first book, *The Squatter's Dream*, as the station on the Murrumbidgee where the scene was laid was well known to so many of us, and the characters were our friends. Mr. Countemount was

overseer on a large station on the river, and afterwards a stock inspector. He is drawn to the life. I well knew the man Greffem, in *The Miner's Right*. He was a commissioner of goldfields in North Queensland in the early sixties. He murdered two of his own troopers in cold blood, and paid the penalty—went to the gallows with a cigar in his mouth, without turning a hair.

*Old Melbourne Memories* is a great favourite of mine, possibly because I knew so many of the old Victorian pioneers to be met in it, and most of the places. I remember Joe Burge telling us how a big old man kangaroo, when at bay, took him up in his arms (and Joe was a big man) and carried him along. He escaped serious damage only by ripping the "old man's" belly open with his bowie-knife. "Rolf" could have told many good stories of "Billy" Rutledge. Billy had some passages-at-arms with Edward Henty, of Muntham, and the latter christened him "Terrible Billy." Billy turned the tables on Henty by giving him the cognomen of "Teddy the Nipper."

I have no doubt we would have had many good yarns of many of those old pioneers whose names crop up in the *Old Melbourne Memories*, but that "Rolf"—who was a gentleman and a sportsman from top to toe—probably thought it would not be playing the game to tell tales out of school.

Sylvester Browne, a brother of Tom's—always known as "Vessie"—was one of our old-time Queensland pioneer squatters. There are few of them left. I can only think of Jesse Gregson, P. F. McDonald, Ernest Davies, Ernest Henry, and myself, and I am an 1861 man.

It is rather singular that at the end of his very varied and adventurous life "Vessie" should have settled down in the far north of the State in which he did good work in his young days. After many ups and downs, ending with reverses severe enough to have knocked most men out, "Vessie" hopefully

and pluckily started life again right away in the Flinders country in North Queensland on a place called Garomna, on Julia Creek. While residing there with his youngest son, Sylvester, he was quite knocked over by receiving on the 4th August last a telegram telling him that his second son, Roderick, had been killed in action at the Dardanelles. When his son went to see his father next morning he found that he had passed away quietly during the night in his sleep.

The Browne's eldest son, Ulick, has been invalided back from Egypt; he was in the 5th Queensland Light Horse. The third son, Denis, is regimental surgeon to the 13th Light Horse in Egypt, and the fourth, Sylvester, had fully intended to join his brothers as soon as his father could have spared him. "Vessie" Browne stood 6 ft. 5½ in. in height. He was broad in proportion. I have often followed him down the street wondering at his stalwart proportions. An incident that happened to him one day near Melbourne will show how massive and powerful he was. He was crossing the Balaclava-road when suddenly round a corner there bore down on him a butcher boy going "hell for leather." "Vessie" widened his legs, set himself firmly, and sticking one shoulder well out, stood steadily to meet the shock. In a second the boy and horse were sprawling in the dust.

"Vessie's" mining experiences were very varied indeed. At one time he practically owned the Junction Mine at Broken Hill, and about that time he told me he was worth £200,000. That went. In 1893 he went up to Coolgardie with his nephews, Everard Browne and H. P. Cockshott.

Bayley's Reward was purchased on this occasion, and in six weeks "Vessie" and his nephews took £10,000 worth of gold out of a hole about 10 ft. square and 6 ft. deep. All dollied out with a pestle and mortar. The miners from about used to stand open-mouthed watching "Vessie" and his mates getting

the gold out, as it were, in junks. So rich was the vein that one of the party always slept on it, as anyone with a pick and shovel could easily have got 200 ozs. out in half an hour.

"Vessie" Browne was seventy-four when, as Bret Harte has it, "he paid in his checks."

Jemmy Wilson, later on of St. Albans, was a notable horseman and racing man in the old times, but would not at this time have appeared at Kirk's Bazaar. In those days he displayed his horsemanship in the Western District of Victoria. He lived at the Grange (Hamilton now), and he raced and rode about there and at Casterton, Port Fairy, and Warrnambool, and also at Ballarat and Geelong. I think he won his first race in Melbourne with Musidora, and thereby hangs a tale.

I met old Colonel Robbyns in Hamilton when he was in Victoria buying horses for the Indian Government, and he asked me to take him out to Jemmy Wilson's. The old Colonel was a real old sport and a fine judge of a horse. That day there stood on a dung-heap in Wilson's yard a filly, rough-coated and in rather low condition. I might have thought of offering about £10 for her. The Colonel said to me, "Ask Wilson if he will sell that filly." Wilson declined. Before leaving, the Colonel whispered to me, "Offer him a hundred for the filly." Again Wilson declined, and very definitely. The filly was Musidora, so well known on the turf later on. The Colonel wanted her for a Nursery Stakes to be run in Melbourne, in which she was entered, and which she won quite easily. As Jemmy Wilson was returning from Flemington after the race he passed Colonel Robbyn's funeral; it was rather a coincidence. Musidora was the gggg dam of Newhaven. She was out of that wonderful old mare Dinah, the founder of Wilson's fortunes. Dinah came to Hamilton behind a mob of New South Wales store cattle. She caught Wilson's eye and he tried to buy her but she drover, to his surprise, asked a ridiculously large sum



for her. However, the drover got on the spree, and Dinah passed into the hands of a publican, and thence into Jemmy Wilson's possession. Dinah was by Gratis, but her dam's pedigree cannot be traced beyond that she was by Emigrant, out of a Camerton mare, consequently Newhaven has not been admitted into the Stud Book. But what a horse he was! It was all the same to Newhaven whether the distance was half a mile or three miles. In 1896 he made a perfect show of the rest of the field in the Melbourne Cup, and in the old country he ran till he was too old, winning many good races. Eventually he returned to Australia. Dinah bred Buckly, Eleanor, Ebor and Musidora—the latter two were by The Premier. Of Musidora it has been well said, "She was certainly the best racer in Victoria and the truest runner that ever lived." When she was right and fit the betting was never big enough for Jemmy Wilson. A great mare indeed. Wilson's success on the turf as an owner and trainer is well known; his mantle has fallen on his son. Jemmy Wilson passed on in October, 1917, in his eighty-ninth year, a great horseman, a keen sportsman, one whose memory will ever live in the sporting annals of Australia.

Once at a steeplechase in Geelong, when riding Triton, Wilson was taken under the rail of the wing of one of the fences, without getting a scratch. Old Triton dived under the rail and his rider must have dipped down alongside as we read the Indians used to do. On another occasion, with his collar-bone broken, he rode a steeplechase out and won it.

Jemmy was not a hunting man. There were no hounds in the West to ride to in the fifties. But until he got too heavy to ride he was a hard man to beat over the sticks, and was very handy with his fists. I saw him one day at Casterton talking to a friend. A drunken man squared up to him and made a swipe. Jemmy scarcely seemed to me to move or even look round; he never stopped talking, but in a second the man was on the ground and quite quiet.

The first time I met Jemmy Wilson was at a race meeting at the Grange (Hamilton). There was a steeplechase, and Jemmy had got hold of the "old Doctor" previously mentioned. I was then at Muntham, and Tom Henty had brought over a Muntham horse, Old Woodbine, for the race, and I had the mount as I had been schooling the old horse. He was a certain fencer if a man could only stick to him. He had never baulked with me, and never fallen, and I had schooled him a lot. He was fast, but no stayer. Going at a moderate pace he generally fenced all right, but when racing he often never rose at his fences, and yet if his rider could only stick on, the old horse would never fall. How he scrambled over his fences I do not know to this day, but I have had him land right on his head and yet not roll over, and once my left foot was on the ground as he landed, but yet he stood up. Once, not going very fast, he landed looking back over the fence. After one steeplechase at Casterton he had the skin off from one shoulder to the knee, and the other leg skinned from the knee to the fetlock, and both stifles red raw—yet he had not fallen. The only way I could hang on to the saddle was to catch a firm hold of the cantle with my right hand when negotiating a fence. Had I let go the cantle I would have gone up in the air. Woodbine was clean bred, by Robin Hood out of a Wanderer mare, and was an ugly rawboned sixteen-hand high horse with a lean and very intelligent head. He had done a lot of cattle work.

The Hamilton course, a pretty one, ran right through the township, and was fairly stiff. We crossed a number of newly fenced-in allotments, and went through back yards, one belonging to Cox, the well-known solicitor. There was only one "made" fence, and it was the stiffest "lep" in the course. It was out on the flat close to the winning-post, and consisted of a big new two-rail fence about 4 ft. 8 in. high—about three panels wide to jump and a single

panel for a wing. On landing over this fence we had to turn almost back again to get to the winning post, which was quite close. We, who were not in the swim, came to the conclusion that the course, which all through was a bit intricate and involved several sharp corners, was laid out in the interests of the "old Doctor" my most dangerous opponent. The Doctor was that well-known white pony with whom George Watson had pulled off many a lep race. He was a great favourite, and I wonder he ever parted with him. No more clever fencer ever appeared in Victoria. There was no fence or obstacle too difficult for the Doctor. Though not over 14.3 (if that) to negotiate a five-foot post and rail fence was nothing to him. He was well known in Melbourne, and a great favourite with the public.

Johnny Gorry, a well-known steeplechase jockey, was on the Doctor, Jemmy Wilson being over weight. I cannot remember now who the other competitors were, and indeed the race lay entirely between the white pony and my big mount, Old Woodbine. The betting was odds on the Doctor, and no one but myself and my friends thought I had any chance—a green horse and a green rider do not attract backers. The "Old Governor," of course, was most interested, and had a good view of the race from start to finish. My sisters, too, were onlookers, and, although my mother would not admit it, I feel sure she had a look at us as we swept past near where she lived.

It was a right good race. We were the only two left in after we had gone half the distance—neck and neck into the backyard of Cox, the solicitor, and right together into the police paddock, where I got a cheer of encouragement from the "Old Governor." As we rose at the last fence but one going out of the police paddock, Johnny Gorry bumped me hard, hoping to throw me, but the pony got the worst of it, and I then drew away determined to take no chances. The last fence was a corker, and I never

took a pull, but gripping my saddle with my right hand, I sat back all I could, and awaited the shock. Old Woodbine struck the new top rail with his chest. It bent and nearly shot out of the mortices, but as we slid over it, bounced back into its place with a loud crack. I turned sharp round, and saw the Doctor just coming at the fence, but I had the advantage of him and passed the winning-post an easy winner.

#### CHAPTER IV.

My father, afterwards known far and wide as the "Old Governor," brought £8,000 with him to Australia, and my brother and he and my cousin, Travers Adamson, later on Crown Prosecutor, tried their luck digging at Bendigo, but without success. My father started gold buying, but was one night robbed of eight hundred ounces, from under his pillow, too. Had he only bought land in the suburbs of Melbourne, he must have become very wealthy, which, no doubt, would have been a most unfortunate thing for me, for, instead of having to work hard all my life I might have become a drone. From my heart and soul, I honestly say, "I thank God I was not born with a silver spoon in my mouth." Instead of buying land, my father was ill-advised enough to build some stone houses on leased land in Swanston-street, opposite the gaol. Although at prices for labour and material then ruling, the cost of building these houses was very great, they paid very well for a while. He got £1,000 a year rent for one of them; but this did not last, and eventually the rent and upkeep of the houses barely covered the ground rent, and they were sold. I remember taking my stand in 1854 in a window of one of these houses to see an unfortunate man hanged.



After a bit my father was appointed Police Magistrate at the Buckland River, out from the Ovens (now Beechworth). Frederick H. Puckle was warden there at that time—a tall, fair-haired, handsome Englishman—a bit too haw-haw in his style for the diggers. Joe Mason, afterwards well known in the Western District of Victoria, was Inspector of Police at the Buckland. Both he and Puckle were very fond of my father—the “Old Governor”—and who was not?

I have often dropped across old diggers from the Buckland, whose eyes would brighten up when they knew I was a son of the Old Governor. They all swore by him, and he and his handsome little brown Tasmanian stallion, Phosphorus, were well known all up and down the old Sydney-road, and across by the Ovens and the Buckland. At that time Charley Ryan, so well known in Melbourne, father of Charley Ryan, of Plevna fame, who more lately has done good work in France and earned his C.M.G., and who was known as a boy by the name of Bunty, owned Killeen — now Chomleys — near Benalla. Charley Ryan and the Old Governor were great pals. Joe Mason, mentioned above, was an immense man, and as strong as a bullock. It was good to see him when a row was on. I saw him once push his way quite quietly into a seething mass of men fighting. Joe had a pipe in his mouth. As he advanced perfectly imperturbable, he would give what seemed a slight push, and down would go a man on one side of him, another little push and down would go another on the other side. Very soon that row was over, Joe quietly smoking his pipe all the time. Once he caught hold of two big men who were fighting, and he just knocked their heads together till they were silly and glad to clear out.

In 1855 my father and Puckle, and later on Joe Mason, were moved to the Grange, in the Western District of Victoria. The pretty and appropriate

name, the Grange, was by some vandal changed to Hamilton, and the latter name remains to this day.

I do not think I can do better than at this stage of my reminiscences reprint here the sketch of my father that appeared in the *Hamilton Spectator* on the occasion of his death in 1892, in his ninetieth year, after having lived for nearly forty years at Hamilton:—

“A well-known, venerable, but, nevertheless, sprightly figure, that of an old colonist, respected by all; the man who had a kindly word and smile for everybody, and upon whom everybody smiled in return, will be seen amongst us no more. ‘The dear old Governor’ is dead. Not an Excellency, but ‘The Governor,’ for by this name Mr. Cuthbert Fetherstonhaugh, who reigned in the hearts of many people of this district, will be better and more fondly remembered than by his ancient and historical family patronymic. Now and again he might be addressed as ‘Mr. Fetherston,’ for short, but the nonogenarian who expired at his residence, ‘Correagh,’ at five o’clock on Wednesday, better liked to be addressed by the title given him by his many friends years ago. How it came to be conferred upon him we know not; but we do know that he was from time to time introduced to various Excellencies, including Lord Hopetoun, as ‘The Governor,’ and acknowledged by them as such. Many hearing of his death will be apt to exclaim, ‘Shall we ever look upon his like again?’ He was a man amongst men, a genuine unaffected Irish gentleman—which, all the world over, is admitted to be the best type of a man.

“Cuthbert Fetherstonhaugh, born at Grouse Lodge, County Westmeath, Ireland, on the 27th November, 1803, was a son of Theobald Fetherstonhaugh, of Mosstown, and had no fewer than twenty-seven brothers and sisters, seventeen of whom grew up tall, handsome men and women. In 1827 he married Miss Susan Curtis, who bore him six daugh-

ters and three sons, of whom five daughters and two sons are still alive. Of her it is said by those who had the pleasure of her acquaintance, 'She was a devout Christian and faithful friend and helper of the poor and sorrowful.' This lady went to her rest in 1871.

"In 1852 'the Governor' came out to Australia, where about that time gold was said to be so abundant that one could hardly avoid making a fortune. 'The Governor,' however, managed to avoid it. Two of his sons came out with him, and in 1853 he was joined by his younger son, Cuthbert. In 1856 he was followed by his wife and five daughters, and thus happily united with his loved ones, he strove to make his way in the world. Like many other scions of old families, he tried his luck on the goldfields. He endeavoured in various ways to make a fortune, but felt his lack of commercial knowledge, and, whilst making a large pecuniary loss, merely gained experience. But he was an educated man, and his attainments in 1854 enabled him to secure the position of Police Magistrate at the Buckland River. He soon became a well-known figure to the diggers, and his cheery manner, straight-forwardness, and never-failing courtesy quickly gained for him the popularity he never subsequently forfeited.

"About 1855 Mr. Fetherstonhaugh came to Hamilton, then known as 'the Grange,' when Acheson Ffrench was squire of Monivae, F. Hale Puckle, Commissioner of Crown Lands, and wire fences an unknown quantity. 'The Governor's' jurisdiction extended from Hamilton to Casterton, Coleraine, Digby, Branhholme, and in fact all over the country of which those were and still are the centres. There were no shire councils in those days, no roads level as bowling greens, no bridges across rivers or creeks, but blow high blow low, with rivers running bankers, he had periodically to put in an appearance at all those places and administer the law. He was always

well mounted, was as regular as clockwork in his rounds, and never once failed in keeping his official appointments to the day, nay, to the very minute. There was no waiting for the Police Magistrate to appear, no cause to wonder where he could be; this, although many a time and oft he, in order to reach his destination, had to swim the Wannon, and the creek on the banks of which the town of Coleraine is situate, when in flood. Many were the narrow escapes he had from being carried away. Needless to add that such a man received a hearty welcome wherever he went. And so he continued honestly and zealously to perform his allotted tasks until the year 1869, when, owing to some political jugglery, whilst in possession of all his vigorous faculties, his mind and judgment unimpaired, his services were dispensed with, and he was superannuated. Twenty years after his superannuation, when on a visit to New South Wales, he rode over fifty miles to and at a kangaroo hunt, and, as our informant tells us, 'came in as fresh as a lark,' which, we submit, no man with impaired physical or mental faculties could have done. As a magistrate, who knew him well, says, 'His decisions were not only considered equitable, but always good law.'

"No keener sportsman ever hunted fox or put gun to shoulder. Even in his youthful days in Westmeath he was known as the daring fox-hunter, and his prowess on Lanceer is not yet forgotten in that county. As a snipeshot he could, even during recent years, 'wipe the eye' of many a younger man. In fact we have never known of anyone possessed of a finer constitution, and one could easily believe him a year or two ago when his heart's action commencing to fail, he was wont to say: 'I have never had a headache or taken a dose of physie in my life, and don't know what a liver is.'

"In a somewhat hastily, and must we say, sorrowfully, written account of a long and good life like



'the Governor's,' many circumstances in connection therewith are apt to be overlooked, but we can mention a few episodes in connection with him as a sportsman. On one occasion he was riding to hounds near Hamilton and smoking a short pipe. His horse slipped in taking off at a rasper, and he came a regular cropper, landing on his head and smashing a new hat. Coolly he rose to his feet, and laughingly remarked to the late Thomas Seymour, who was close behind him, 'Ah! Tom, I've smashed my hat, but I've saved my dhudeen; see, it is still going,' and he mounted again, puffing away as though nothing had happened. On another occasion, whilst hunting in Westmeath, he at almost the very commencement of a long run, fractured a shoulder blade, but went throughout the hunt without a murmur, or letting anyone know what had happened. Again in 1867, an irate Teuton, who, strange to say, did not know 'The Governor,' even by sight, followed him through his paddock, vowing vengeance, and called out to him, 'I'll have you up before old Fetherston!' Imagine the man's surprise when 'The Governor' turned round, snapped his fingers, and exclaimed, 'I don't care that for old Fetherston.' Such a contempt for the majesty of the law as represented by a known terror to evil-doers, quite staggered his accuser, who refrained from further trouble. It is also said (but indignantly denied by the lady) that 'The Governor' having come to grief over a rail fence, one of his daughters being rather close behind him, called out, 'Don't move, Governor,' and forthwith cleared the fence, father and horse.

"We are indebted to one of 'The Governor's' nearest and dearest friends for the following tribute to his character:—'He ever looked upon the best side of human nature, but when a cowardly or dishonest action came under his notice, his denunciation of the offender was scathing and severe. In religion, he kept to the old well-beaten path, that of an English

churchman of the Evangelical school, but by no means a bigoted one, being liberal and tolerant to others who were striving to reach the same goal by other avenues.' With Tennyson he believed in 'the larger hope'—

*"Behold, we know not anything  
I can but trust that good shall fall  
At last—far off—at last, to all,  
And every winter change to spring.  
The wish, that of the living whole,  
No life may fail beyond the grave,  
Derives it not from what we have  
The likest God within the soul?  
I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,  
And gather dust and chaff, and call  
To what I feel is Lord of all,  
And faintly trust the larger hope!"*

"During his last illness, which, extended over five or six weeks, his kindly consideration for others continued to be as conspicuous as it had ever been. Though, at times, suffering intense pain, his thoughts were for those around him. Patient and resigned, he would sometimes exclaim, 'The Lord has been very good to me. I wish He would take me now and give me rest,' and his supplication was mercifully granted. A more peaceful death-bed was never witnessed. Cheerful to the end, confident that he was amongst those whom Christ died to save, 'The Governor' sighed his last and glided away into

*" 'The quiet haven of us all.' "*

## CHAPTER V.

Now we must hark back to Melbourne.

When the horses and drays were sold my father was away on the *Buckland* and I had no one to advise me. Of course I could have got on a good big sheep station and started in to get a knowledge of sheep. There were several good openings for me. But I shied off sheep, and just then I went up to Dandenong with two friends who were going there for the quail shooting. They went there as guests of one "Billy" Welsh, who kept the Dandenong Pound. Billy was a gentleman, but unfortunately a very lazy, shiftless man, with not the faintest idea of business. Thoughtlessly, I engaged with Welsh to help him in keeping the Pound. As there were no fences at that time there was any amount of stray stock. Naturally occupiers of land objected to other people's stock eating their grass, and there was a great deal of impounding. Stock used to stray from considerable distances, and after being impounded they were advertised for a month, and, if not claimed and released, were sold by auction to the highest bidder. As may be easily imagined, there was a good deal of "cronk" work at some of these pounds, and I know as much as £1500 was netted by one poundkeeper in a year. One mode of action which naturally led to much abuse rose from landowners allowing poundkeepers to muster up all stock straying on their land and impounding them. Nothing was easier than for a poundkeeper's man to impound stock that was not trespassing at all, and in this way much dishonest work was effected. I must do Billy Welsh the justice to say he ran his pound on the square. I very soon got permission from most of the landowners to impound stock trespassing on their land, and in consequence Billy began to do much better. But he did not offer me any of the profits, and as he supplied me with wretched horses and was so useless and

unbusinesslike, I gave Billy notice. Billy a bit later on offered me half the profits to stay with him, and I would have agreed to this, but found he had committed himself elsewhere, and I foresaw a lawsuit, and wisely kept out of it. If Billy had made his offer in time I would have accepted it, and I probably would have made £1000 in a couple of years.

After a number of falls at Dandenong I learned to ride well and got a little knowledge of cattle and horses, and thought myself quite the thing when I rode into Melbourne in breeches and boots and a cabbage-tree hat. In those days cattle drafting was done standing in the gateway, or rather where the slip-rails were, with a "waddy." The beasts you did not want to come through you stopped with a tap on the nose from the waddy. It was exciting at any rate. One day an old bull charged me, and I ran for it. To this day I can feel the bull's breath blowing cold on my back wet with "honest sweat," as I ran for a fence, through which I tumbled before Master Bull reached me—it was quite a close call.

Our neighbours at Dandenong were the Wedges, Dr. R. B. Bathe and some others. While there I first met my life-long friend, R. B. Wilkinson, now of Sydney, one-time M.P. for the Murrumbidgee. He and I are the same age, and we both seem to have battled through life "none too badly." He called at the Pound late one wet evening with some cattle, and asked to be put up for the night, and always "casts it in my teeth" that I sent him to the kitchen, and I tell him he was lucky to get there on a wet night, with a safe yard for his cattle. A very curious incident happened one day close to Dandenong township. A drover had left a sick knocked-up beast on the side of the road. This beast rushed a swagman, and even as its horn touched him the beast dropped dead, and the man was not even knocked down.

Before leaving Dandenong I had arranged with



my good friend, J. B. Henderson, to accompany him on a surveying trip. He was a qualified and expert surveyor. I had studied surveying before I left Ireland, and to this day a map I made of my uncle's place, "Grouse Lodge," is, I believe, hung up there. Jack Henderson undertook to complete my training as a surveyor, and going up into the bush with a good friend attracted me. However, as Jack was not ready to start, I took a run up to the Grange to see my father. I went to Hamilton, via Portland, took my passage on the Henty's steamer, the *Champion* (Captain Helpman). It came on to blow great guns about Cape Otway late at night. There was a big sea on, and the wind was dead on shore. Suddenly the boat bumped and the bump shook the foremast out of her. I asked a sailor what was up. "Oh," he said, "we'll all be in hell in five minutes." However, the bump saved her, for we found we were going straight in on a rock-bound coast, the compasses having gone wrong. We reversed our course, and by morning made inside the Heads, and as the boat was not making water we went on to Portland all right. The *Champion* and *Lady Bird*, two steamers belonging to the same firm, traded between Portland and Melbourne for many years. On each trip they used to pass each other out at sea. On 29th August, 1857, in open day and fine weather, these two steamers ran into each other, and the *Champion* went down in a short time. These steamers had made thirty-two trips each when the collision occurred; there was no loss of life, and a chestnut horse belonging to a Mr. Mackenzie, who had just left "Muntham," Edward Henty's station, swam ashore thirteen miles. At the wreck of the *Admella* on the Carpenter Rocks in 1859, on the South Australian Coast, not far from Mount Gambier, the well-known racehorse, The Barber, swam ashore nine miles in a heavy sea, and afterwards won many races. His owner, Hurtle

Fisher, was on board, and was saved by his manager, Mr. Roehfort.

I had a "bonza" drive from Portland to Hamilton in one of Cobb & Co.'s coaches behind six ripping horses. I never sat beside a better whip than the driver—a Yankee. He handled those six horses in fine style, and we travelled at a great pace. The company ran the coaches from Portland to Ballarat—ten miles an hour all the way past Dunkeld, the Fiery Creek and the Hopkins. There was a good story of a governess lately out from England seated between two well-known squatters, Moffat and Wyaslaski, on one of these coaches. Said one to the other, "Are you still scabby, Moffat?" "Yes," was the reply, "still scabby." "By the way, Wyaslaski, do you wash now?" "No," said the other, "I've not washed for two years." The poor girl tried to shrink away from those two awful men, but they were only speaking of their sheep.

Out from Portland for about twenty-two miles the road runs through what was all looked upon as barren heath country, though some of it was heavily timbered. Lately it has been found that when drained this heath land will just about grow anything.

There were lots of wild cattle on that heath country in 1854. I knew a man who got together quite a good sized herd there. He had good horses, and was a fine horseman. He used to ride up to a "clear skin," catch it by the tail, throw it, tie it up, make a fire, brand it, and ear-mark it. (He carried a brand on his saddle.) I have never thrown a beast in that way myself, but I have seen it done. The beast goes over quite easily, but you must be going a fair pace.

I saw the largest kangaroos on that trip on the Portland heath, that I have ever seen anywhere. Some of them stood all out seven feet high.

At one part of the road when we were bowling along with our six horses, a bullocky refused to "give us the road." Our driver said nothing, but drove

along to one side, and when his leader got a little past the leading bullocks he whipped them round quickly and ran the bullocks right off the road, and with a "so long, old man," he left the bullocky using very lurid language indeed.

What grand drivers those "Yanks" were, and what good company! Some years later I was taking the coach for Portland at the little township of Merino. Alas! the team by this was reduced to four. As I rode up I killed a big snake, and I carried him on with me. The coach was at the door of the pub, the horses standing ready to be hitched, the driver inside. I carefully coiled the snake up just where the driver's feet would come when seated and pulled the apron up. The groom did not see me. I got up, and awaited developments. Out came "Ned," and jumped up on the box. In a moment he shouted, "Lord's sake, look out!" and jumped up on the seat, but stuck to the reins, and I heard just a little language, which did not improve any when he found he had been sold. I struck one of the old Victorian drivers of the "sixties" when over in New Zealand in 1894. We were running down a steep hill with a turn at the bottom at so acute an angle that we would have been almost on our tracks but for the intervening spur. As the leaders ran out to make the turn their feet seemed to be on the very brink of a precipice, going down sheer for hundreds of feet. We had no breeching, and I asked the driver. "If the brake went what would happen?" "Wal," he said, "I guess we'd all be in Hades in five minutes." A bad accident happened not long afterwards on the same road, when my good friend, Mr. H. G. Turner, of Melbourne, was badly hurt, and again another when two ladies were killed. I do not get the credit of being over-cautious as regards driving, but I must say if I had to take the responsibility of passengers on those roads, I would ask to be provided with breeching.

At Hamilton I made the acquaintance of Acheson Ffrench, of Monivae, and his large family, and spent a few days with them. Ffrench was the type of the well-bred Irish gentleman—a most delightful man, and clever, and none more hospitable. At Monivae you got a real Irish welcome; if you were not at home and happy there it was your own fault. Monivae was run on the old generous Irish lines; there were plenty of horses, children galore, girls and boys—all fearless and good riders, of whom more hereafter.

Ffrench had a good big herd of cattle, terribly badly broken in, and hard to yard, though the country was level and none of it very thickly timbered. They had a cattle muster one day while I was with them, and for me it was a gala day. A new chum nephew of Ffrench's, from Galway, was out with us. An old cow charged him, got one horn under his leg and lifted him right out of the saddle, and, to the great amusement of us young fellows, chased him for his life round and round a tree. The cattle went pretty right till we reached the yard, when they began breaking in all directions. There were unbranded "mickeys" among them—eighteen months old. One of these gored the mare I was riding, and another horse, pretty badly, and I got a gun and jumped up behind one Tom Medly, and we ran "Mr. Mickey" down and shot him. Mrs. Ffrench sewed up the wound in my mare's side. We didn't get much over half the cattle into the yard.

Just about this time Darwin's *Descent of Man* was published, and caused a tremendous sensation in the religious world. Ffrench took up the Darwinian view very warmly. So did Sam Winter, of Murndal, near Hamilton. Riding buckjumpers and "lep raees" were more in my line in those days, and I little thought how intensely I would be interested later on in the influence of evolution on religious thought.

Having to return to Melbourne, I bought a colt at



Hamilton, broke him in, and rode him down to the Plenty, where my brother was living. I had a pleasant trip, staying at stations all the way—among others at the Chirnsides and at the Russells of the Leigh. I stayed a while with my brother at the Plenty, and while riding in from there to Melbourne one day my horse got lame, and I borrowed an outlaw at a station I was passing. He gave me a fall before I got the best of him. Next morning I left Melbourne early on the outlaw, leading a kangaroo dog. The rope got under my horse's tail, and he set to bucking furiously and kicking, and every kick lifted the poor dog off his feet howling, so I had a lively ride up Bourke-street.

After this I started off with Jack Henderson on the survey trip. The first night out of Melbourne we pitched our tent under a big gum tree, and, new-chum like, we made our fire at the foot of the tree. Just about daylight I was looking out of the tent, and I saw the big gum tree falling on us. I yelled at Jack, but the tree was down before we could get out. Fortunately, a big fork of the tree caught the ground and prevented our being crushed. Jack, who was very clever with his pen, made a graphic sketch of the scene, which I have lost.

We travelled about twenty-five miles a day. I drove the dray and walked, and Jack rode. Passing Seymour is impressed on my memory, for I called for a bottle of beer at a pub there and had to pay 7/6 for it. We did some work outside Kilmore and about Broadford, then known as McCullas Creek, and then we started for the Upper Goulburn to measure off pre-emptive rights for the squatters. These latter were very wroth when they found that for a pre-emptive of 320 acres to include the homestead, they had to go back a mile from the frontage into steep mountain ranges. We were bound first for Captain Murchison's Kerrisdale station, on the King Parrot Creek, and had to come down a hill known as Mur-

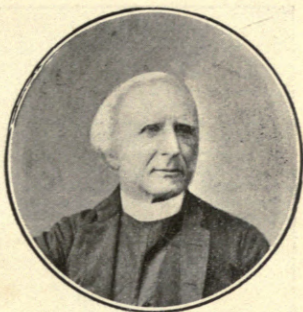
chison's Big Hill—and a nasty hill it was. The whole side of the hill was strewn with trees used as brakes by teams coming down. I was horse driver, and just after coming down the hill we drove into a riding party which turned out to be Mr. and Mrs. Ffrench, of Monivae, and Miss Murchison. They were much amused at meeting me in my shirt sleeves driving a dray. We went on and camped on the banks of the King Parrot Creek not far from the homestead. Captain Murchison was well known at that time on the Goulburn as "Happy Jack and his two pretty daughters." The third, who many years later became my wife, was only a little kiddie then, and she and I used to have great rows.

Captain John Murchison, my wife's father, was one of our very earliest pioneers, having landed in December, 1834, at Campbell's Wharf, Sydney, with his wife and two little daughters. He was a Highlander, born in 1798, at the family estate, Taradale, Shire of Ross. He has left a very interesting and rather quaint story of his life, from which I propose to give extracts. In this he says, "At the time of the rising of troops to strengthen the Nation against the incursion of the French in 1793, and subsequent years, the Highlanders were thought to be anything but loyal to the reigning family, but the aristocracy of the Highlands and the landed gentry, anxious to wipe out this blot on their clans and country, raised several Highland regiments, and, contrary to the spirit of the age, they were allowed to wear their ancient garb, the Highland dress, which they are allowed to wear to this day."

Captain Murchison came of a family of soldiers. His father held a commission in the "78th" or "MacKenzie Highlanders," and he married into a fighting family, the Urquharts. Four of his brothers-in-law held commissions in the army, and one, a captain only twenty-two years old, was killed at the battle of Busaco. No less than eight officers fell with him,



MRS. STEPHEN G. HENTY



DEAN MACARTNEY



BAYLEY'S REWARD CLAIM, 1893  
(SYLVESTER BROWNE IN MIDDLE)



1



2



3



4



5

1 JAMES WILSON, SENR.  
3 MRS. ROBERT POWER  
(HARRIE FRENCH)  
5 GEORGE WATSON

2 THE OLD GOVERNOR  
(C. FETHERSTONHAUGH)  
4 JOHN MURCHISON



and they all lay in one grave or hole made in the hour of victory. Captain Murchison had six brothers, five of these held commissions in the army. One of them, a Captain in the 29th Regiment, was a very handsome man, and stood six feet two inches in height. His wife "gallantly followed him through all his wanderings, and when he was wounded at Sobraon, ministered to him on the battlefield, and was with him when he was carried away."

In 1854 Captain Murchison writes:—

"While I was very young I was sent to my grandmother in the Isle of Skye. When eight years old I was taken home and sent to school. I had not then a word of English, my first language being Gaelic. I soon, however, lost it, and became familiar with English, not, however, till I had thrashed a few boys and got thrashed by the master for it. When I was thirteen the war with France was at its height, and even boys younger than I were so fired with rage, they had to be watched lest they should be off with some flaunting recruiting party. Not being over happy in my home, being jealous of my brothers, I made up my mind to be off, and one Sunday morning I did start, and I never saw my home again. Soon I became a soldier of fortune. At that tender age, when I should have been under my mother's care, I enlisted and launched myself into the busy world, got cuffed and buffeted by my inferiors, but such is the discipline of the army that all must obey. I did obey, but very reluctantly. My first few years were spent in the First Foot or Royal Scots Regiment. But for my extreme youth I believe I would have been promoted to an ensigncy immediately after the Battle of Waterloo. But for the Duke of Kent insisting that no boys should be sent to fight at Waterloo, I would have had the honour of sharing in that memorable battle, for I was close by, and it is the grief of my life that I missed it. I was then only fifteen years old. However, I continued to advance

gradually through the lower grades till 1824, when I was selected for commission in one of the new levies. When quartered in Halifax, Nova Scotia, with the 96th Regiment, I was married to Mary Ann Roberts, daughter of Captain John Roberts, of the 81st Regiment, in January, 1826. We soon after went to Bermuda, and during the four years we remained there my health became much impaired, and in 1832, with the advice of my relative, Sir Roderick Murchison, I emigrated to Australia, accompanied by my wife and two little daughters, landing at Campbell's Wharf, Sydney, in December, 1832. In 1834, as a retired officer, I received a grant of 640 acres from the Government, and I went up and selected my land in the company of two old friends, Captains Gore and Baker, the former afterwards Admiral. I returned to Parramatta, and on 16th August, 1834, we all started off for the "grant." Our party consisted of my wife, three children, some servants, and some assigned servants (convicts). We had cold, bleak, rainy weather for the whole trip, which took sixteen days. The first day we made the Cow Pastures, where Messrs. Ryder and Dillon paid us a visit. We had a sort of omnibus, a most comfortable conveyance, and a pair of horses, also two bullock drays, on which we had piled an assortment of farming implements, rations and clothing for ourselves and party, and our assigned convict servants. The latter all behaved well, and seldom gave any trouble. The second day brought us to the Stone Quarry, the third to Lupton's Inn, the fourth three miles north of Cutter's Inn, the fifth close to Mitta-gong, the sixth to a place called the Murdering Hut, a nest of liberated convicts. Here my bullocks were planted for a reward. The seventh to Bong Bong, and the eighth and ninth we stayed at Bong Bong. On 27th August we came to old Mr. Williams' hut, an old servant of Captain King's, who hospitably received us. Here we met Dr. Cullen, who was prac-

tising in the vicinity. On 28th August passed the Black Bull, and took the new line next day to Tom the Settler's at the Ploughed Ground, so called because it looked just as if it had at some time been ploughed, but it was natural. Tom made money by showing this land to new-comers. On the 29th we made Paddy's River, near Pelin's house. Here we had a mighty thunderstorm, the lightning swept our fire away, the children's tent was turned inside out. Mrs. Murchison and I were safe on the 'omnibus,' the woman servant under it, and the men under the drays.

"On 2nd September we got to our good friend, Major Lockyer's, where we had a whole week's comfortable rest. We were drawing near Goulburn plains; there we met Captain Allman and his family. He was formerly of the 3rd Buffs with my wife's father, and was now Police Magistrate in Goulburn District. Dr. Hamlyn was the only other resident there, and he was living in a bark hut, the only house then in the township (1834). My wife went to Francis Macarthur's, out on Zulu Creek, and remained there till our house was built at Taradale, eighteen miles from Goulburn. I took out splitters and got a temporary house up, and then commenced my settling on the land. Stocking, building, fencing, hurdle-making, ploughing, sowing, shearing—in fact all that constitutes the life and adventures of an immigrant. All the work was done by assigned servants, that is prisoners. These always behaved well, and gave no trouble, and as in my own case when treated kindly (yet firmly) they often became greatly attached to their employers. There have been instances where assigned servants have been known not only to risk, but to lay down their lives for their masters. Many of them, when they became free on ticket of leave, nobly redeemed their past, became well-to-do, good, useful, and prosperous citizens. These prisoners worked hard and faithfully for small

wages—£12 a year was about the usual pay, and for this they at times risked their lives where the blacks were bad when out sheep herding.

Rolf Boldrewood, in an interesting article on Sydney, written in 1889, writes:—‘As for the poor prisoners, they were really much about the same as other people. Some were good and some were bad. The master, though strict, was seldom severe. When we remember that men were transported for poaching a rabbit, and women for “borrowing” a pocket handkerchief, is it any wonder that many prisoners lived to attain good positions in after life? When they “got into trouble,” as they expressed it, it was through their own irregularities. A man would apply for a “pass,” that is leave to go to town and return, say, by eight o’clock p.m., instead of which he would get drunk and locked up by the police. The police magistrate next day would order him twenty-five or fifty lashes and send him home. The first intimation we would receive was Bill or Jack, as the case might be, coming up the carriage drive in charge of a constable, with a blood-stained shirt tied over his shoulders by the sleeves. It wasn’t child’s play, you may be sure, for I have seen weals and torn flesh, but the men did not seem to care much, nor did it seem to harden or brutalise them as so often asserted. They admitted it was their own fault for running against a stone wall—the law. We had nothing to do with it. We suffered loss of work thereby. In a day or two they were quite right and cheerful again, and well behaved till that fatal next time. These men must have been of tough fibre. They sometimes took their fifty or one hundred lashes without wincing—poor fellows. To-day if a ruffian for some atrocious act got fifty lashes, there would be memorials and petitions a mile long sent to the “authorities.”’

“Rolf goes on to say:—‘Our coachman was a prisoner, so were the gardener and the butler, also



the housemaid, the laundress and the cook. The women were more difficult to manage than the men, hardworking and well-behaved generally, but none of them seemed able to withstand the temptations of drink.' "

Captain Murchison continues:—"Previously to this I had acquired some country on Monaro, but I lived on the grant which I called Taradale.

"In the few years that I lived there I went through some stirring scenes. The bushrangers were then very bad—their gangs were composed of the greatest desperadoes, being all escaped convicts, who if captured had nothing to expect but the lash and the gallows. Consequently they were careless as to what length they went in crime; murder and rapine were of every-day occurrence.

"I well remember Redhall's station, only a few miles from me, being stuck up on several occasions, and his life being put in imminent peril. Terence Aubrey Murray's station, about a mile from Taradale, was stuck up by a noted desperado, one John Curran, when a young man named John King barely escaped with his life. Another ruffian, Jacky Jacky, kept that part of the country in terror for a long time. Mr. Hume was shot by the bushrangers about that time at Grosvenor's Hotel, Gunning. I was never molested, which I attribute to my having had a very good lot of assigned convict servants, and being always well armed, while it was well known that I would not have hesitated to use the said arms." (Captain Murchison was a very determined man and fierce looking into the bargain.)

"The first thing that checked these ruffians was the mounted police force raised by volunteers from the forces then quartered in Sydney. Those in the Goulburn district were commanded by Lieutenant Waddy, who, as Colonel Waddy, afterwards distinguished himself in one of the New Zealand wars.

Some time before 1838 Farquhar Mackenzie, after-

wards my son-in-law, had started off for the new country, now Victoria, in charge of sheep of mine, together with some of his own. At Gunning he was joined by others bound for the same country. They were Peter Snodgrass, son of Colonel Snodgrass, Dr. Dickson, a Mr. Murdoch, also Kent Hughes and his brother Charles and others. Farquhar Mackenzie had in his party six assigned servants, and I can safely say that better men could not be found. They all joined their sheep together as well for convenience and economy as for protection from the blacks. On their arrival at the Ovens River, across the Murray they found the blacks very savage. They had a few days previously attacked Mr. Faithfull's camp, on which occasion they not only pillaged the drays, but speared and killed several of the men. Some of those who escaped joined Mackenzie's party. On reaching the Ovens River the party came on the blacks regaling themselves with Mr. Faithfull's stores. A battle royal took place, the blacks jumping into the river on this occasion. The gins and piecaninnies were spared through Mackenzie's intervention, who ever after became a great favourite with the blacks.

"I followed Mackenzie a little later on with my friend Captain Donald McLachlan, late of the Rifle Brigade. I was driving tandem in a Stanhope (a sort of dog cart) with a pair of beautiful horses, and I certainly can lay claim to having driven the first tandem from Sydney to Melbourne. Captain McLachlan was riding and leading a horse. His servant, whom we had christened Don Pedro, and who was a great coward, was also riding.

"Suddenly we were pounced upon by a gang of bush-rangers just after dusk one evening when about three miles from Grosvenor's Hotel on the Yass-road. They fired several shots at us without effect. I was powerless to defend myself, for as soon as the firing commenced it took all my exertions to keep command of my tandem. McLachlan had a five-barrelled revolver,

one of the first brought to the Colony—an old-fashioned thing of the sort known as a pepper box. He made a dart at them, and, it being nearly dark, the scoundrels hearing so many shots, must have fancied they had encountered a body of police, so galloped off into the bush. A few days previously these ruffians had burned down Grosvenor's Hotel, and were, no doubt, the same party which murdered John Hume about this time.

"I found Farquhar Mackenzie camped with his sheep and mine on the King Parrot Creek, a tributary of the Goulburn. There were a great many blacks on the ground, in fact camped all round him; certainly there were over a hundred, some of them very war-like looking fellows. Mackenzie seemed to have great command over them, and they did not attempt to molest any of his party. Indeed they took a great fancy to Mackenzie and insisted that he was a 'black fellow jump up white fellow,' and although many depredations, and even murders, were committed on the Goulburn, our party was never interfered with. The other members of Mackenzie's party all diverged from this point. Peter Snodgrass settled on the Muddy Creek a little above where the township of Yea now stands. Dixon took up country on the Acheson higher up the Goulburn. Murdoch settled on the Goulburn on what was afterwards Doogalook. Others followed, among them Perrott, Gerard, and Messrs. Cunninghams, and Fletcher, until all the available country on the Goulburn and its tributaries was occupied.

"I returned to Taradale, and having sold it, and my Monaro Station to the Campbells, of Sydney, I started off in 1841 with my family for Kerrisdale, as we called our station on the King Parrot Creek. I drove my wife and some of the younger children in a carriage I had. We had a very pleasant journey over; it was like a picnic party the whole way. I had an excellent lot of assigned servants with me, all good

men and well up to their work; also two immigrants, a brother and sister: Our party consisted of Mrs. Murehison, my son, four daughters, and Farquhar Mackenzie. I had two loaded bullock drays, a mob of one hundred and seventy-six fine Durham cattle, also ten or twelve well-bred horses. We had no loss of stock, no difficulty of any kind to contend with, and scarcely a wet day during the whole journey.

"I had much difficulty in securing my land at Kerrisdale, and considered I was most unfairly treated by those administering the land inasmuch as half my country was taken from me and handed over to a man who, no doubt, was a friend of those in power.

"I remained on the King Parrot Creek for twenty-six years. The country, though not well adapted for sheep, is a lovely and picturesque spot. I got very fond of it, and though my friends tried to persuade me to hit out for fresh fields and pastures new, I could not be induced to leave it. I sold it in 1864."

After the sale of Kerrisdale, Captain Murehison went to England in 1865, and on returning the following year he purchased a property at Kew, near Melbourne, where he lived until the time of his death in his eighty-fifth year, in 1885.

Mrs. Murehison was a famous raconteur, and it is to be much regretted that she and Captain Murehison did not commit their experiences and adventures to paper.

The usual road to Melbourne from Murehison's was via McCulla's Creek (Broadford) and Kilmore, sixty-five miles, and I remember an unfortunate servant girl, a new arrival from Ireland, riding up the whole distance in one day. One of the Wattons brought her up. We told him he ought to be prosecuted. There was a short cut to Melbourne over a gap in the Plenty Ranges, called the "Insolvent Gap," because the squatters in the bad time before the diggings broke out had to go by the gap to avoid their creditors



on the main road. "Black Thursday" left its mark on the Plenty Ranges. I was riding to Melbourne once by way of the Insolvent Gap and met a cyclone. I was knocked off my horse by a falling branch, and a little later on I spied a well-known hollow tree into which I rode my horse, and stayed there till the storm was over, when I rode out and went on my way.

McCulla's Creek, by the way, took its name from a man named McCulla, who was originally responsible for what is now an old chestnut. He was "standing" for the district, and when addressing the electors he said, "Now, is there any gentleman would like to ax any questions?" An elector at once put a very nasty question to Mr. McCulla, whereupon an Irishman in the throng promptly knocked him down, and Mr. McCulla proceeded, "Is there any other gentleman wanting to ax any questions?"

Jack Henderson and I had a good time at Kerrisdale. Mrs. Murchison was a charming hostess, and we used to go up to the homestead nearly every evening. Jack was very musical, and used to vamp on the piano and sing amusing little songs, such as—

*But when they get the rout,  
How they tear and how they shout,  
But to the right about  
Goes the "bould soger boy."  
'Tis then the ladies fair,  
In despair tear their hair,  
But the divil a pin I care,  
Says the "bould soger boy."*

We camped on the bank of the King Parrot Creek, and, though it was winter, I used to walk through the frost on the grass and jump into the creek every morning. I am sure I didn't like it, but no doubt thought it was a fine thing to talk about.

We had to fix "trig" stations on top of the highest

hills, and part of my work was clearing the timber out of the way; also I had charge of the horses, and that was right into my hands.

None of the runs in Victoria were at this time fenced, but Kerrisdale and the adjoining runs ran their sheep loose and employed men to ride the boundaries. Each man used just to turn his employer's sheep over to his own side of the range, and the neighbour's sheep to the other side. This answered fairly well when the boundary consisted of a high range.

Within a year of this time, however, the Wattons, of Balham Hill, higher up the Goulburn, fenced their run in with stringy bark saplings laid end on end—what was called a “snake fence.” This was in 1854. I have never been able to hear of anyone else having fenced as early as this. There were many brush fences in the “far west” of Victoria in 1858, but only on boundaries so far as I can recollect.

The first wire fences I remember in the west were erected about 1863, and most of them had a top rail. What a lot of money has been wasted in Australia in putting top rails on wire fences, involving having to make short panels and giving a fence with a much shorter life.

To return to the upper Goulburn country. I continued with Jack Henderson till he had completed his surveys of all the squatter's pre-emptive rights on the Goulburn. Our last job on the Goulburn was to measure a pre-emptive for Mr. Tom high up on the river, an early settler in Victoria, a splendid old man with such a fine happy family and very hospitable. While there Jack Henderson, a Mr. Collins and I made an interesting trip to the top of Mt. Torbreck. It was a warm morning in October when we forded the Goulburn, and we started just in our shirt sleeves and took only food enough to last till next day. On the way we passed a beautiful waterfall on the Bunyaranbite Creek—a most lovely spot.

The creek emerges from among fern trees and luxuriant growth, falling about one hundred feet. We pushed on through a forest of immense trees so close it was almost dark, and finally on reaching the top of Mt. Torbreck we found ourselves in the snow. There was any amount of timber a little lower down where we camped for the night. From the top of Mt. Torbreck we could see Hobson's Bay. Next day Collins and I made straight back for the Tom's home station. Jack Henderson wisely returned by the route we had come. Collins and I got into a very thick scrub and had difficulty in getting through. We reached the river close to some rapids. Collins, who was taller and older than I, cut a stout pole, and managed to ford the river, and called to me not to try it. So I went much further up, tied my clothes on my head, and started to swim over, but was carried right down to where Collins had forded the river. I touched bottom, and stood for a second, but the moment I started again I was carried away, and would have been swept into the rapids but that Collins waded in, and as I was passing him, caught me by the hair and dragged me out. I had a narrow escape, and had to walk six miles barefooted to the station where I crept in unnoticed. Jack arrived all right later on. One of Mr. Tom's daughters, a fine, handsome girl, could break in horses, and even drive the bullocks if needed, yet was as nice and womanly a girl as could be.

Fifty years after, when at Berrigan, in the Riverina, I met an old gentleman, Mr. Budd, who was a slim lad when I met him last at Mr. Tom's station. He later on married a daughter of Mr. Tom.

Curiously enough, a few days later on, a groom who helped me out with my horses at one of the Brown's stations, said to me, "I suppose you don't remember me?" I said, "Well, no, I don't." He said, "We met last on the Goulburn over fifty years ago."

## CHAPTER VI.

In 1855, after finishing surveying with Jack Henderson, I undertook a "job" after my own heart. Peter Snodgrass and Alec Hunter, of whom we have already read in these pages—the former at this time owner of Doogalook on the Goulburn River and adjoining Kerrisdale—had decided to take in hand the capturing of a very fine mob of horses that had gone wild, numbering about one hundred and fifty. These horses ran chiefly on Doogalook, but had gradually extended their beat to neighbouring runs. Some ran on Kerrisdale, some on a station called Flowerdale, and a good many had made their way up into the rough mountain country at the head of the Muddy Creek and on towards the Plenty Ranges.

Peter Snodgrass came up from Melbourne, and we discussed the best means to be adopted to capture these brumbies. We decided to erect a large stockyard with long wings to it on the most suitable site on Doogalook, also that for some eight or nine months I should make it my business to make myself thoroughly acquainted with the beats, and the ways, and the habitat of the horses. I was to endeavour to get them used to seeing me, and to try to quieten them, so that they would allow horsemen to approach them, also, while treating them with the greatest deference on their own run, I was to hunt the outlying horses back to their proper home on Doogalook.

I have had a good deal to do with wild horses in Queensland, in the thick country of the Glenelg, in Victoria, on Brookong and Goorianawa, in New South Wales, but I have never seen a mob of brumbies to be compared to that on Doogalook. They were originally a really good lot of well-bred young station horses that had been neglected. They had been allowed to get so out of hand that they could not be yarded, and a well-bred stallion had later on got



away with them. Among them was one very fine old brown mare. She appeared to be thoroughbred, and at this time had some seven or eight of her own progeny running with her, daughters and granddaughters. She had no colts with her; her male descendants had left the mob, and here I may say that the female element predominated largely in the whole mob. This old mare and her family almost always ran together.

Besides the well-bred sire already mentioned, a good Timor pony stallion had also got among these horses, and left his mark there. The leader of the mob, christened by us Abdelkader, was a big piebald stallion, who looked splendid when, with head erect and tail out, he trotted round his harem. Poor fellow, he did not look half as big or cut half as fine a figure later on when, having been captured, he ran off-side leader in one of Cobb's coaches running between Melbourne and Kilmore.

My work was, as I have explained, to get the horses quieter if possible by going among, and in fact making friends with, them, and making myself acquainted with them and their ways, their beats, and their habits. I was never to frighten them, or to attempt to yard any of them, but I had a free hand to harass and run those back to their own run that had got away to other runs. I made free use of this liberty.

I was at this time eighteen years old, light, spare and wiry, and fast becoming a very good horseman. I was well mounted, too—one of my best horses, "Tommy," was a bay four-year-old, by a Cleveland horse out of a blood mare, and for a "cocktail" he did some good gallops with me. You must not hustle Tommy too much at first, but after he got his second wind he could stay well. I also used to ride a little queen of a mare. She was by the Timor pony that got away with the wild mob, out of an Arab mare, and she could gallop all day. Then Alec Hunter sent me up a clean bred little horse from his place

not far from Williamstown, where he was breeding blood horses. This horse was fast, and a stayer as well.

Johnny Cotton, a son of the former owner of Doogalook, and a brother-in-law of Peter Snodgrass, was a good deal at Doogalook then. He was a good horseman, had a good seat, and capital hands, also a good head. He and I became great chums. There was a little lot of station horses, not warrigals, all branded, not running with the mild mob, but they had got so that they could not be yarded. There was one broken-in horse among them. They were running at the head of a stream called the Triangle Creek, about five or six miles from Doogalook head station. Cotton asked me to give him a hand to try to yard these horses. I selected Tommy, and Johnny Cotton selected a well-bred horse called Hollowback, for the event, and we gave these horses about three weeks' training before making an attempt to capture the escapees. Meantime I made myself thoroughly acquainted with the beat of the mob, and the line of country they would be likely to try to take when we started them. One lovely fresh autumn morning Cotton and I started out after them. In a couple of hours we came upon our quarry at the head of the creek, and between us and the yard, which was situated about six miles down the creek. Our object was to get the horses in to the Triangle Creek valley, and to keep them there. Cotton took one side, and I took the other. The country was not heavily timbered, but fairly rough, and intersected with gullies and little creeks. We kept the horses pretty well in the valley, and we never drew rein. I never had such a ride before or since. We were at almost top speed for the whole way, and we held our quarry quite safely from start to finish. They tried all they knew to get out of the gully, but it was in vain. Cotton, on old Hollowback, as they tried to get away on his side, swept them back with a crack of his whip, and when

they tried my side I did the same. Tommy was quite equal to the occasion, and back they had to go into the gully, and before they knew where they were they were in the yard, and the rails up. It was the finest ride I ever had in my life. I am certain we did the six miles over rough country in fifteen or sixteen minutes. When we dismounted our horses staggered and fell back on their haunches, but were quite right in a few seconds, and none the worse for their spin, but it was "bellows to mend" with the horses in the yard.

There was an old pensioner servant living on Doogalook, known as "Old John," who possessed a very good old horse, also a pensioner. The old horse was fresh and sound, and he was well bred and fast. Old John rode the old horse once in a way, but no one else was allowed on him. I tried to get him to take a turn out of that mob of horses yarded by Cotton and me, but the old man was obstinate. One day when hard up for a horse I got Old John's horse. I painted out the blaze on his face, and gave him a white hind leg, and rode him right past his owner.

There was another old pensioner running on Doogalook—a mare over twenty-six years old, a New South Wales mare. This old mare carried me splendidly one day. We ran a mob of wild horses to a standstill, but unfortunately Old Jessie by that time had also come to a standstill, and I had to let the horses go. The old mare was none the worse for her gallop. She belonged to Dr. Cheyne, who had married a Miss Cotton, and who often put up at Doogalook. He was a grand old fellow, and owned two remarkably fine horses—a grey and a dun—horses well up to sixteen stone and showing much quality. Either would have carried fourteen stone eighty miles in a day comfortably. They were both grand swimmers, and the Doctor used to lend me one of them whenever I had to cross the Goulburn where it was swimable. On neither of them would the saddle get wet when swim-

ming the river. I was always fond of swimming horses, and used often to give my horses a swim—sometimes remaining on them, but often swimming alongside holding to the mane.

I was one day, with Johnny Cotton, taking some pretty flash horses to Webster's when my horse fell, and I got concussion of the brain. I do not remember anything immediately after the fall, but Cotton told me that I remounted and kept on. Soon after the horses passed a big deep waterhole, and I galloped right into it, disappeared out of sight, and came up again with a lot of weeds round my neck, and my hat gone, but never pulled up. When we got to Webster's Cotton took off my clothes and put me to bed, and I did not become conscious till next morning, and could remember nothing about the waterhole. I have been unconscious from concussion of the brain six or seven times, and never felt any the worse for it afterwards.

When I first took those wild horses in hand I could do little more than "hear the thunder of their hoofs," for like "warrigal black fellas," they were off before I could see them; the crackle of a branch was enough for them. I therefore had to ride along very cautiously, and, if I could see them before they saw me, I slipped off my horse quietly, tied him up to a tree and sat down away from him. Then gradually I would walk a little nearer to the horses, and as soon as they saw me I would stay quite still. Then I would go a little nearer, and sit down on a log, and keep this up till I got fairly near them. So long as they could not see my horse, and so long as I kept quiet, the brumbies did not clear out, but if they caught sight of me on my horse they were off at once. I'd spend often an hour or more at this game, but gradually the horses got used to me, and after a while they would inquisitively come towards me, very coyly at first. By degrees they got used to me; and as they got to know me they began not to mind me. After a bit I am sure they liked to see me. This went on



for months. One day as I stood very quietly near a tree a big chestnut warrigal stallion came right up to me, and almost touched my outstretched hand with his nose. I didn't quite like it as, if anything had startled him, he might have turned and let me have his heels.

After some months Snodgrass wrote and told me he had offered the horses to the Government, and asked me if I thought I could show the horses to Mr. Leitch, Superintendent of Police in Victoria. In the innocence of my heart I said I could. Leitch came up, and we went out, and though we dismounted well before the horses saw us they would not stand two men inspecting them, and were off like wildfire at the sight of us. So the deal did not come off.

One day I came on a handsome bay filly with a youngish foal. I ran the foal along, the mother followed, and following her was a handsome little half-bred Timor stallion. I drove the foal right along, and into the big yard we had erected, the mare still following, and the pony following her. I went round through another yard, put up the rails, and captured the lot.

The pony was not only a jealous little rascal, but a fierce one too, for when driving the foal to the yard he ran at me with his ears back and mouth open, and I had to hit him over the head with the doubled stock-whip before he retired.

One day I was driving five head of the horses off the back country, and found I had them beaten, so yarded them. As I wanted a horse to break in, I got Johnny Cotton to go out with me next morning to help me take them down to Webster's pound yard, about seven miles away. We took up a mob of coachers and started the five warrigals down with them. They ran right through the coachers, travelling like wild fire, and when we got to the yard they broke through the wing. I never saw Cotton again that day. I stuck to the horses, and just about sundown I

yarded them again in the same yard they started from in the morning. I was riding a little half Arab and half Timor mare. Sometimes the wild horses were reduced to a walk, and unfortunately by that time my little mare was also in a walk. This would be going up hill. Down hill I could run away from them. The mare was none the worse for her long day.

Almost a similar experience occurred to me later on. I left Doogalook one morning very early riding the little horse sent to me by Alec Hunter, and about eight miles away over the range on part of Flowerdale I started a mob of wild horses intending to hunt them over to their own run. As on the former occasion I found I had them beaten, so stuck to them all day, and just before night I yarded them into the Doogalook cattle yard. As on the other occasion, at times the horses were reduced to a walk going up the ranges, and even once stood still, and I, too, was glad to take a rest.

The horse I rode was not the least bit the worse for his long day from morning to sunset.

At Doogalook on the hill beside the house was an old windmill. Up to within eight years of my time this mill was used for turning a steel mill by means of which wheat was ground for the use of the station.

Not far from the house there was a big log which was quite a feature in the history of Doogalook. On the occasion of Miss Cotton's wedding to Peter Snodgrass it was proposed to signalize the event by jumping this log on horseback. John Leitch, who many years later inspected the wild horses, or rather who tried to inspect them with me, was the only man who got his horse over the log, and it was considered quite a feat. The log was about four feet six high and about five feet wide, being somewhat embedded in the ground. The width made it a pretty big obstacle to tackle, and it was always known as the "big log." I had heard a great deal about this "big log," so one day when by myself I sent at it a chest-

nut pony I had. The pony had a low wither, and the saddle slipped forward, and we both came down. Next day I put a crupper on the saddle, and the pony got over all right. There was no more blowing about the big log.

I was riding the same pony when Jack Henderson and I were surveying John Bon's pre-emptive near the Devil's River. I was giving him a swim in a big water hole when I remembered that the day before I had left my pocket-knife at a post on the surveyed line. I started off as I was, quite unclothed, on the barebacked pony. Both pony and I jumped a post and rail fence. I picked up my knife, and jumped the fence back again, and only then I discovered three or four men close by grinning at me, and greatly amused.

While at Doogalook I undertook to collect the census for the Upper Goulburn. While at this work I called at Maxwell's Station and borrowed a colt from them, a pretty flash customer, too. I started off for Barjarg, on the Broken River, and, to my surprise, in the afternoon, found myself back at the Maxwell's, feeling very small, and with the colt done up. I had gone astray at what was known as the "Puzzle Range." It seemed that most people going that road for the first time got astray. I was pushed for time, and the Maxwells said they could not give me another horse, but one of them said, "There is a grey mare which has been running here for four years, no owner. If you like to chance it, you can take her." I said, "Let me have her." She was very hard to mount, and threw me three times while I was trying to get on her. None of them would hold her, as she was handy with both fore and hind feet. I did not know as much then as I learnt afterwards, or I would have blindfolded her, or tied her fore leg up. So I got on her in the stable and she bucked out through the door, and we got away. It was nearly dark by this time, and she fell three times

with me before I made Barjarg towards morning. I never saw or heard of the grey mare again. A pony of mine had been left at Barjarg twelve months previous to this, and I got him next day. He had shoes on when left, and two of them were still on twelve months afterwards.

Just about this time, 1856, my mother and five sisters came out to join my father, and on their arrival in Melbourne I rode down by the "Insolvent Gap" to see them. Returning, I got a severe fall. I took a short cut over the range to Doogalook through the bush, and it got dark. My horse slipped and fell, and I hurt my spine and injured one kidney. It was as much as I could do to ride home, and I was a week in bed in much pain. An old man who was the cook there took me in hand. I do not know what he used, but he used to paint my back and he got me right enough to go out in a week or ten days. The first day out of bed I went out with Johnny Cotton, and, getting in some horses, I got another fall. The river was up, and I fell in water and did not hurt myself, but the old cook would have "no more truck with me." Some time afterwards I was chasing some of the outlying horses back to their own run, off the head of the Muddy Creek, and my horse missed his feet and came on his head, but recovered himself. The jerk ricked my back again, and I dropped off my horse with the pain, but stuck to the reins, and had to lie down for some hours before I could crawl into the saddle and make my way home, about eight miles. My usual course of action while at Doogalook was to start off down the paddock to catch my horse at early dawn, then breakfast and off for the day. I never took any lunch with me or a quart-pot. It never entered my head. I seldom got home before six o'clock. We lived roughly, mutton or beef and damper and tea; no vegetables except a potato at times. Tin plates and pannikins, etc. This day I had gone off without



any breakfast, and though quite done up and in much pain when I got home, I sat down to dinner. The manager who was in charge of the place used to get on the bust, and when he did he seemed to go off his head. This time he had had a good deal, though I did not notice it. Suddenly, without a word, he shied a heavy pannikin at me, and caught me on the temple, cutting my head open, and knocking me over unconscious. I believe he followed up with a leg of mutton, but by this time Nugent, a young Irishman, up on a visit, who was sitting beside him, had muzzled him and thrown him through the door. I was carried to bed, but couldn't remain there for the pain, and had to get them to lay the mattress (straw) on the floor. My back was very painful. They got me into the bed next morning, and one of the Wattons who was passing came in to see me. My head had been bleeding in the night, and the feathers had come out of my pillow and had stuck into the blood. Watton said I looked like a red Indian. I told him I had run into a tree and would be all right soon, but I was laid up a couple of weeks, and very kind my good Kerrisdale friends were to me while laid up, sending me up nice things.

"Will you ride my big brown colt for the steeplechase here next month?" asked my friend, good, jolly, burly Webster, of the Muddy Creek (now Yea), one day. I said, "I have never ridden a race in my life, let alone a steeplechase." "Oh, it's all right," said Webster. "The colt has pace, and the black boy had him over some fences the other day, and he shaped well. But good horseman as Jacky is, he would probably lose his head, so if you will ride him, I'll enter him."

I was delighted at the chance, and on schooling the colt a bit I found he jumped well. By this time I had become a good horseman, but had had little practice over the sticks, the only fences being the horse paddocks.

The Muddy Creek races duly came off, but I did not win my maiden steeplechase. A pretty good chestnut horse came up from Kilmore in charge of a professional. We were together at the last fence, but my mount had had enough of it and fell, leaving the chestnut to win easily. I got a slight concussion, and on reaching Webster's I put my horse at the horseyard—not a big fence. He stopped short, and I found myself standing on the opposite side of the fence, the reins in my hand, and looking the horse straight in the face. I had turned a complete somersault and landed on my feet. A similar thing happened to me in the main street at Hamilton. I was cantering a very nice mare down the street in the dark one night when suddenly some one opened a door and shot a stream of light across the road in front of us. In a moment I was standing in front of the mare looking into her face, and the reins in my hands. Like the German out hunting, "my horse did stop, but I did go on."

Sometimes while at Doogalook I used to ride a big black, short-tailed horse called "The Native," after the man who had broken him in whose soubriquet was "Bill the Native," but whose real name was Daniel Morgan, who became infamous some ten years later as Morgan the Bushranger.

I had some fine times helping Webster to muster up his cattle out of the scrubby river lands, and out of the rough ranges at the head of the Muddy Creek. Webster always mounted me well. His best horse was a clean bred chestnut pony, about 14.3 high, called Linkboy. He was perfect on the ranges, and just as good in scrub.

I was trying to head some wild cattle one day on the mountains when riding Linkboy. We were pegging along a steep siding on a narrow cattle track, going our best, when we came on a big log. I thought we were in for it, but the little horse gathered himself together and cleared the log like a cat. He had

scarcely standing room when he landed. We turned the cattle all right. Another day Webster's black boy on Linkboy, did a very smart thing. He also was heading some cattle on the side of a steep range, and he had either to jump through the fork of a tree about three feet off the ground, or pull back and let the cattle go. He never faltered, and the little horse jumped through the fork without grazing the darkie's legs, and the cattle were duly headed.

I do not think I ever felt more uncomfortable than one day in the same mountain country on the same little horse. We had finished mustering a lot of cattle, most of them pretty flash and some clear skins; among them a big lump of a three-year brindle stag, a nasty customer. We were taking the cattle along a narrow ridge, on one side steep and precipitous, at the bottom a creek. Fearing the cattle might break a little further on, where the range was not so precipitous, I had crept on Linkboy below the narrow ridge when looking up I saw the brindled stag just having broken out of the mob and shaking his head at me. I dug my heels into Linkboy, and as he responded the stag's mouth grazed his rump, leaving some foam on it. My heart was truly in my mouth when I saw the brute coming. As he missed me he rolled over, and never stopped till he rolled into the creek, where he remained crumpled up and done for. I can see the brute to this day with the red, angry eyes and mouth dripping foam.

One of Webster's men was riding a fine big brown colt that day which bucked him off twice. I noticed that whenever the man leant forward in his saddle the colt very cutely "went to market," so I told the man that it was his own fault. I said, "I'll ride the colt to-morrow, and you will see he will not buck with me." Next day we went after cattle in the scrub on the river, and we got all we wanted out by early in the afternoon. I rode the colt, and he carried me well, and never offered to buck, and I said to the

man, "You see I was right; it was your own fault." Going back with the cattle I forgot my advice to the man, and going up a hill, I stood up in my stirrups and leant forward to ease the horse as any considerate horseman would have done. There was no reciprocity about Mr. Brown Colt, for in a second I was on the ground with the reins in my hand. I was just wild and jumping on, rammed in the spurs, and in a few seconds again measured my length on the ground. The second fall, although it made me wilder, also made me more careful, and the next time he could not dislodge me by bucking, so he threw himself backwards, and he did this four times before he gave in. I arrived at Webster's rather the worse for my tussle, and for several days I could see several suns and felt somewhat dazed, but the man had a good laugh at me and rejoiced exceedingly.

The only horsey mate I had in those days was Johnny Cotton, who, although a beautiful horseman in the bush, would not tackle fences, nor yet get on a buckjumper, so I had no one to "egg me on."

However, I broke in some youngsters, and whenever I heard of a "rough mount" I made for it. There were no wire fences in those days, but I had plenty of nice three-rail fences to "school" over, and most of my horses became fenceers.

I got plenty of falls—no one can learn to ride rough horses without getting falls. I was very lucky, for, with the exception of that fall coming over the range with Nugent, I never was seriously hurt in those days, and never had a fracture till I got to Muntham a year after this.

It was very interesting for me returning to Kerrisdale and the Muddy Creek (then the flourishing township of Yea) some twenty years later on. I had become a "parson," and rode up from Melbourne over the Plenty Ranges. I got benighted, and camped near Kerrisdale, on a cold, frosty night, and went on next day to Yea.



At the time I was at Doogalook, Yea was simply "bush," now I found a flourishing township with good buildings, banks, and so on, and over the ground where the church stood in which I conducted service next day, I had run wild horses a good many times. I spent Sunday evening at the Ker's Station, "Cheviot Hills." Afterwards the name was changed to Killingworth, over the unimproved value of which a memorable Land Tax appeal case was tried in Melbourne, and decided in favour of the appellants. Ker had a very large family. He was a staunch churchman and church-goer, and it was a sight to see his family riding to church.

The wild horses were all eventually run in and sold, but it was fated that I was not to be at the capture.

## CHAPTER VII.

I found it very hard to give up my brumbies, also I felt sorely tempted to stand by my good friends, Peter Snodgrass and Alec Hunter, and to be in at the capture of the noted wild mob. But my mother's wise influence prevailed, and with much regret I tore myself away.

My mother and sisters had been living at Portland since their arrival in Australia, and there they met Edward Henty and his nephew Tom, who was then manager of Muntham, and a slim, good-looking young man. Tom offered to take me at Muntham to get a knowledge of cattle and cattle work while helping him in a general way—in other words to take me on as "colonial experimenter," nowadays called Jackeroo. It was too good an offer to be refused, as I was to live with Tom Henty and would be within thirty miles of Hamilton, where the "Old Governor"

was police magistrate, and where my mother and sisters and eldest brother were soon to join him. I parted with regret from my brumbies at Doogalook, and was very sorry indeed to say good-bye to my kind friends at Kerrisdale. It was ten years before I again met the latter.

While camped at Kerrisdale, I was one night at Broadford, and I foregathered there with a man to whom my heart went out at once. He was a fine big fellow, a doctor, and wore glasses, and his name was Wyman. We became friends there and then, and sat up till almost grey dawn talking, and no doubt we had a few tumblers of "toddy," called, in my country, punch. Imagine how pleased I was on arriving at Muntham to find Dr. Wyman installed at Caster-ton as "medico" for the district.

On my way to Muntham I spent a week at Portland with my dear ones. I found one sister engaged to a fellow passenger, Mons. Ponsard, already mentioned, and another sister, then only sixteen, engaged to a great friend of my boyhood in Kingstown, Albert Sitwell. When over in New Zealand in 1894 I was introduced to a very nice young fellow—a Mr. Sitwell. I said to him, "My favourite sister Fanny is married to a Sitwell. Can she by chance be related to you?" "Why," he said, "she is my favourite aunt."

Some months later on one sister was married in Portland, and she and her husband and my sister Fanny sailed for England. I rode down from Muntham to see the last of them, and I am not ashamed to say that I blubbered like a child when it came to good-bye.

Portland was then a very jolly little town, lots of nice people and pretty girls, and Tom Henty and I thought nothing of riding down the seventy miles to a dance. We had scores of good horses.

I was greatly delighted with my new home and new life at Muntham. We had a big house to live

in, very comfortable. As Edward Henty and Mrs. Henty came up now and then, the house had to be kept up, and we two young fellows had a couple in the kitchen, and a housemaid to look after us. Then there was a five-acre garden full of beautiful fruit trees of every kind, with two gardeners in charge. The garden was watered by never-failing springs. Of two of these springs right beside each other one was quite salt, the other fresh. We had several stud horses, in fact four or five, and several grooms, so we felt ourselves to be quite important.

The Muntham house must have been built in the early forties, and was very oddly placed on the side of a hill. To get to it from any direction but one, you had to climb a big, steep hill, and then descend to the house, and from the other direction you had to come down a long hill, so steep that most people when being driven preferred to get out and walk.

I have been overland from Melbourne to the Gulf of Carpentaria, and over most of Victoria, New South Wales, and Queensland during a term of over half a century, and in all my travels I have not come across a property of similar area to compare with the rolling downs of the Old Muntham Estate.

This magnificent property, with Casterton on the west, Sandford on the south, and Coleraine on the east, is situated at the junction of the Glenelg and Wannon Rivers, in the Far West of Victoria, some fifty miles from the border of South Australia.

I write, of course, of the original run which, when I went there in 1856 to gain Colonial experience, comprised an area of 77,000 acres, and while still practically unimproved, depastured no less than 55,000 sheep, 8,000 head of cattle, and 500 horses. That is to say, this piece of country in its natural unimproved state, carried equal to over a sheep and a half to the acre! The cattle and horses ran loose, but the sheep were shepherded.

The country is of volcanic formation, rich black

and chocolate soil going down to fabulous depths as disclosed by the "cutaways" which gradually formed after the country was stocked. The climate is almost perfect, and droughts are practically unknown. Ideal country! Well may Rolf Boldrewood write: "And is not the Wannon the pick of creation—Colac, perhaps, excepted?"

Muntham was taken up in the latter part of 1837 by Edward Henty, who, with his brother Frank, of Merino Downs (a beautiful property on the opposite side of the Wannon to Muntham) were the pioneers of the Far West of Victoria. The Henty brothers brought sheep out to Tasmania from England in 1830, having first tried West Australia, and they were followed shortly afterwards by their father, Thomas Henty (a noted breeder of sheep, cattle, and horses in Sussex). In 1834 two of the brothers, Edward and Frank, came over to Portland Bay in connection with a whaling venture. They settled there, and got over some horses, cattle and sheep. Two years afterwards they were followed by another brother, Stephen George Henty, who also settled in Portland Bay, and who, for many years, was the leading merchant of Portland—a man whose word was his bond, and whose beautiful home was always open to a host of friends. He afterwards went to Melbourne, and resided there for many years. His widow, beloved and respected by all who had the privilege of knowing her, lived at Hamilton with her daughter, Mrs. Stapylton Bree, up to the time of her death. Their son, Richmond, was born the year Muntham and Merino Downs were taken up. One daughter, Emily, married my great friend Dr. T. M. Wyley, a fine handsome fellow. He succeeded Dr. Wyman at Casterton. He went through the Crimean War, an army surgeon in the same regiment with Major Pennyueick, who married a daughter of William Rutledge, of Port Fairy. Mrs. Wyley died at Hamilton



within a year of her marriage, and poor Wyley only survived her a year or two.

James Henty, another brother, came to Port Phillip later on, and was successful in Melbourne in business in a large way. There was another brother, John, and still another brother, William, who went into politics, and was for some years Chief Secretary of Tasmania. I knew only the three pioneers, Edward, Frank and Stephen. Rolf Boldrewood writes of the Hentys as "those representative Englishmen and distinguished colonists who commenced the Anglo-Saxon conquest of Australia Felix. Stalwart and steadfast were they, well fitted to contend with the rude forces of nature and still ruder individuals, among which their lot was chiefly cast in those days. But withal genial, hilarious, and in their moments of relaxation prone to indulge in the full swing of those animal spirits which for the most part accompany a robust, bodily and mental organisation."

In 1836, while still at Portland Bay, the Hentys were greatly surprised by Major Mitchell, the brave and capable explorer, tumbling right in on them quite unexpectedly from the north. The Major was equally surprised to find Portland Bay in the occupation of whites, and at first thought they must be escaped bushrangers. Even in my time in more than one place I have seen the Major's track, being the indent made in the soft virgin soil by the wheels of his bullock dray. The Major reported that he had passed through magnificent pastoral country, well watered, about fifty miles to the north, and as the country about Portland was not good sheep country, a good deal of it being sand covered with heath, while the forest land was so thickly timbered as to preclude the growth of grass, the brothers determined, like the patriarchs of old, to trek for the promised land, with their sheep, cattle and horses.

Having satisfied themselves of the magnificent character of the country described by Major Mitchell,

Edward and Frank Henty, whose sheep, brought over from Tasmania to Portland Bay, had by this time considerably increased, decided to make for these pastures new, and in the latter part of 1837 Merino Downs and Muntham were taken up.

In the following year Samuel Pratt Winter and his brothers, Trevor and George, came over from Tasmania, and took up Tahara and Murndal, all rich volcanic land that cannot well be surpassed. Murndal, as Sam Winter called his homestead, is one of the most beautiful places in the "Far West." It was a most delightful house to visit when the two bachelor brothers lived there, and no less delightful of late years, when Samuel Winter Cooke and Mrs. Cooke so hospitably and kindly entertained their many friends.

Winter told me that when the diggings broke out in 1851, and labour was not to be had, he put all his sheep into two flocks, and two magnificent Pyrenean wolfhounds used to take the sheep out all day and look after them and keep them apart, and then at night these grand dogs used to sleep between the two flocks and guard them. Winter was a most delightful man to meet, intellectual, kind, and generous. He, like Acheson Ffrench, very early adopted the Darwinian teaching, and consequently both were looked upon with great suspicion by the orthodox; indeed, as already stated, Ffrench was designated an atheist, because he professed belief in what the majority of educated clergymen now teach from their pulpits. Good Parson Russell, whose parsonage was not far from Murndal, and built on land presented by Sam Winter, must have had many a discussion with the latter on this and other interesting subjects. They were fast friends. Dr. Russell was not only clever and intellectual, but one of the best men I ever knew.

Frank Henty lived at Merino Downs for many years, and brought up a family of three girls, and

one boy; the latter died young, but two of the "girls" still survive. Kinder or more considerate host and hostess than Mr. and Mrs. Frank were not to be met with in those dear old days, when there was no ceremony, and but little conventionality, and when a visitor could always be sure of a hearty welcome, and the only difficulty was to get away again.

At the time the Hentys put stock on the rich Wannon country (1837), there was but little settlement elsewhere in Port Phillip, as Victoria was then called.

In the December of the previous year (1836) Hepburn and party had arrived at Hobson's Bay overland from Sydney, and they found, as Hepburn says in a letter to Governor Latrobe, "only a few huts in the settlement; one that was occupied by Batman, one by Dr. Thomson, one little wooden box was occupied by Strachan, and stood where the Western Market now stands. The Old Lamb Inn was being built, but no accommodation of any sort was to be had for love or money. Buckley was the first man I saw."

Yet four years before this Frank Jenkins (who died in 1903) was actually settled at Buckingbong, on the Murrumbidgee River, near the present town of Narandera, but on the opposite side of the river. Frank was only twelve years old then, and a hot time he and his mates must have had with the blacks in the thick country among the anabranches of the Murrumbidgee. Frank Jenkins used to take cheeses and hams and bacon from Buckingbong to Sydney in the old days in a bullock dray. Just imagine starting off in these early days over what was scarcely a bush track some 400 miles with a load of farm produce for Sydney. Plenty of grit that.

By 1838 a good many Sydney men had pushed through to Port Phillip, among them as already mentioned my father-in-law, Captain Murchison, who was preceded by his son-in-law, Farquhar Mackenzie.

The history of the Muntham flock is a sad one. The Hentys were most successful breeders of Merino sheep in England. In fact, like Sir Samuel McCaughey, at one time in New South Wales, they "swept the board" at the sheep shows in England, so much so, that after a while no one would show against them, and their sheep had to be sent in as non-competitive, and merely for exhibition. In 1830 the Henty brothers took a number of these sheep to Tasmania, and their father, Thomas Henty, followed with another importation. The flock was kept intact without any mixture of other blood, and to the day of his death Mr. Henty never sold a ewe. At his death the whole flock was taken over to Port Phillip by his sons Frank and Edward. The latter, following his father's lead, never sold a ewe (at any rate up to the time I left Muntham in 1862).

Muntham is too rich country for the successful production of Merino sheep. The Muntham flock was never classed or culled; it was full of scab, and foot-rot was very prevalent. There could only be one result. Moreover, the sheep had been inbred for years and years, and breeders knew well how prepotent are inbred stock. An inbred flock, herd, or stud requires more than careful management on account of this "prepotency," for necessarily not only will the good qualities be reproduced, but it would also appear as if defects were even still more pronounced in the progeny.

The cost of running Muntham must have been very great. I'll just count it up. A sheep manager, cattle manager, two sheep overseers and their families, head stockman, two stockmen, twenty shepherds, twelve hutkeepers, two grooms, two gardeners, a married couple, housemaid, four labourers. Then the cost of shearing, sheep-mustering, dipping for scab, foot-rotting. I am sure that the sheep were carried on at a loss.

When I was at Muntham the sheep were small and



the fleece extremely light, the wool of beautiful quality, but like the wool on Mary's little lambs—

*It may have fetched two bob a pound,  
But then there was not any.*

It will hardly be credited when I state that during the six years I was at Muntham, while not over 6000 sheep were sold, yet the flock did not increase in numbers. There were 55,000 sheep in 1856, and there were no more in 1862, and yet I am positive there were not 6000 wethers sold during the six years, and no ewes were ever sold. The decrease from disease and old age practically balanced the increase!

I should have mentioned that it was only in the spring and early summer that there were any fat sheep, and as everyone had fat sheep at that time of year, fats were at their lowest, and Mr. Henty would not accept the prices going. By the time prices recovered his wethers had fallen off, and were not marketable, and this went on year after year.

The flock deteriorated so terribly that when Joe Pearson (another old mate of mine "over the sticks"—as true as steel and as plucky as you made them) bought the sheep in 1879, he could not find one ewe or one ram fit to breed from.

The results attained in Tasmania by the good breeders there from similar sheep to those brought over by Mr. Henty in 1830 show what might have been done with this one-time high-class and valuable flock.

Edward Henty imported some Cotswold ewes and rams from England while I was at Muntham. They did well, and were very prolific. I have often seen ewes with three lambs following them. In 1856 a Mr. McKenzie managed the sheep at Muntham; he came from Wyuna, on the Goulburn. Tom Henty, son of James Henty, of Melbourne, and nephew of Edward, had charge of the cattle and horses. McKenzie did not care about the dual management,

and left, and was succeeded by a young Scotchman, Robert George Macpherson, who had had some experience with Mr. Rutherford on the Murray. Macpherson was a fine fellow, and very good-looking. Tom was a bit too independent for Uncle Edward, and elected to leave and go on his own, and then I to my delight, in 1859, got charge of the cattle and horses, and "Old Mac" and I worked together without the semblance of a hitch till he, too, left to go on his own at Fernihurst with Allfrey. He was succeeded by Charles Macarthur King, son of Admiral King. Shortly after King's advent I, too, went on my own, and "trekked" to the far north of Queensland in 1862. Charles Macarthur King was for many years in charge of Muntham, and afterwards was police magistrate at Bourke. He was always a favourite, and died about 1903 from blood poisoning.

Tom Henty went either to Walla Walla or Round Hill, in New South Wales, and from there moved to Pakenham Park, Westernport (formerly the property of that find old colonist and breeder, Dr. Bathe), and became a member of the Upper House in Victoria.

Fortunately for Mr. Edward Henty's pocket and the pockets of his heirs, he did not pursue with his cattle the suicidal course followed with the sheep.

The cattle on Muntham in 1856 consisted of a beautiful herd of well-bred Shorthorns, or Durhams, as we used to term them—soft, well-grown, and easily fattened, and for the most part roans. The bullocks were allowed to get age on them before being marketed; the speying knife kept the herd well up to the mark, and up to the time I left there were few herds in Victoria to compare with that of Muntham. But even in my time deterioration must have commenced, as "ballys" (Herefords) were introduced, and although the first cross left little to be desired, yet cattle form no exception to the rule in crossing, viz., the first cross may be excellent, but to continue ends for the most part in disaster. I shall never forget

the magnificent drafts of fat bullocks sent off "old Muntham," generally two hundred head at a time of even bullocks, the fat packed on them, beautiful colours, and such well-bred 'uns. I remember one mob in particular, sold to an Adelaide buyer at £10 a head—on the yard post, as the phrase was—and guaranteed to average a thousand weight—a nice little lot to have at Homebush or Flemington in 1915, when prime bullocks were making £40 and over.

We sent one bullock to Melbourne; he walked down, and he went 1560 lbs., without his inside fat, and that went 130 lbs. He fetched £40, and was, I heard, as tough as old boots, and no wonder, for he was ten years old. We tried many a time to get him away, without success; he always charged shortly after we left the yards, and would not be stopped. The fact was he was too fat, and if he had not fallen off a good deal we would never have got him away. He was a perfect animal, and ought to have been kept for a sire. I took a fine mob of Muntham bullocks to Ararat when the diggings first broke out there, but only got £8 per head for them.

At Muntham the cattle were always yarded for branding calves and for fats, and so forth; it would have been much easier on the cattle to have cut them out on camp, as was, and is, the practice in the present colony, but "Teddy" was very conservative, and the old groove had to be run in. At odd times, and when only a few cattle were required, we used to "cut them out" on the quiet, and, like Brer Fox, "lie low." Jackson, the head stockman, had graduated in New South Wales, and he and I would have loved to have broken the cattle in properly to camp, and have had some good camp work for ourselves and our horses. We used to bring the cattle in five or six miles from the Den Hills and other parts, then take them into a paddock below the homestead and right past the stockyards, about a quarter of a mile up a steep hill, then through another paddock, and

then back again for the yards; by this time, as they were headed for where they had come from, they used to yard all right. But what a knocking about the cattle got, which might all have been saved! Later on we erected yards on top of the hill, back of the homestead, and this saved a great deal of knocking about.

I had some close shaves myself at Muntham. A bullock pinned me against the yard fence one day with a horn on each side of me, and no damage done, and one day an old "skiverer" of a cow charged too quickly for my horse out of a mob and sent a horn each side of my leg and into my horse; one horn pierced his heart, and he fell dead in a few yards. Another day my stock pony Pannikin stopped an old cow beautifully; she had broken, and I was trying to get her back to the mob when she charged us so sharply that I thought Pannikin must be gored. But in a second he landed home on the cow with both hind feet, and she was so astonished she turned and joined her mob.

Through not camping the cattle and "culling out" those we wanted, I did not have such good cattle experience there as I ought to have had. It is lovely to work a well-broken-in herd of cattle with good men and good horses, and splendid to watch the work. You walk your horse into the mob quietly and pick your beast, and work him quietly to the edge of the mob; most times, if a fat beast, he will go out quite quietly if not hustled and join those already "drafted," but with other classes you have often to go for all you are worth, and it is beautiful to see an old stock-horse at the game. George Green (Iandra), when on the Upper Murray, had an old horse, such an adept at "drafting" that he often (to show what the old horse could do) would take the bridle off, and the old fellow would cut out all an afternoon "on his own." I have still happy reminiscences of the old days when the number of



cracks of a stockwhip was the signal for a hut-keeper as we were approaching to know not only that we were "handy," but the number of mouths to expect.

## CHAPTER VIII.

I must say, to the credit of our district, that as far back even as my time there was no "duffing" of other people's calves, and no killing of other people's cattle, as was the ordinary practice over on the "Sydney side," as over the border was called. There the cleverest cattle manager was the man who could muster without any of his neighbours knowing. It is said that "Old Tyson" got to a Lower Murray station one morning and found all the men away. There was a new housemaid, who had no idea in which direction they had gone. On being pressed as to whether they had said nothing as to where they were going, she said, "All I heard them say was that they were going to duff Tyson's calves." Tyson was off post haste.

It was said of a far-back owner of a run not one hundred miles from the Colombo in New South Wales that having put on a new stock-rider, he took him round and showed him the cattle, drawing his attention to the brands of all the station cattle. A few days afterwards he told the new man to kill a beast, and very improperly went down to the yard after the beast was skinned. He looked at the brand, and at once "opened out" on the new stockman in no measured terms. When he got a chance to speak, the man pointed to the brand and said, "That is one of the brands you pointed out to me, sir." At this the owner rode away speechless with indignation. He had pointed out the brands so that the new stockman might know what not to kill. With what utter con-

tempt this good man would have regarded us at Muntham! Why, I actually (with Edward Henty's approval) had brands made with our neighbours' letters on with which to brand any old calves that came in with ours at branding time! I can hear some old "Sydney-sider" saying, "Oh, this is too thin!" The only excuse I can give is that I was really quite a youth at the time.

A good story is told of two cattlemen on the Upper Darling. One met the other and said, "Did you see anything of a roan heifer of mine over your way?" Number two looked down his nose—the heifer was actually in his beef cask—and said slowly, "Well, I did hear of a roan heifer having been seen going along the Cobar-road." Number one dropped at once, and felt sure he knew where his roan heifer had gone. Not long afterwards he dropped on a working bullock of number two, about half fat, and the bullock was soon converted into beef. He again met number two, who asked him if he had seen a red working bullock of his. With a quizzical look, number one replied, "Oh, yes, I believe he was seen going along the Cobar-road with my roan heifer." It was only a case of getting even, and that was really what it all amounted to; it was the "way of the country" in the old times, and a bad way, and one that must have exercised a sinister influence on many a young "cornstalk."

At this time the Muntham stud of horses was, without any doubt, one of the best in Australia, and, considering its size, over 500 head, probably the premier stud. The blood sire in use at the time was Robin Hood, by Little John (imp.), a low-sized, wiry, muscular, game-looking, dark bay horse of high quality, bred by Thomas Henty in Van Dieman's Land, and brought over by Edward Henty. "Teddy's" exaggerated idea of Robin Hood and everything got by him naturally led to a good deal of unkindly criticism of the Muntham stock even in

1856, but at that time I am quite sure that thirty or forty mares could have been picked at Muntham very hard to beat in the Southern Hemisphere.

These were mares brought over from Tasmania, and sired by Peter Fin, Wanderer, Egremont, and Little John. Fine, big, roomy, and clean-bred were these old dames, and their fillies by Robin Hood, with wisely-judged mating and under skilful management, were good enough to have formed the nucleus of a stud that would have been hard to beat, but, alas, no culling was done. I fear many fillies returned to their own sire, and the knell of the Muntham stud was sounded when Edward Henty decided to use a fine-looking big brown horse by Robin Hood as the old horse's successor. "Inbreeding" under very careful direction, and with "spotless" animals to start with may succeed, but Robin Hood's successor, Muntham, though big and fine-looking, lacked quality, and must have had a dirty drop or two in his veins. There could be only one result—this beautiful and promising stud soon went down and vanished like Hans Breitman's party "into the ewigkeit."

Yet how my heart bounded when I first saw a mob of the Muntham horses yarded; and what stock horses we had! More than one of our stock horses went down to Melbourne, and won three-mile races in good time for that era. One was Smuggler, by Robin Hood—a beautiful big upstanding grey, clean-bred, and showing it all over, and a perfect temper; another—Active—was a picture, a golden bay. The two Woodbines, full brothers, out of a Wanderer mare, by old Robin Hood, stood 16-hands high, and turned out wonderfully good performers over the sticks. A sister of the Woodbines cut out seventy cows the first time she was ridden; she, too, turned out a good performer.

Our head stockman's (Jackson) best horse, Wild Harry, would have delighted a painter. I don't

think I ever knew a horse with so much character—dark brown, low set, with the head, neck, and mane of a stallion, and up to 14 stone. It was grand to see the old fellow steadying a mob of fresh cattle coming down one of the Den Hills, and Jackson, a typical stockman of the old times, grim, saturnine, and silent. On such occasions his few ejaculations were, to say the least of them, “very expressive and pronounced.” Another fine stock-horse of Jackson’s was a strong bay, Jack the Fizzer; he was very handy with his feet, both fore and aft. I one morning saw him pick off a hen very neatly.

I have never anywhere seen so many handsome well-bred horses together as we had at Muntham in 1856, but the stud was terribly neglected. When I went there, there were dozens of so-called outlaws out on the run. These were horses that had been broken in, and turned out after being ridden a few times by Jackson, and then not touched for years. Some had not been caught for four or five years. One colt, with sore eyes, was nine years old; he had never been caught. We got him in for a pupil of the famous Rarey to practise on, and Jackson and I ran this “sore-eyed colt” and another horse, a bit of an outlaw, to Casterton. The Rarey pupil tackled them, and we rode the two back perfectly quiet. Under the Rarey system a man who understands the method, and who understands horses, can quieten and tame any horse, however wild or vicious, just as Rarey himself tamed the “man-eater” Cruiser, and took him through London behind a dogcart. Jackson and I paid £5 each to learn the method, and at first when we saw how very simple it was we felt chagrined at having parted with our money so easily, but I soon got my £5 back, and four times over. We had a beautiful bay mare at Muntham, an inveterate buckjumper. Like “Snake” in Dick Stewart’s



exceptionally good verses, entitled "Buckjumping," she had—

*Dark lustrous eyes, with a menacing frown,  
No woman's were ever more splendid,  
More bright, or more beautiful liquid brown,  
Or more with wickedness blended.*

I christened her Lola Montez, though indeed it was not fair, as poor Lola was far more frail than wicked. I remember Lola acting in Melbourne in the fifties. The mare was too treacherous to take out after stock, for it was an absolute certainty that she would "go to market" every time she was mounted. I never remember her failing to "show off." She generally bucked till she fell. As she bucked along you could often hear her hind hoofs scraping the ground. One day we had a number of friends at Muntham, on their way to a dance at Roseneath, on the Glenelg, where the belle of the Glenelg lived; she later on married Hastings Elms, also of the Glenelg, a gentleman in every sense of the word. I could not join the gay throng, as Dr. and Mrs. Perry, the first Bishop of Melbourne, and his wife, were due that evening at Muntham. Tom Henty would not stay to entertain them, and I had no choice but to take his place. I suppose to make up for my disappointment I saddled up Lola, and a very creditable exhibition she gave, but a mile from Muntham she bucked over (as usual) on the gravelly ridge, and she gave me a good shaking. The "D" of the saddle on one side was ground right down against the gravel, and my face was well ground, too, and one eye blackened. It may be realised what a nice object I was to sit at the head of the table and entertain the Bishop. I remember, too, that for the rest of the day after the roll over I saw five suns instead of one. Another day I had ridden Lola over to Hamilton, and next day started out with a riding party of ladies, two of my sisters being with us. Lola put her ears back, and showed

little of her eyes but the white, and as I prepared to mount she gradually extended her fore and hind legs, and crouched till her girths were close to the ground. She never moved while I threw my leg over. As in "Snake's" case, "I knew very well 'twas an ominous sign," and so it was; she had a good go in, but kept her legs, and started off after the party. About three or four miles further on nothing would do me but to send Lola over a log, and on landing, naturally enough she again "wired in," and this time came over. We got up together, and she made at me with her forelegs, and pretty well dilapidated my pants in the part on which one usually sits down, and knocked me down at the same time. I held the mare, who seemed quite satisfied at having knocked me out, but the ladies naturally called out to know if I was hurt. I shouted, "No, but I can't get up," and, considering the state of my garments, how could I get up? Naturally enough, they thought I was seriously injured. However, I explained that I was in somewhat the position of the angels in the *Ingoldsby Legends*, who could not sit down because they had not "de quoi." Eventually the ladies beat a retreat, and I got on Lola, had another set to, and returned home for repairs.

The day after Jackson and I had been taught how to "Rarey," I told Tom Henty I would break in five youngsters for Lola Montez; that was equal to £5, and Lola became mine. I started "Rareying" her next day, and in less than three hours I could leave her standing in the yard without saddle or bridle, and jump on her from behind, and ride her about with only a halter. In less than a week she was as gentle as a lamb, and turned out a splendid hack. I sold her to Suetonius Officer for £20 a few months after, and she turned out well. Officer told me he was very nearly not buying her because I only asked £20 for her, as he thought her worth £30. Of course, I told him her history.

There was a relation of Sam Winter's at that time staying at Murndal, a Mr. Bumford, a hunting man from the old country, and a pupil of Rarey's. He told me they had a filly at Murndal he could do nothing with; she even got rid of the breaking tackling, and he said he had tried to quieten her three times and failed. I was very strong on the Rarey system at that time as a means of quietening any horse, and I told Bumford I was sure he had not gone rightly to work. He invited me over, but I could not spare time. However, one day I had been to Hamilton, and I returned by Murndal. As it happened the mare was in the yard, and I was fairly cornered. I said that, though it was not a fair trial, the mare having been put through the Rarey mill several times, and had come off best, still I believed I could quieten her. Within two hours I put the Murndal black boy on the mare, and he rode her home to Muntham with me quite quiet, and back next day. Bumford watched me "quietening" her, and said he had done exactly the same as I had done, but, of course, he had not; he must have spoken angrily, or hit her, or done something he should not have done.

I am certain that the Rarey method will quieten any horse, no matter how vicious he may be, but at the same time I would only use it for a very bad horse. I do not like it; it is apt to "cow" a spirited horse, and very soft ground and very soft tackling are required. I like a method I have been shown of late years much better, in the use of which you cannot hurt a horse, and you have not to throw him.

I remember once at Brookong running in two brumbies (we called them "warrigals") from about the Gum Holes. Next day, just to show what could be done, I caught them by myself and "Rareyed" them, and within two hours I rode one and led the other round the little horse paddock. One was four and the other five years old. Again, I took a mob

of horses to Ballarat from Muntham once, and just for amusement I bought a very pretty brown four-year-old filly for £12. I "Rareyed" her, and within an hour I had her shod all round, and I rode her down the street and sold her to William Leonard at a small advance. He told me that she bucked afterwards, but she would have been quite quiet if they had merely tied up her leg and gentled her a bit.

For a young man who was instinctively fond of horses and of riding colts, of schooling them over fences and so on, Muntham at that time was an ideal home. With a stud of 500 horses, there were two youngsters in "tackling" all the year round, and Jackson, the breaker, was generally good enough to let me back the rowdier of the two. This was not out of good nature, nor yet because he wanted to shirk it himself, for it was no trouble to Jackson to back a rowdy colt, but I rode then (as always) in a small saddle "made in Australia," on the pattern of an English hunting saddle, with a better seat, and small knee-pads. This saddle fitted a horse's back, sat close to it, and being narrow in the gullet, caught hold of a horse's withers, and stuck like wax, did not roll, and I could ride most well-bred youngsters in it without a crupper. This obviously gave me a great advantage, for Jackson's breaking saddle was a real brute—an enormous thing weighing two stone, wide gullet, and it rolled about on a colt, and would not stay on an ordinary youngster without a crupper.

There is no doubt that in nine cases out of ten when a colt plays up, the cause is the crupper. I had one colt at Muntham—Grey Momus—that used regularly to slip his tail out of the crupper when playing up.

I have ridden in my time some half-dozen horses that were called "outlaws" that did not buck when I mounted them, simply because I did not put a crupper on. In one instance at Burton Downs, in North Queensland, I had been away four months, and



the day after I returned my brother said, "You may as well ride Scamp to-day; he is pretty fresh." Scamp was a fine big chestnut cob, and he had thrown everyone who had tried him during my absence, but this they did not tell me, as my brother had bet £5 that he would not buck with me, and he won his bet. Next day when cantering along, I was surprised at Scamp suddenly going to market, and very determinedly, too, but on getting him pulled up, I found the surcingle had slipped back over his loins. I was troubled at the time with "Barcoo rot," and when I pulled up my white moleskins were spotted with blood everywhere where my legs had gripped the saddle. "Barcoo rot" is, I take it, simply skin scurvy.

I certainly had a great "innings" at "old Muntham," for not only was there all this rough-riding among the many outlaws and youngsters, but I managed at the outset to win one or two local races for Muntham horses over the sticks. After that Tom Henty induced "Uncle Edward" to send up a trainer to prepare some of the young Robin Hoods for local racing events, and it fell to my lot to school the youngsters over the sticks, and afterwards ride some of them in the "lep races" in the district.

I know no easier way of getting falls than to school raw young horses over stiff fences, and I have had as many as seven falls in one afternoon riding colts over the Muntham paddocks.

Another very simple way to pile up falls is to ride youngsters soon after being backed, after horses or cattle, especially over such country as the slippery, steep, grassy Muntham hills. Jackson's colts were kept, generally, three weeks on hand and then turned out.

One of the worst outlaws on Muntham was a low-set bay horse called Harkaway. He was a rough customer when broken in, and when I came to Muntham he was nine years old, and had not had a man

on him for four years. He was nearly clean bred, stood about 15.1, a dark bay, with a lean game head and a little pig eye. He was a real Tartar; and I had my eye on him for a good while; finally, when going to Portland one time, I caught Mr. Harkaway and put him in the yard the night before. Next morning I led him forty miles before breakfast, saddled him up, and left him in the hotel stable while I had breakfast. While replenishing, I heard a row, and on going out found a man who had tried to go up to Harkaway, had been lifted right out of the stall by a vigorous kick, and the row was Harkaway making matchwood of the stall. I mounted him in the yard after breakfast, and he "went to market" in proper style. I do not think he shifted 10 ft. out of one spot, and he grunted and squealed like a pig. After a bit the crupper staple pulled out, and in a few seconds I was on the ground with the saddle, the girths, and sureingle being intact. Harkaway had bucked through them without bursting them. This has happened to me six times in my rough-riding experiences. I led Harkaway on to Portland, got a strong staple put to my saddle, and took him down to the beach, where we had a good set-to on the sand. The staple stood all right, and "my gentleman" soon had enough of it, and in a few days he was sick of bucking, but he never got quiet.

With regard to horses bucking through the girths without breaking them, I had been told by one rough rider that on one occasion when this occurred to him he had landed on the ground with the saddle between his knees—in fact, more than one had told me the same thing. I must confess I was incredulous, until it happened to myself in the Muntham horse-yard. I had bought a little bay mare bred by Busby out of a travelling mob from New South Wales, and though I had to rope her I thought she had been ridden. I blindfolded her and put my saddle and bridle on and got on her, and pulled off the blindfold (my father

was looking on). In about a minute, or less, I was on the ground sitting on the saddle, both feet in the stirrups, and, moreover, the bridle in my hand, for the saddle had pulled it off as it went over the mare's head.

To hark back to Harkaway. The fastest ride I ever did was on him returning from Portland; he took me the first twenty-two miles in an hour and seventeen minutes. I had tea, and rode him home—in all 66 miles—by one o'clock, and we branded seventy-six calves before breakfast next morning.

The worst buckjumper I ever tackled was a commonbred four-year-old Muntham colt called The General. Jackson broke him in, and he threw him, the saddle having turned. He had a very round back and low wither, and when I tackled him I had to put a crupper on him; when possible I dispensed with a crupper, and I hated a martingale, and never used a "kid." I never but once afterwards wished so much to be off a horse as when I was on The General. I never was on a horse that bucked so hard. It was like what I can fancy the rack would be. He was as strong as a steam engine; if a motor car could buck, that's about what it was like. If I had winked or looked crooked I would have come off. I managed to stick to the beggar till he had his buck out, but neither Jackson nor I ever hankered after a ride on The General. Nicholls, the storekeeper, gave him a run in the "outrigger," and he went to Portland to be worked there.

I renewed my acquaintance with The General some time afterwards in Portland. I went down to bring back a light American express waggon that Mr. Henty had purchased—one of the first imported. I found that the only horses available were The General and a beautiful bay Robin Hood colt, just broken in. Mr. Henty had a good plan for breaking horses to harness; he used to put them in the outrigger of a strong spring cart, and he had a pole hooked on to

an eye on the cross-piece to which the outrigger bar was attached. The pole was strapped to the shaft, and extended about a foot beyond, and there were pole straps to each horse; this kept the outrigger horse from coming back on the bar. I know of no better place to put a young horse, unless it is the off-side in the lead in a four-in-hand. He can do no damage. The General had not been worked since the turn or two he had had in the outrigger at Muntham. I had never driven a waggonette or buggy at that time, and the trap had no brake. The harness was brand new, and had no breeching. The day before I was starting home, Mr. Henty's butler, who also acted as coachman, helping me, I got the colts hitched to the waggonette. The butler was a very fine gentleman, indeed, with curly hair, and to my proposal to come for a rehearsal drive he responded gaily; he little knew what was before him!

The moment we started (everything brand new and slick, butler included) the colts cleared for their lives. We got once round the paddock, and then shot out of the gate. I turned them away from the town, and got them steadied in some sandy country, but when I got back on the metal, having no brake, they cleared again, and we passed Mr. Henty's gate like a flash, and off straight for Portland town down a hill. At the foot of the hill was a bridge over a creek, with steep banks, and as we neared the bridge a cart with women and children in it was just coming on. I yelled all I knew, and they just managed to pull to one side; had they not there was nothing for it but to have run the horses into the creek, which would have probably killed the horses and myself and the butler. To smash into the cartload of women and children was out of the question. Going over the bridge the trap swayed so that the curly-headed butler went out, but was not much hurt. My feelings going into the town with a pair of mad runaway colts were not enviable, but, fortunately, a little



further on there was a lagoon from which the water for the town was drawn. I ran the horses into it, and soon they were swimming, while the trap was on the bottom. I kept them there till all the flashiness was out of them, and then took them home. Next day, having put a curb bit on The General, I started by myself with the colts for Muntham, and got along all right for about three miles, when The General (dirty-tempered brute that he was) kicked over the pole and then sat down on it. I managed to get to his head, and as he got up I got hold of his ear in my teeth and held on till a passer-by turned up, and we got him out. Fortunately, I had a set of leading harness with me, and I put him in the lead, and drove on about thirty miles with one colt in the pole and one in the lead. Then a boy from Muntham happened to come along riding a young mare, and we put her in the pole (she had never had a collar on), and we drove the three youngsters on to Tahara (then Learmonth's). A big brown Muntham colt, the Baron, happened to be in the yard there—a rowdy beggar, but a splendid horse. I had to throw him to get the blinkers on, and when we put the harness on he smashed through the yard. But we recovered him, and having let The General go (he was about done), we put the new colt in the lead and “let him went.” We had a grand drive home, especially down the hill into Coleraine; in fact, it was pretty well a runaway all the time from Tahara to Muntham. There were no gates in those days. That was my first drive in an American express waggon; three colts and no brake or breeching, and steep hills at the finish, and we broke nothing, and knocked off over seventy miles in that day. This puts me in mind of my first four-in-hand drive at Muntham. I had to go to Digby for something, and good old Ludlow Watton was staying with me. We got a spring cart and rigged up a double outrigger, and put one horse in the lead. Our horses were youngsters, and none of them liked the

shafts, nor did any of the four lead well either. We tried them all, one after the other, both in the shafts and in the lead, and a great time we had of it. Going down one hill three out of the four were down at once, and finally the shaft horse kicked till he got his hind legs and hindquarters into the cart, when, of course, we had to get out. However, we got back to Muntham all right by dark, with the package we went for, and not much damage done. Ludlow and I quite agreed—

*That we had powdered up and down a bit,  
And had a rattling day.*

About two years later I drove a lot of the “Muntham Tigers” down to the same place on polling-day behind four good horses in the fire waggon, when Mr. Henty was standing for Parliament, and I was greatly disgusted to find out afterwards that not one “man Jack” of them had voted “true blue.”

Having so many horses to break into harness, Mr. Henty sent us up a regular “brake,” and I had great times with it. I had a splendid brake horse, and many a time have had three colts in with him, and all by myself, up and down the steepest of the Muntham hills, and never turned it over. It’s wonderful how well really savage colts will go in harness when they get blinkers on. Occasionally I had a team of six in the big fire waggon, but, of course, only for “sport,” and now and then I would give a friend a run in the express waggon with six horses.

During my stay at Muntham I became fast friends with the Ffrench’s of Monavae. Although Mr. Ffrench was a much older man, we became greatly attached. He was splendid company and full of Irish humour.

I drove over to Monavae one day from Muntham in a gig with three horses, one in front of the other. I believe the team is called Random. Old Ffrench

was delighted, but with a merry twinkle in his eye, he said, "Very good, very good, my boy, but we'll see what the old man can do." Two days afterwards I was sitting in a room at my father's place, Correagh, when I saw come past two horses in harness, evidently leaders. Then another pair, but still no trap, then another pair, and behind them Ffrench in his big carriage full of girls, all of them beaming with delight. "That wipes your eye, Cuthbert," cried out Ffrench. "Come on and have a drive with the six horses."

All the young Ffrenches, boys and girls, could ride almost as soon as they were born, and nearly all were very good over the sticks, more particularly Molly, afterwards Mrs. Connolly, and Harrie, afterwards Mrs. Robt. Power. On my return from Queensland in 1866 I found these two girls accomplished horsewomen, no fence would stop them.

One day Harrie and I were out doing a little lepping. She was riding a fine fencer, but he was excitable, and a hard puller. I was riding a colt, and this was his first essay over fences; he shaped well. I suggested to Harrie that we should change horses as her horse was pulling her arms off. "But," I said, "mind the colt is raw, don't send him at anything very big." No sooner was she in the saddle than she turned the colt sharp round and sent him at a rasper. He caught one hind leg in the fence. She just looked back, gave him a cut of the whip, and sent him at another rasper. It took me all my time on a well-trained fencer to keep up to her as we rode back straight to Monavae.

A good many years after this Ffrench sold the old station and took his large family to live near Melbourne. One day when bathing at the St. Kilda baths he unfortunately dived into shallow water and was killed instantly.

## CHAPTER IX.

One of the best days I remember having was with my great friend De Lancy Forth. Forth was a remarkable man. I really think he was devoid of reasoning power, and acted almost entirely on impulse. Fortunately his impulses were good. He was the most chivalrous of men and generous to a degree, and he had not the faintest idea of the value of money. He was very good looking, and an absolutely fearless rider. He did not ride in many steeplechases, and I do not remember his ever winning. Forth had been a trip to Melbourne and on to India with horses. His father was a Colonel Forth, and had done service in India. Forth had had some hunting when in Melbourne, and when returned up country was staying with Bob Learmonth at Tahara. I considered it was my duty to go over, and treat him to some fun over the sticks after his Melbourne experience. I rode over on a very ordinary mare, but she could jump a little. Forth started back with me to Muntham to lunch, and when we got to the big horse paddock I sent my mare at the fence, and Forth of course came too, and we got over somehow. Then we had about six nice little fences to get to the stable. At the second one Forth cannoned me and I came down, but remounted, and got to the stable first. Forth was wretchedly mounted on a low withered grey pony mare.

Bob Learmonth and John and two girl friends called in to lunch on their way back from a visit to Kadnook (Smalpage's). They were driving. After lunch Forth said to me, "Unless you get as bad a mount as mine I won't go jumping any more." So I took him to the yard, and we picked a three-year-old colt that had only just been backed (ridden twice), and Forth agreed that it would be a fair





AN OLD TIME STEEPLECHASE, 1876

*Mr. Hector Wilson on Dutchman.*

*Mr. Robert Power on Greystanes.*

*Mr. Norman Wilson on Canary.*

*Mr. Andrew Chirnside on Sailor.*

*Mr. J. O. Inglis on Nimbok.*

*Mr. M. Pender on Sheet Anchor.*



A SCRATCH FOUR-IN-HAND.

[Dalgety's Review]

go if I rode the colt. We sailed back over the same fences, and I managed to cannon Forth at one of them and put him down, much to my satisfaction. It was tit for tat. Then it struck me that I'd like to drive to Tahara with one of the girls, so I sent the colt as fast as he could go at a big two-railed fence. As I expected the colt fell, and I was picked up, put in the buggy with one of the girls and made much of, which was just what I had aimed at.

The Pearsons—John and Joe—of Glenorchy, were great horsemen, splendid rough riders and hard to beat across country—quite fearless, and up to all sorts of dare devil games with horses. I have known Joe Pearson, with a horse lying on him, quietly singing out directions to a friend riding in the same race.

The Pearsons, Bob Learmonth, and I had for a long time arranged to meet at Glenorchy and have a really good "shivo." We were all very busy, but finally we foregathered one Saturday evening at Glenorchy. There was a noted outlaw running in the paddock, and some unbroken colts. The Pearsons had a really good "stick" horse, called Topthorne, in the stable, and a maiden thoroughbred, called Falcon, by King Alfred. Next morning early we got in the outlaw and the colts. We tossed odd man as to who should have the mount on the outlaw, and John Pearson won. We each offered him a pound for the mount, but he refused, and after all the outlaw wouldn't buck. We then roped two of the colts, and they would not "perform," so we had to fall back on "lepping." The four of us had some good goes with our ordinary horses. One jump was over a sheep dip—a sort of a double with water in between. Finally Bob got on Topthorne, and I on Falcon—the latter had never been over a fence in his life. One "lep" was a stiff gate nearly five feet high. When John Pearson saw us going at this he told me he lay down to have, as he put it, a comfortable view

of the fall he was sure I would get. He knew Topthorne could do it, but Falcon was quite raw. We both got over without hitting the gate, and Falcon was at once installed as a steeplechase horse. I put him over thirty-six post and rail fences and the five-foot gate before we had breakfast that morning—not bad for a maiden horse, and quite enough to have spoilt him, so any good horseman will say. Falcon went to Melbourne and turned out a good horse over the sticks, and won some races. Topthorne was sold to William Leonard, and in due course was entered for a steeplechase at Portland, and I went down to ride him. Three days before the race I went out to the course to give Topthorne a gallop. After the gallop the trainer, an awfully decent Irishman, named Morris, said to me, “Won’t you give him a lep, sir?” I said, “No, he might hurt himself, and what’s the good?” He said, “You have never lepped him; just give him one.” So sending the horse over the racecourse fence, I turned him round to come in again. He went at it very fast, put both forefeet in a drain on the taking-off side, and Morris said afterwards that we rolled over together three times. I lay on my face flattened out, Morris galloped away, but returned immediately and exclaimed, “Begorra, they are both kilt.” I said, “I’m not kilt, Morris.” “The horse is,” he replied. I pulled myself along by the grass to where the animal lay, and put my hand on him. He was already cold. Morris placed me sitting up against poor Topthorne, and went off for help. Bob Learmonth came out with a buggy, and took me in to old Paunchy Bowden’s Hotel. A doctor came to see me, but though in great pain, I would not see him. I applied bags of hot salt across the back and “tummy,” and was better next day. No one seemed to think anything of my being hurt. During the night the pain was severe. I got the sheet in my mouth, and bit it, and kept shifting about the bed. Next morning someone came to me and helped me to a chair. I felt better sitting up.



Two days after Bob Learmonth drove me out to the races, and I was carried up into the stand, and saw the steeplechase run that Topthorne must have won in a canter. Eight years afterwards Sir Thomas Fitzgerald examined me, and found that in that fall I had split a large piece of bone off the pelvis formation. If it had gone up instead of down, he said, I would have been dead in five minutes (my readers would then have been spared these yarns!), and had I been his patient he would have kept me on my back for two months.

About a week after this Bob Learmonth drove me to Tahara, 60 miles, in great heat. Next morning all hands went out to a big bush fire on the boundary. In the afternoon the smoke got thick at the homestead, and I felt very uneasy. Every man was away, and only three ladies and two girls available to fight the fire if it reached us. I was of no use. Just then a surveyor, who was at work some miles away, galloped up, his horse blowing, and reeking with sweat. He threw himself off and said he had ridden through a heavy fire. He had a drink, and I asked him if the fire had crossed a certain road, for if not I thought the homestead might be saved. He was too dazed and frightened to be able to tell me. I asked him to go back and see. He said, "I wouldn't go back for a hundred pounds." I said, "You cowardly brute, you deserve to be burnt," but he wouldn't move. I got him to lift me on his horse, and it was simply agony. I rode off, and found that the fire had not crossed the road. By this time the women folk had discarded all superfluous clothing, and were ready with bags and boughs. I set a fire going along the road to meet the oncoming flames. The girls all worked like Trojans, and we saved the homestead. I couldn't find names opprobrious enough with which to upbraid the big cowardly surveyor.

That fire crossed the Wannon, swept over Muntham, and extended over an area of a hundred miles

in length by about twenty in width, before it was put out at the Black Swamp. Thousands of sheep were burnt on Owen O'Reilly's station adjoining Muntham, and a shepherd, who foolishly climbed up a tree, was burnt to a cinder.

Parson Russell called at the same station one day for lunch. As he entered the house he heard the owner call out to one of the men, "Here's the parson. Mike, go and kill a sheep." This was what I heard a bush lady friend call "baa-ing mutton"—it left off baa-ing only as it entered the frying pan.

I fear some of my readers will think I am "romancing" when I state that I have had over seven hundred falls with horses. I kept tally of five hundred in five years, and out of the five hundred I was only thrown six times without the saddle going too, and in most cases I had a horse on top of me, for I never could learn the knack of getting clear of a falling horse. When putting a raw colt at a fence I have even taken my feet out of the stirrups, and tried to sit loose; but it was no use. I had to grip the saddle, and even then nearly always I got under my mount when it fell. One afternoon I was schooling a chestnut colt called Red Rover over the fences round the hay yard and stables at Muntham, and he gave me six. At last Tom Henty got in front of me with a pole and declared that if I didn't desist he would knock the horse down.

After a while I really came quite to enjoy "a good slogging fall over timber." I liked the crash, and the roll over, and the excitement. Gordon has it to a nicety (he had "been there" many a time) when he wrote—

*In the jar of the panel rebounding,  
In the crash of the splintering wood,  
In the cars to the earth shock resounding,  
In the eyes flashing fire and blood,  
In the quarters above you revolving,  
In the sods underneath heaving high.*

I am sure Gordon and I had this "'twixt the cup and the lip" experience in common. I always found, if much annoyed or put out, that the very best—"corrective," was to take a lively youngster, and rattle him over some stiff fences. After a fall or two I used to return with all the "soreness of mind gone," and probably removed or replaced by a little "soreness of body." At that time every promising youngster that I backed had to go over "post and rails." If he "lepped" them, well and good; if not, he had to fall over them, but he had to get over somehow. I think I must have been a little reckless in those days for I offered to bet £10 I would jump a horse over the rail of the bridge at Casterton. There was a fall of quite 20 ft. into the river, and there was a good deal of dead timber in the river. This was a standing bet—no one took me up. On four occasions when horses baulked determinedly I have taken off my coat and tied it by the sleeves over the animal's head, and on each occasion I got over, once without a fall, and without breaking the fence. I do not know how it was done, but it occurred sure enough. I was riding at the time a three-year-old bay Muntham colt by Woodranger, and I can see the fence this minute, and remember how surprised I was to find myself over without a fall. The last time I tried the experiment was down at Botany, near Sydney. I sent a fine old horse that we were taking up to North Queensland in 1862 at a little fence close to the hotel, and he baulked repeatedly. But with my coat over his head we got over, being down hill, we rolled over together a few times, and a cab had to be got to take me back to the Royal, in Sydney. Two Englishmen who were at the Botany Hotel chartered another cab, and followed us to the Royal to find out who I was. I think they expected my cab to go on to Gladesville lunatic asylum.

The idea of putting a horse at a fence blindfolded is not original; Jack Hunter negotiated a jump on

the old Flemington course in that fashion in the early days of Port Phillip, and so did Mullally later on, but both were water jumps.

Considering the number of falls I have had, and that, as mentioned, in most cases I had a horse on top of me, I have come off wonderfully well, as I have only sustained some eighteen fractures and four or five dislocations all told.

In 1858 I took four horses from Muntham to the Hamilton show. The then showground is now all built over. The only conveyance I could muster was a gig borrowed for the occasion from our popular sporting local doctor, my friend, Wyman, generally known as "Gig-lamps," who went home to London about 1860 and worked up a good practice there. He died lately at a good old age, beloved and respected. We put an outrigger to the gig and improvised a pole, and put two big bay thoroughbreds on the wheel, and two lighter black colts in the lead, with long traces. In the morning I started my team up for the showyard, but the off-wheeler went dead lame. One of the stockmen had ridden in a fine bay colt; he had never been in harness, but there was no time to lose. We discarded the lame horse and put the colt in. He went along as if he had been in for months, and I got first prize for best pair of carriage horses with him and his mate, and second prize with the black leaders. For these two colts Mr. Henty refused £100 shortly after. We started for home just about sundown (thirty miles to go), and I well remember "Old Wyman" hailing me when it got dark and quietly handing over his own trap to a friend, preferring to risk the drive with me to driving himself in the dark; he was short-sighted. We did the thirty miles in three hours, and no bones broken. At that time buggies were an unknown quantity with us, but the following year Billy Willis, of Swanston and Willis, on the Glenelg (a white man if ever one lived), asked me to drive him up to



the showground in a brand new buggy, the first I had ever seen. Some of my friends had been telling me wonderful stories of what could be done with these new American traps. "You can drive over a two foot log or a brush fence," so they said, "quite comfortably." As Willis and I got near the showground I noticed that the two bottom rails of the sliprail (things were rough and ready in those days) were up, and I said to Willis, quite innocently, "I suppose a buggy could go over those rails?" Un-suspectingly he replied, "Oh, yes," and before he could think much about it we were over, much to Willis' indignation. No harm was done beyond an explosion of wrath from "Billy." No doubt with good horses and care a very formidable obstacle can be quite safely negotiated in an "Abbott" buggy—for years everyone who owned a buggy said it was an Abbott.

I have gone over many good big brush fences in a buggy. Godfrey Mackinnon, of North Goonambil, was over to see me one time at Brookong, and I got him out with me to pass a brush fence for a contractor. As soon as I saw the fence I saw it was not up to contract. So I just ran the buggy over it and back, and then told the contractor I would not pass the fence, and that I was sure no jury in Australia would give the contractor a verdict after I proved to them that I had driven my buggy over it. Godfrey said if he were on the jury he'd give it against me.

I have got the credit of driving over wire fences, but I never, with a very few exceptions, drove over any without tying the wires down as far as they would go. One exception was on Yanko Station. I was driving four young horses in a little tray buggy and was by myself. Just after going through the boundary between Yanko and Bundure I changed the horses. I put the leaders in the wheel and vice versa. In hitching up I inadvertently put one of the leader's

reins under a trace, and when I started off the leaders made off, and I couldn't get a pull at them. Just where I was the timber had been cut down and the place was all stumps. I ran the horses round and round among the stumps until my wrists gave in, so then I headed them back for a sandhill on the boundary. By this time the horses were running away for all they were worth. The sandhill slacked them a little, but only a little. A six-wire boundary fence ran over the top of the hill. The horses charged it, and on going over we pulled out two posts and flattened two panels of the fence. This stopped the colts, and I turned round and drove them back through the broken panels quite right, and never broke a strap and had only to stop and get the rein right. I wrote to Weir, manager of the Yanco, and also to Sutherland, manager of Bundure, apologising for what I had done, and explaining. But Sutherland was very wroth and would have it I did it on purpose. Give a dog a bad name! Sutherland reminds me of a good story, and I can vouch for its being quite true. An old neighbour of his had an arbitration case on, and he wrote to Sutherland and asked him to act as "vampire" for him. The same old squatter (a right good old sort he was) was sitting over the fire one Sunday morning at Widgiewa, talking to Joe Weir and myself, and he said, "Last Sunday my boy was taken real bad. You see," he said, "he had eaten a lot of grapes and these grapes, you see, they fomented, and I thought he'd die." But the best story of all happened at another station where a very swell young English girl was on a visit. This old neighbour came to stay the night, and the lady of the house said to her, "You must not mind if this old gentleman says some rather funny things." "Oh, of course not," said the visitor. Dinner went off all right beyond the old neighbour saying that turcumtile (turpentine), was a grand thing for sprains. After dinner they were all seated around the fire.

The young lady had a nasty cough—in fact she died of consumption a little later on. She disliked very much any remarks being made about her cough. The old neighbour said, “You have a nasty cough, Mem.” “Yes,” she said, “I have.” Sitting back in his chair and tapping himself on his very pronounced and rotund “corporation,” he said, “Did you ever try a porous plaster on your stummick, Mem?” “Well, no,” she said, without turning a hair. “I never did.” “They are first rate,” he said, still tapping his corporation. “I have one on now.” They all kept their faces.

The best bit of work I remember doing “over the sticks” in a trap was one morning returning from my father’s place, Correagh, near Hamilton, and driving Old Mac, sheep manager at Muntham, in a borrowed gig and a tandem. We came to a four-rail slip-rails across the road, and I sent them at it fast, The leader jumped and broke the top rail, and the shafter broke the second rail, and the gig bumped over the others all right. As we approached the big hill going down into Coleraine I pulled the horses up into a walk. “What devil’s game are you up to now?” said Old Mac. “Oh,” I said, “I am only giving them a blow to go down the hill.” And down the hill we went at a swinging gallop—Old Mac very wroth. A little whiskey and new milk at Charley Payne’s served to mollify him.

I had a nasty fall one morning before breakfast in one of the wheat paddocks of a man named Waines. I was riding a big grey horse that I had got from Mackersly on the Wannon, intending to run him for the Maiden Steeplechase at Coleraine later on. He had been jumping fairly well with me at home, and I had had him over several fences that morning, but in putting him over one of Waines’ fences he turned a complete somersault. I can see him now in the air over me on his back. Then for a little I felt obliterated as he crashed down. But he rolled off

me, and got up, and I found I had only broken one collar-bone and injured a knee. The worst of it was that I did not know where there was a sliprail. I particularly did not want it known how I had got the fall, so I just had to send him over another fence to get out. We got over all right, and I cantered home the eight miles to Muntham; no one was about, as all were at breakfast. I put up the grey and caught a mare that stumbled a bit, rode her some distance back along the road, rubbed some dirt on her knees, and returned without anyone having noticed me. No one except Dr. Wyman (who happened to be at Muntham, knew how I got my fall. I found Wyman still in bed (he was hard to wake in the morning), and as we were halves in the running of the grey horse, I told him what had happened, binding him over to secrecy.

The fact was I had had so many smashes "lepping" and in connection with schooling horses and steeple-chasers that I did not want it known how I had got hurt.

This all by the way. Waines reminded me of it, as he does also of another little incident.

A traveller from Tasmania was staying with us, and "old Mac" had business in Casterton, so I drove Mac and our Tasmanian visitor over to Casterton in the express waggon, with a pair of lately-broken-in bay ponies—one by a B Y (Busby) mare—a well-bred one, too, of whom more hereafter. There was and probably is, a very steep hill going to Casterton, down which ran a short cut for horsemen. No one had ever tried to drive up or down it. I winked at Mac as we got to the top of the hill, and said to our friend, "This is rather a steep hill, but I do not suppose you mind?" Mac thought I intended just to drive to the top and give our friend a scare, but he ought to have known better, for before Mac could say anything I drew the whip across the ponies, and away they went down the hill. Mac looked at me as



if he could eat me, and held on for his life as down we went. At one stage of the descent we could see nothing in front of us but the splashboard—the ponies were out of sight under the trap—just as when a horse is bucking you often see nothing in front of you but the pommel of the saddle.

We got down quite safely, and the best of it all was that our Tasmanian visitor never even remarked that it was a precipitous place, and evidently did not realise that he had performed quite a feat. In the same express waggon, with a four-in-hand, we got racing another trap, and when half way down the hill (this time, however, the ordinary road), I said to my passengers, "Look out, you fellows, our pole is broken and not much holding it together, but the faster we go down the hill the better for us." And so it proved. Dear old Tom Clibborn was one of the party and De Laney Forth another.

I mentioned that one of the ponies I drove down the precipitous hill at Casterton was a B Y (Busby) mare. I gave £6 for her out of a mob of horses from New South Wales. She showed lots of breeding, and quite likely had some of the old Gratis blood in her. I wonder has Mr. Alex. Busby's "Alured" any Gratis blood in him?

## CHAPTER X.

The grandest time I ever remember having in all my life was a trip from Muntham with Old Wyman to Penola Picnic Races. This was an annual affair. All the country round for a hundred miles and more used to come into Penola (pronounced Panoola) for this meeting. The townspeople would give up their cottages for the nonce—where they went to I don't know. Old Paunchy Bowden, that best of hosts, used to open wide his hostelry and make up shake-downs

by the score. There were always two days regular racing and an off-day, making three of it. Also two race balls, and on the third night a "tradesman's ball." The squatter folk in the district were a splendid lot—among them Seymour, of Killanoola, an old Irish gentleman of the best type, with a very pretty daughter, and several sons who raced a bit. Pop Seymour, of Pop-goes-the-weasel fame, was a relation of his. Then there were the Whittakers, from Harrow—old Mr. Whittaker another fine old gentleman. It was his daughter "Pinkie," afterwards Mrs. John Smith, who behaved so pluckily when a bushranger had her father and brother stuck up, and covered with his revolver. "Pinkie" saw what was up, and getting a loaded gun, she walked into the room with the gun up and at full cock, and told the bushranger to put up his hands. This order he promptly obeyed, whereupon the son tied him up and sent for the police.

The John Smiths were among the visitors on this occasion, and so was dear old Dugald, John Smith's brother. Then there was old Watson, of Kilbride—one of the most absent-minded of men. He had always been accustomed to take his bridle in his hand and go down the paddock to catch his horse after breakfast. One morning they ran out of sugar, and Watson started with the sugar basin in his hand to get more sugar. Soon after he was seen after his horse with the sugar basin in his hand thinking it was a bridle.

There was also Harry Jones, of Binnum, and his family. Harry Jones was the swell squatter of the district. You must not go to Binnum without your dress clothes. One of his daughters married Ted Brewer, and three of his grandsons are at the front to-day. Jack Brewer, too, was there with his grand-lepper Bonda, for the steeplechase. Also the Hynes, afterwards of Merrigal, in New South Wales. Good old Bill Wells was to the fore, and my great friend De Laney Forth, also Lindsay Gordon and Sandy

Cameron—over six feet high with a falsetto voice and Highland expressions. Sandy was coming along on the coach between the Wannon and Coleraine in very wet weather, and the horses knocked up. Just then a chap in an express waggon and a good pair of horses approached. Sandy was equal to the occasion and hailed the man: "Look here, my man," said Sandy, "do you know that a Jy. P. can claim horses from anyone for her Majesty's mail, when stuck? I'll trouble you for your horses to take us into Coleraine. You can have them back then." The man at once consented, and said Sandy, "I wasn't a Jy. P. at all at all." There were lots of Highlanders about Penola district, and they were thick at this meeting. One of them, a very powerful man, got very full, and it took about eight policemen to take him; indeed but for Sandy Cameron the eight could not have done it.

I had taken old Woodbine up for the steeplechase, but he went lame, and had to be withdrawn, and Jack Brewer had a walk over with Bonda.

The second day there was a maiden steeplechase—one-mile heats. The fences were the highest I have ever ridden over. They were composed of about three feet of logs and then brushed up to about six feet high. They looked very formidable, but were not stiff. Forth had two horses and put me on one. Jemmy Harcoan had a horse, and there were some five others. I had a bet that I'd be first over the first fence on Forth's horse, and so I was. At the second fence my horse crouched as if to jump and turned sharp round. I swung out of the saddle, one foot touched the ground, and I swung into the saddle again. At the last fence Forth was on my left, and Harcoan on the right, and my horse swerved again and ran Harcoan off (quite unintentionally), and Forth won. Harcoan thought I had run him off intentionally to let Forth win. As it was just what he would have done himself, he rather applauded me for it, and wouldn't believe I had not done it pur-

posely. Next heat Forth got me to ride the horse he had won the first heat with, and I won it all right.

In spite of the great heat (115 in the shade), we all went to the ball both nights and danced till daylight. I was very *epris* with the belle of the meeting, and of course had a great time. We had scratch races on the third day—still hot. That evening Forth and I decided not to go, and about nine o'clock I went to bed. An hour afterwards Forth roused me up. "Get up and get dressed; this is the best dance of the lot." So up I got and danced most of the night with the cook from Bowden's—a very pretty girl and good dancer. It was the most decorous dance I ever attended—none of your kitchen lancers there, nothing of that sort would have been tolerated. There was an M.C., and he told us when to swing partners, and so on. There were no intervals between dances. As soon as one dance was over the next commenced, so it was pretty strenuous going. We had a great time.

Lots of nice people, not at all conventional, no cliques or sets, all pulling together, and all bent on being happy and making others happy. It was a time to remember all one's life. After the races, by invitation, a number of us, including Wyman and myself, went to Killanoola, where we spent three days picnicking and dancing. We took the band with us. More hospitable people than Mr. and Mrs. Seymour could not be found out of Ireland, or in Australia, and as I have said, Miss Seymour was the belle of the district. Wyman and I made several starts to get away. At last we determined we'd leave in the early morning before anyone was up. Thus we managed to get away. I rode home to Muntham, eighty miles, in the day, the doctor to Casterton, not so far. I shall never forget that good time, and all the sweet, kind, cordial, good friends we made at Penola. I don't know if any single one of those dear people is



now alive, unless it be one of the younger Seymours, but I do love to look back on that happy week at Penola.

I started away from Muntham one winter's morning early on young Woodbine. The crabholes had ice on them. When I got to the Coleraine Creek it was a banker, and I had to swim it and got wet up to my armpits. The Wannon was crossable at Arden's, at Hilgay. I was after some of our young horses that had strayed away, and found them in the afternoon. They were very flash, and I had a good thirty miles' gallop before I got them home, having to swim the creek again. It was nearly dark when I got home. I had not had a bite all day, and was sopping wet all the time, but I do not remember being any the worse for it, especially after a hot bath and a stiff tumbler of hot rum punch—probably two.

I once rode that horse, Young Woodbine, afterwards Robinson Crusoe, for three whole months after cattle. He had an odd day off now and then, but I used him as my stock horse for three months, and he was not tired.

We had a bullock driver on Muntham called "Jack the Pointer," an old hand who came over from Van Dieman's Land with Mr. Henty. He had a stiff finger, hence his soubriquet. I have seen Jack take his team and a load of posts over the Wannon in flood, the bullocks all swimming and the waggon on the bottom of the river, while Jack stood up to his middle in water on top of the load, "swearing at large." This was just in the day's work for Jack. One day in Portland, starting off for Muntham with a heavy load, Jack being very full, he stumbled and fell, the loaded waggon passed right over his chest. He got up, shook himself, and went right on. This is a fact, tall yarn as it may appear to be.

I put in about the hardest bit of work of my life in two days while at Muntham. Tom Henty and I had an invitation to a dance at Dr. Stevenson's at

Hamilton, and our best girls were to be there. We had a lot of milking heifers to start for Portland—a full day's work—and next day had to start speying 600 cows, so Tom said we could not go. I lay low and said nothing, but I made up my mind to be at the dance. I cut out cows all the one day on old Pannikin, and got back to the home station in time to run up a fresh horse and have dinner. After dark I started off for Hamilton, swam the creek at Cole-raine, got over the Wannan all right—very high, but not a swim—danced till past three o'clock, and started home, swimming the creek again, and getting back in time to go up to the stockyard, roped cows in the muddy yards (speying in bails had not been thought of in those days) till dark that day, and you may be sure I slept the sleep of the righteous that night. I was just twenty-one. It was two days and a night's heavy work. Tom Henty was annoyed at my going, as he never dreamt I would be back in time, and he was depending on me to rope the cows.

He and I did a sharp ride from Muntham to Portland one forenoon. He was riding a very fine Robin Hood horse called "Crow," and I a carriage horse of Stephen Henty's that had been spelling at Muntham for twelve months. We made the Smoky River, forty miles, for breakfast, and Portland, another twenty-six miles, before twelve o'clock. My carriage horse was shying across the street when we got into Portland.

I was only 9 st. 8 lb. in those days.

We all had a great time at "Kadnook," the home of the Smalpages, up Harrow way, on the occasion of their son's first birthday. A large party was there, and we stayed five days, and an "illigant" time it was. Our host and hostess—the latter a daughter of Stephen Henty—were all that could be desired, and we, the guests, were all fast friends.

I drove my sister up in the Muntham brake with four young horses. There were any number of brush

fences and we never opened a gate. My sister, who had ridden many a buckjumper, afterwards said that she would have preferred a mount on the worst of them to that drive.

Tom Clibborn was one of the party at Kadnook. One of my parts of the performance was riding an unbroken colt. We roped, blindfolded, and saddled him, and I got on. He gave a very good exhibition, for he bucked and played up properly. One evening we nearly had trouble. Smalpage and I pretended we were fighting a duel, and we were put up at twelve paces, pistols in hand. Mrs. Smalpage stopped us, and Smalpage discharged his pistol at a flower pot and smashed it in two. By some misadventure, it had been loaded and capped, and but for Mrs. Smalpage's intervention I'd have been shot. Smalpage had been in the navy and was a most versatile and fascinating man, had a lovely soft fetching voice in conversation, sang beautifully, was a good boxer and fencer, and smart at single sticks, and very fond of a game of loo—more particularly if the stakes were high. His son, whose birthday we had been celebrating, a fine young fellow, was drowned in the surf at Manly trying to save a woman.

On the way to Kadnook we had to pass Campbell and Elms' place on the Glenelg. Elms afterwards married Jessie Beveridge, the belle of the Glenelg. One time they experienced a terrific tornado or cyclone at their station, and two men were carried up in the air, one coming down dead. There was an inquest. The survivor swore that he was carried up over the tops of the trees. Of a hut and its contents nothing was left but the iron handle of a big chest, and I saw things out of the hut, in trees, over a mile from the place. Melbourne *Punch* made fun of the occurrence, and said that the man who was carried up at Campbell's station had come down at Ballarat. They had a big stockman at Campbell's station. He could knock a horse down with his fist, and was a

wonder in a cattle yard at the old style of drafting with a stick. The wonder was he was never killed.

Fencing had begun in those days, but no wire. Most of the fences were brush, a few chock and log. The brush fences were very dangerous helps to the spread of bush fires, but they made pretty schooling for colts.

There was a little well-bred mare running for several years, sometimes on Muntham, sometimes on George Carmichael's and other neighbouring runs, and no one could run her in. Over and over again well-known horsemen mounted on their best horses had tackled the wild mare. She generally ran with some young horses, but after going a mile or two she would single out. She was very fast, and could stay all day, and no one had ever been able to, as the old phrase goes, "blow wind in her tail." I had had only one "go" after her, and I may say "after" her for that is exactly what it was. At last it was determined that the "Wild Mare" must be yarded. Almost all the best horsemen in the district, several of them mounted on race horses—among them such a good stayer as "Bonnie Dundee"—turned out to circumvent the little mare. I was unfortunately away with cattle, but I do not think I would have been any nearer at the finish than the others, unless indeed I had been on Young Woodbine (later Robinson Crusoe), and at that date we had not discovered what a wonderful stayer he was. It was intended that the Wild Mare should be yarded in the Casterton pound, but some ten minutes before any of the horsemen after their long gallop appeared at the yard the little mare came to the Glenelg, swam it and trotted into the yard of her own free will, as much as to say, "I suppose you beasts mean to run me down some day, you may even take the rifle to me, so here I am, and no thanks to all you fellows." She was duly advertised, and her owner, Billy Bell, of the Portland Heath, came up for her. She had been



broken in, and Billy, a splendid horseman, saddled and mounted her, and she gave a fine exhibition of buckjumping. Billy rode her away and home. Some six months after she got away from him and came straight back—no fences then. Billy came after her, and he and I ran her in without any trouble. I bought her from him for £30, and christened her “Shirley.” She was a beautiful mare, standing about 14.2, a golden bay, and clean bred, as gentle as a lamb and beautifully quiet to ride, except that all of a sudden without any warning she seemed to go mad, would bolt, then suddenly pull up and buck most furiously. You could see nothing in front of you but the pommel of the saddle. She had a good mouth usually, but when she “went mad” her mouth was like iron. She bucked through the girths with me one day just outside the stable at Muntham, and once right up to a brick wall, so that the pommel of the saddle almost touched the wall. I put her in a gig, and she started off beautifully. I had, however, taken the precaution of putting a kicking strap on. She went for almost a mile like a lamb, and I had just remarked to Old Mac, who was riding alongside, “Doesn’t the Wild Mare go beautifully?” when she devil entered into her, and off she went bolting and bucking. I feared it was all up with old Wyman’s gig, but as we neared a big gum tree I caught one rein in both hands and pulled her right on to the tree. She struck it with her head and went down. I went out on my head, but was up as soon as the mare, and got her ear in my teeth and held her till Mac came up. He undid every buckle he could see, and she jumped out free of the gig, and I took her home. She had a foal after this, with a good deal of the earhorse in him. All the same he turned out a grand hack and a good fencer. I called him “The Professor,” and my father rode him for years, and my sister hunted him at times. I sold Shirley to a

Ballarat man, and the last I heard of her was that she was going well in a buggy.

While I was at Muntham the sale of land by the Government was initiated. This caused great consternation among the squatters. They had no wish to buy, and they had no wish to lose their land, nor did they in the least want to see what had to come, namely, small settlers. Had they had the very least foresight or public spirit they should have seen that settlement had to come, and that the occupation of even half the land would not only be a public benefit, but that the other half of it could be secured by themselves, and would in a short time more than double in value. At that time no small man could take up or acquire land, and it was all in the squatter's possession. The only way to get small men on it was to sell by auction. The land was put up at twenty shillings an acre, and the squatters were not debarred from buying as much as they could pay for.

When the first land was put up at Muntham several "land sharks" appeared on the scene. They simply wanted to be paid not to bid. I interviewed one of these sharks, who called himself a land agent. I ascertained later on that he had £8000 cash banked at Hamilton. He said if Mr. Henty would pay him  $\frac{1}{3}$  an acre he would try and get him the land at upset price. It actually meant that he wanted to be paid  $\frac{1}{3}$  an acre not to bid. Others said they were acting for men who wanted land, but I could see they were prepared to throw over their clients if we made it worth their while.

There were some (at that time not many) *bona-fide* buyers. They wanted the land possibly in some instances to re-sell to the squatters. Any way they wanted it. I got behind the scenes a good deal, and I saw that there were scarcely any *bona-fide* buyers, that is, men who wanted the land in order to work it.

I strongly advised Mr. Henty to "square" the sharks, and all of the others except perhaps one or

two who wanted small lots for their own use. He asked me to fix up the whole thing for him, and gave me *carte blanche*. I was only about twenty-two, and felt much complimented at Mr. Henty's confidence in me. I set to work so conclusively that on the day of the sale Edward Henty bought the whole of the land at twenty shillings an acre, and the amount I had expended came to under five shillings an acre. I had scored a great success.

Some six months afterwards another 5000 acres of the best of Muntham lying near the townships of Casterton and Sandford was advertised for sale. At this time some of Edward Henty's friends strongly advised him not to buy off the sharks, or any of the intending purchasers. I pointed out to Mr. Henty that these friends no doubt would be glad if he put his hand in his pocket, and ran these men into buying a lot of the land at good prices. They then would not be in a position to oppose the friends when the land which the latter wanted was put on the market. Mr. Henty was greatly exercised, and up to half an hour before the sale had made up his mind not to do anything except simply bid against all comers. Then he came to me and said, "I'd like you to fix things up." But I said, "There is no time now." "Oh," he said, "try if you can arrange with these chaps and let me know." Before the sale started I had it all fixed up, and he secured the land at the upset price, with 5/- added for "sharks" and others. Ed. Henty drove home that night with Major Learmonth, who next day told me that Mr. Henty was greatly pleased with what I had done. "So much so," said the Major, with an odd twinkle in his eye, "that he told me to tell you that he had intended to reduce your salary, but now he would not do so." I said I appreciated this so much that I would send in my resignation, which forthwith I did.

I must not forget while on land matters to record an interesting experience I had. Shortly after this

second land sale (indeed I think it was at the same time) very rich agricultural land was put up for sale on the eastern edge of the run, not far from Coleraine. There was no possibility of the station securing this land, and Mr. Henty wisely determined not to compete for it. I asked him if he had any objection to my going for some of this land for myself. He said, "Certainly not, so long as you let it be known that you are buying for yourself." The sale was to be at Coleraine, and on the morning of the sale I rode over. I had a good talk to all my "sharks," and other land buyers, and told them I wanted one lot for myself, and said I, "The boot is on the other leg to-day, not that I want to be bought off, but I want a certain lot, and I will run up any that oppose me, for any land they go for. They all laughed, and all agreed not to oppose me for my lot. I saw one new face, and I had a talk to him, and he told me the lot he was after, and it was the lot I wanted. I offered him 20/- an acre—£145—not to oppose me, as I said, "You are the only man who will bid against me." But he would not take it. However, he said, "I'd like to meet you in this matter, and as you say but for me you could get the land for 20/- an acre, I'll do this. I'll not oppose you if you agree now to sell the land to me for £2 an acre. You will make £145, and I shall be glad to get the land at that price. You say you can get it for £1 an acre but for me. Whatever price you have to pay for it you must let me have it at £2 an acre." I jumped at his proposal, though there was no doubt some risk. No one opposed me, and I got the land at £1, and got £2 straight away.

In all this matter I acted quite innocently. It never struck me that I was actually robbing the country, and that I could have been prosecuted for conspiracy. I found this out later on.

When Mr. Henty sold Muntham many years after this he got on an average £11 per acre for it, but at



the time he purchased I suppose about £2 would have been considered a good value if the sale had been a private one and properly managed. Later on, Duffy's Act came in, and land was made available for small men, but even then there was a lot of dummying and underhand work.

Later on in New South Wales when some large areas of pastoral lands were put up for sale by auction, the squatters for a time were heavily blackmailed by land sharks, but a combination was made, and Richard Blackwood, of Hartwood, broke up the blackmailers. He simply dropped a considerable number of isolated lots into one of the sharks who happened to be one of the old Muntham crowd, and let him serenely alone. He would not buy the man out, and no one else would, so the blackmailer was hoisted with his own petard, and had to sell eventually at a loss. This broke up the blackmailing entirely.

## CHAPTER XI.

*On the fields of Coleraine there'll be labour in vain  
Before the Great Western is ended.*

A. L. GORDON.

Coleraine is a pretty little village situated in a valley surrounded by low hills. It lies about twenty miles west of Hamilton and on the eastern boundary of Muntham. I had long cast a longing eye over the fields of Coleraine, consisting of small grass paddocks, here and there a ploughed field and a lane or two, not to mention about a dozen nice little garden and back yard fences. It made my heart burn when I thought why surely here we have the making of an ideal steeplechase course! Every time I passed through Coleraine on my way to see my people at Hamilton the idea grew stronger. One morning very

early I rode Old Woodbine over to the township and had a turn over the paddocks, omitting some of the biggest fences. I found the proposed course more than up to my expectations, and that in a distance of some four miles I could easily have over forty beautiful natural jumps. I got Tom Clibborn, afterwards the popular and efficient Secretary of the A.J.C. of Sydney, and to whom much of the success of that fine club is due, to look over the country with me. Then we ran in all the good sports in the district, and their name was legion, and very soon Tom and I commenced to lay out what has been often described as the prettiest and fairest steeplechase course in Australia. As originally laid out the course lay over a distance of four miles, and there were forty-two post and rail fences. These natural fences formed what might be called fair hunting country. There was one big fence out of a chain wide road; it was five feet high, and there were two pretty stiff high fences at the very start in and out of a paling allotment, but the bulk of the fences ranged from 4ft. to 4ft. 6in., not to mention some ten small fences over gardens and back yards at the backs of the houses in the main street. The first two fences in and out of the paling allotment were omitted after the first year. That year I rode Old Woodbine for the Great Western, and he landed on his head, going in to the paling allotment, and on his shoulder, getting out of it—the first and second fences—but he did not fall, nor did he ever fall with me. In getting over, or rather through, the small township fences he hit so hard that an onlooker said there was always one rail in the air. The old horse hit another rail up before the preceding one had reached the ground. There was not one made fence in this great Western Steeplechase Course, and, as has been well said of it, “Over such a country the pace could never be very fast, while a horse’s power of endurance and leaping qualities, and also the skill and judgment of the rider,

were all put to the test." In my time, extending over three years, there were absolutely no accidents over this course, with the exception of one I had myself when riding a horse that should not have been started for a steeplechase. The reason of this was obvious. Over a distance of four miles with so many fences and over several ploughed fields it was not possible to make the pace "hot." Still we got over the distance in very fair time. For instance, Jemmy Wilson, on his grey horse Dayspring, did it in 11 min. 30 sec. It was a real treat to see that pair go round that course. The racing over the old course at the fields of Coleraine was good sport, and if we could eliminate short steeplechases over made courses and over made fences and confine our steeplechasing to special meetings (as at Warrnambool) over three to four miles of fair hunting country—such as that at Coleraine—we would not have such "diatribes" as emanated from those true sportsmen, Fife and Drum, and Augustus Hooke, hurled at the grand sport of steeplechasing. To-day, like "monkeys on a stick," to quote Frank Madden, in Tod Sloan fashion, our steeplechase jockeys ride, as if the fences did not exist, and at a pace faster than our best three mile nags could do on the flat in my time. The result often is that when a horse clouts a fence hard the rider is unseated.

I am quite aware that it relieves the horse if the rider rises in his stirrups as the horse rises at his fence, also that better time can be made, to some extent, by following the Tod Sloan style, but I hate to look at it whether in a steeplechase or hurdle race, whether in a high jump or in a hunting contest. I suppose I am old-fashioned, but I loathe Tod Sloaning over fences, and, in the words of the prophet, "I cannot away with it." In fact even in flat racing I am sure this "monkey on a stick" business is carried to an excess, and that in nine cases out of ten it would be much better for all concerned if jockeys

were made to lengthen their stirrups very considerably. No jockey, whether on the flat or across country, can properly control his mount when riding very short, and I have no doubt that many accidents are due to this exaggerated style of riding. Lots of the difficulties at the post, and many instances of interference, are, I am confident, due to these short-stirrured jockeys not being able to control their mounts.

The smaller the fences, and the shorter the course, and the lighter the weights, the more accidents there will be. The most dangerous fences are the small stiff ones. To ensure good sport over fences you must manage to reduce the pace. Big fences alone have no effect, as witness how they race over the Melbourne and Bendigo courses with the fences at their biggest. No fence would stop the pace for men who race over the Cathedral at Flemington. Together with good big fences you must have distance, heavy going—lanes and plenty of fences.

I have done my bit at the game and I love it. I look upon steeplechasing as the grandest sport in the world, not excepting polo. There is no excitement like it (barring a cavalry charge, and a charge up Gabe Tepe, or into Beersheeba). Nowadays no man rides if he can do his work in a sulky. No trying work nowadays after wild cattle or brumby horses. I shall not be at all surprised to hear soon that Queensland cattle men have taken to cutting out cattle in a sulky. Not long ago a drover in a sulky brought me out over 60 head of cattle all by himself. I am beginning to think that it is well I am in my eighty-first year lest I should live to see horse racing giving place to racing in "automobiles." The attendance at a Point to Point Steeplechase which came off at Woodlands, near Melbourne, some years ago would go to show that after all the public will turn out to see the real thing in steeplechasing. Although there was no betting (to speak of) on this race, yet



betting men were there in evidence, and the attendance was said to have been "amazing." The distance was five miles. There were, however, only eighteen fences. The course was over much of the country traversed by Rolf Boldrewood and his friends in the "Woodlands Steeplechase" of over fifty years ago, chronicled in *Old Melbourne Memories*. There were twenty-one entries and thirteen starters, and the race was won by Godfry Watson on Muntham, a little black horse of Mr. T. B. Gibb's, Mr. Prell's Sissy second, ridden by her owner. If we had more of the old time real sports among us, we would have more of such races, and more legitimate steeplechasing, and it would be an incentive to breeders to produce horses like the grand old "lepper" of the olden days, horses that would carry twelve stone and even up to thirteen stone over stiff fences three or four miles without flinching or falling, and at a decent pace, too.

Steeplechasing in the old country seems to be on a par with steeplechasing in Australia, for in the Liverpool Grand National in 1908 twenty-four horses started and only seven came in. From 150,000 to 200,000 people witnessed the race.

However, my business at present is to recount my experiences and reminiscences of steeplechasing in the Western district of Victoria, and my heart warms as I hark back to the time when that district pretty well supplied Victoria with not only lepp races and hunters, but with the "boys" to ride them. When I say this let it not be thought for a moment that I forget those grand horsemen hailing from the Melbourne side, the three Powers—Bob on the Wandering Jew, Herbert on Free trader, and Willie on O'Connor; the Watsons, father and sons, J. O. Inglis (a prince among horsemen), and Mick Pender. I think the West can claim Hector and Norman Wilson and T. B. Gibb, the Glasscocks and Coxs and others, but at the time I now am chronicling most of the

young fellows on the Far West had taken to going over the sticks, though we had no hounds at that time to incite us, and the Far West at that time also produced a large number of good stick horses.

The King Alfreds were notably to the fore in those days. King Alfred was by Pyrrhus, the First, as also was Morris Dancer. Every King Alfred was inferentially deemed to be a natural jumper, so everyone possessing a youngster sired by King Alfred sent him over fences. With such grand amateur horsemen knocking about as Lindsay Gordon, Jemmy Wilson, Bob Learmonth, John and Joe Pearson, Johnny Brewer, Pop Seymour, De Laney Forth, Billy Bell, and Bailey of Port Fairy, and I think I may include myself, and with such crack professionals over the sticks as Jemmy Harcoan, Charley Mullally, Billy Trainor and others; most youngsters were tried over fences, and there was no difficulty in getting up a "lepp" race at Casterton or Coleraine at very short notice. The more easily with such sportsmen in the district as good old George Carmichael, of "Retreat," owner and breeder of Soutar Johnny, and other good King Alfreds; Frank Henty, of Merino Downs, and his nephew, Tom Henty, at Muntham, and John Coldham, of Grassdale, one of the first Victorian pioneers.

Also William Leonard, so well known in racing circles in Victoria, and for many years on the committee of the V.R.C. He was the owner of Topthorne when that fine horse broke his neck under me at Portland. He also owned Soutar Johnny, a good performer "over the sticks." He won the Ballarat Hunt Cup in 1861—four miles over a stiff country. "Ballarat in those days," said Mr. Leonard in an interview, "was noted for its many first flight men, among whom were those fine bold riders, Robert Orr and Harry Mount, who were equally happy on a raw half broken colt or when steering to the front a perfectly trained hunter."

Alas, poor Harry Mount allowed himself to get mixed up in a calamitous black birding expedition in the islands, which nearly cost him his life and resulted in his leaving Australia.

William Leonard owned that wonderful hunter, Nonsense. I remember him as a colt at Mr. Carmichael's, near Casterton. Nonsense was by King Alfred, out of a mare with a good deal of the Clydesdale in her, but he was the safest hunter that ever carried a man to hounds, and he was up to 14 stone. Nonsense carried his owner for two years after the Melbourne hounds, often over difficult country, and he never either fell or balked.

Tom Clibborn, though not owning any race horses, was ever a good sportsman, and great help in racing matters. Tom, too, did a bit of cross country in the hunting field on old Multum, and Mrs. Clibborn was a straight goer to hounds, as was my own sister.

We may thank Tom Clibborn for *Banker's Dream*, for did he not produce some more than passable doggerel verses of his own for Gordon's delectation the night before one of the Great Western meetings? Whereupon Gordon said, "Tear it up, old man, and I'll scribble you a lay myself," and thereupon on a few old envelopes he put together *Banker's Dream*, which duly appeared in the *Hamilton Spectator* and proved to be a very good forecast of the race.

*Neck and neck, head and head! staring eye! nostril spread!*

*Girth and stifle laid close to the ground;  
Stride for stride! stroke for stroke! through one  
hurdle we've broke!*

*On the splinters we have lit with one bound.  
And Banker for choice is the cry; and one voice  
Screams "six to four upon Banker."  
Banker wins! Banker's beat! Cadger wins! a dead  
heat!*

*Ha! there goes Fred's Whalebone a flanker.*

John Coldham, of Grassdale, a real old English squire, bred a number of good race horses, and one year he carried off the Great Western with a horse called Cyclone, a big, fine looking brown horse with a temper. He got the name of the Man-killer on account of the number of accidents traceable to that same temper of his. Charley Mullally rode him in this Great Western race. He was the only man who could handle the Man-killer, and this was probably because he just let him have his own way and stopped on his back. Mullally, like Gordon, fancied riding "tough" horses in a steeplechase. In a steeplechase at Casterton which Harcoan won on Happy Jack (I was on Woodbine), Mullally was riding a mare happily called Mantrap. She came down in front of me. Old Woodbine and I cleared Mullally and Mantrap as they lay on the ground, Mullally with a "brave, brave grin" on his face, just as he would have had if he had got in among those demons of boys of ours in Gallipoli or somewhere in France.

John Coldham had another good horse, Horizon, by the Hermit. Horizon made his debut in the Great Western, ridden by J. Hood.

Little Druid carried off the Great Western twice to the honor of King Alfred, but by this time the distance had been considerably shortened, and later on the race was held up on the flat forest land above the township, close to the Hamilton Road, a sad comedown from the beautiful old course.

In a letter written to me in 1904, Mr. Alexander tells a good story illustrative of the Australians' love of racing and sport. He had bought some cattle, and was on the look-out for drovers. He wrote: "I accosted a young fellow who rode up alongside me, and placed the situation before him. 'Well,' he said, 'I would like to take the job, but the races are coming off at Dunkeld, and I am just on my way into town to get some oats for this horse I am riding. I am going to run him for the hurdle race. It comes off





JAMES TYSON



WILLIAM LEONARD



SALLY AND DICKIE



LEARMONTH ON "INGLESIDE" CLEARING  
GORDON AND "VIKING" AT BALLARAT



THE BUCKJUMPER

[Dalgety's Review]

in a fortnight.' He said he had given £20 for the horse; he could jump and had some pace, but the stake was only £5. 'Well,' I said, 'two or three weeks hence will do me,' so we fixed it up at that. He said, 'Ask for me at the Royal,' giving me his name. In due course I enquired for my sporting friend at the Royal, and learned that he was in hospital with a broken leg, his horse having fallen in the hurdle race and broken its neck—and all this for the chance of winning £5. It was not," wrote Alexander, "the money that did the mischief. It was the inherent love of sport and of cross-country riding bred in the man, and nurtured on tales of horses and of riders in the merry days of the past. I have known two boys down Warrnambool way, after a heated discussion, as to the relative merits of their fathers' nags (and one of them a parson's son, too), to go out with their bridles to the paddock, catch the nags, and have a rattling set to, barebacked over stone walls and post and rails, to settle the question."

John Coldham came over to the Wannan soon after the Hentys, and he and Edward Henty were great friends.

I scored off John Coldham once at a show at Casterton. He was judge of the horses. We had at Muntham an old grey hack of Edward Henty's, named Grimaldi, that had been pensioned off some years before I went to Muntham, being over twenty years old. He was a half-bred Arab and a beautiful horse—a perfect hack in his day. I got Grimaldi in, pulled his tail, had him well groomed and entered for "best gentleman's hackney." I put a bit and a bridoon on him, tickled him a bit with the spur and the old fellow showed himself off beautifully, and moreover flew a flight of hurdles like a three-year-old. Coldham duly awarded him first prize, and he was wondering where I had picked up such a perfect hack. He was not a little chagrined when he found

out that he had had his leg pulled by the youngster. He must have known Grimaldi for over fifteen years.

I left Victoria for Queensland in 1862, and up to that time the racing for the Great Western was confined to local horses and local horsemen. Gordon had not then ridden at Coleraine. Jemmy Wilson, Harcoan, Johnny Brewer and the Pearsons, Bob Learmonth, Charley Mullally, and myself supplied most of the competing horses and riders, and very good sport we had. Jemmy Wilson won two years on his great horse Dayspring.

On one occasion some of the townspeople, headed by Charley Payne, the local publican, told us fellows who had horses that if we would stay another day they would put up the money for an extra steeplechase, and the competitors could make up a sweepstake as well. We agreed, but next morning we found that Payne had found that a fast flatracer called Bonnie Dundee, could fence very well, and that there was no doubt that the race had been got up for Bonnie Dundee to win. The distance was two miles over about eight fences. John Pearson and I had entered our horses, and feeling we had been "got at" we were very wild, so we made up our minds that Bonnie Dundee must not win. We determined to get Bonnie Dundee between us and jam him on the fences. This, I am ashamed to say, we carried out. Charley Mullally was on Bonnie Dundee, and with all his pluck he couldn't stand being jammed on the fences in that way, and he had to pull back, with the result that John Pearson won. The only wonder was that our performance did not result in the three of us coming down.

I had a bad fall at one Coleraine meeting. I had promised not to ride at the meeting, but nothing would do me but to send a pretty chestnut horse of Tom Henty's called Merry Monarch over some of the fences after the Great Western was run. He came down at one fence, and I sustained a fracture of the



head of the thigh bone, or "femur." Old Wyman and Dr. Molloy fixed me up. I had a pretty bad night at Coleraine, and a worse time being driven home next day (nine miles). The dear old doctor drove me himself, and chaffed me all the time to keep his spirits and mine up, for he thought then that I was lamed for life. Eight weeks, however, saw me off my back, and I had rather a good time of it on the whole.

Harcoan came from the seaside not far from Ettrick (W. Learmonth's). I saw two very good paintings at his mother's place, of his two good horses, Happy Jack and Tramp. I once saw Harcoan's saddle break right in two in a race, and he won the race with the two broken pieces of the saddle hanging down on the horse's sides.

Happy Jack was a pretty grey horse not over 15 hands high, with a perfect temper, and as handy as a pony. Harcoan could turn him round at a fence to baulk another horse, and then whip him over the fence without losing much ground. One day in Portland, for a bet, I jumped Happy Jack over a light pole resting on the shoulders of two policemen, one of whom was called the "Infant" because he was about 6ft. 4in. high. Happy Jack popped over like a bird. That same day I was riding a mare of John Learmonth's in the steeplechase, and a horse in front of me broke through one panel. I put the mare over the next panel instead of going through the gap. John Learmonth was greatly pleased, and the crowd thought it was good sport, and gave me a cheer. I won the race.

An amusing episode occurred one day on the Casterton racecourse. Two or three of us had got up a scratch hurdle race in heats the day after the annual races. Harcoan entered a mare, very fast, but uncertain at fences. There were two other entries, and I borrowed Pearson's Tommy Racquet. At the first hurdle, just in front of the stand, Harcoan's mare swerved and ran the other two right off the course,

and I won the first heat easily. The Pearsons and I cudgelled our brains as to how to win another heat. Harcoan's mare could run over my horse for pace, and cogitate as we would we could come to no conclusion. When we started off for the second heat I got off in the lead and Harcoan carefully followed old Tommy Racquet, who was perfect over hurdles. Harcoan kept quietly behind me, his mare fencing beautifully with my lead, and execrations and abuse of me came freely from my friends, who were watching. "The d—d— fool!" was the mildest expletive hurled at me. But "hoolie hoolie, nae sae fast." As we got to the last hurdle I pulled Tommy Racquet right up sharp, and Harcoan's mare threw her head up in the air and bolted off the course. I cantered in an easy winner amid plaudits instead of maledictions. I simply pulled my horse up dead. I didn't cross the mare, but if I had Harcoan would have said nothing, as that is what he would have done, and what he did to me at Coleraine when riding Kinchin.

Another afternoon at Casterton Johnny Brewer beat me in a hurdle race by a good length. I waited on him too long. The judge had taken a good deal of whisky, which should not have hurt him, seeing he was a Scotchman. The fellows standing near him shouted, "A dead heat!" and the judge, to Brewer's great disgust, gave it so. We ran the race off almost in the dark, and I made the running and won. It was only a scratch race.

My last day at Coleraine was a memorable enough one for me. I was in the saddle in all three races. I rode Kinchin, a little brown horse from Ballarat, in the "big" race, Old Woodbine for the Hack Steeplechase, and a brute called Lancaster for the Maiden Steeplechase. That day I covered about eight miles of country, and some seventy post and rail fences.

It was a perfect day, and I feel young again when I look back at it. In Kinchin I had a good mount,

well trained by "Old Quin," who had asked me to ride the horse, but Kinchin had never raced over a greater distance than three miles, and the Great Western, four miles, found out a weak spot in him. I can't now remember the names of any of the other horses that ran against Kinchin that day except old Happy Jack, ridden by his owner Harcoan. We were all together to the top of the hill, then Harcoan and I landed together in the lane, and out of it over five feet of post and rail. We kept neck and neck to the last fence but two, and then Harcoan, thinking he was beaten, pulled old Happy Jack across me, trying to baulk me, but I hit Kinchin a skelp of the whip on the jaw, and he cannoned Happy Jack hard, but got over all right, and Harcoan had to turn his horse round to get over. I got over the last fence with a good lead, and thought I had the race, but in the long run home on the flat Kinchin tired, and old Happy Jack won easily. I'd have given a good deal to have won.

The next race was a hack steeplechase, and I got into great disgrace, for when leading on Woodbine I heard Bob Learmonth call out to me, "I'm stuck up, old chap; come back and give me a lead." I never thought of my backers, and went back and gave Bob a lead, and the ungrateful beggar beat me, and won the race.

For the last race, the Maiden Steeplechase of about three miles, Harcoan started, a raw-boned, one-eyed King Alfred, called Young Camel, and Bob was up on Dominie. I forget the others, but I was on a horse called Lancaster, belonging to Mordaunt Smalpage. My old friend, De Lancy Forth, had trained the horse, which had given him a heavy fall, and broken a rib. A few days before the race at Muntham, I got on Lancaster, and, with Ford flogging him with a stock-whip, I found it hard to get him over the second rail of a slip-rail. But I told his

owner that as he was entered he might as well start. He was fast on the flat, and it might take weight off him. I said I'd pull up at the first fence, which I was sure Lancaster would not get over. I must here mention that about four days before the race I was driving my father with a tandem home from Casterton, and, the shaft horse going badly, I lost my temper, and when we got to the top of the hill going down to Muntham House, I asked my father to get out, which he wisely did. The hill was a very steep one, and I flogged the horses down it. We upset at the bottom, and I sprained both wrists so badly that I feared I could never ride Kinchin for the big steeplechase. My arms turned black half way up from the wrists. However, we kept cold water bandages on them, and Dr. Wyley bandaged both arms beautifully from wrists to elbow, and I was able to ride, though Kinchin was a hard puller.

To return to Lancaster and the Maiden Steeplechase. Instead of pulling up, I let him go, and he smashed through the first fences, which were through the gardens and back yards, and not stiff. He broke the top rail of the first big fence, and got through, and he never turned his head, but followed Young Camel and Dominie, breaking through most of the fences, and jumping some till we reached the last fence but one—a nasty one in a lane. Here the crowd pressed in on us, and though Harcoan got over, Bob's mount and mine refused. I called to Bob, "Let us go at it together," hoping we would break through if not over. Dominie got over, but the subsequent proceedings interested me no more, as Lancaster fell and lay on me, and I got concussion of the brain and a broken collarbone. A local medico was just about bleeding me when my great friend, Dr. Wyley, came up with a wet sail and waved him off. No other lancet but his would he allow into my arm. I came to about two o'clock next morning, and was none the worse of it.



We took accidents very coolly in those days, for when I came to next morning I found myself with eight others in a big room which I had occupied the previous night; no one had sat up with me. Nowadays I'd have a trained nurse and goodness knows what else. In all the accidents I have had I never have had a nurse—in fact I only lay up twice, once when I hurt my back and again when I broke my thigh.

Jack Brewer, on Bonda, is credited with having cleared a great distance crossing the lane in one of the Great Western steeplechases. The lane was just twenty-two yards wide. Bonda landed in the lane, took one stride, and then landed clear in the next paddock over the biggest fence on the course. He was a wonderful fencer. Brewer could "thread" a fence with him; that is, he could jump alternate panels, over and back for more than a dozen panels. My first meeting with Brewer was at Apsley, in South Australia. I went on there with Old Woodbine, and I fully expected to win the steeplechase with him. I rode over from Kadnook with Mordaunt Smalpage, whom I have mentioned in a former chapter. Smalpage said to me, "This will be a 'wet' meeting. There are a number of hard-drinking men in the district, mostly Highlanders, and they will be drinking champagne, not whisky, and just remember what I tell you. Every glass of champagne you drink, top it with soda water, and it will not affect you." I replied: "I can't afford to drink much of anything, as I am going to ride." However, I followed his advice and found it quite correct. It was a wet meeting and no mistake! The ordinary shout was half a dozen bottles of champagne. I saw bottles go away full with the corks drawn—no doubt to re-appear for the next shout. One old Highlander's bill came to £300. This same old gentleman danced the sword dance on the dinner table with the dessert, and all the bottles of champagne on it. Two sons

of a squatter from Harrow had a tent which they never left, and just cut a hole in the tent so that they could see what horse had won. There were two days of really good racing and two dances, too.

I made pretty sure of the steeplechase with Old Woodbine, but the local people were very sweet on Bunda, and with good reason. We had to go twice round, and I told my friends that if I held up my whip the first time past the stand they could put their money on. First time round I felt confident, and held up my hand, and the money was planked on, but Brewer beat me after a hard tussle. It was his first race, and he got off after he passed the winning post, and of course should have been disqualified. I would not enter a protest, but my backers insisted on the stewards looking into the matter. Brewer said he had hurt himself, and the stewards gave him the race, and I was very glad they did, as he had won it fairly after a good race.

Lindsay Gordon rode a horse called Clansman in this race—a nasty tear-away brute just to Gordon's taste.

The last time I met Lindsay Gordon was in a steeplechase at Branhholme. There were only five of us in the race, which was run in one and a half mile heats. Bob Learmonth was riding Soutar Johnny, a King Alfred and a perfect fencer. Billy Bailey was on a grey Port Fairy mare, Gordon was on a nasty tempered brown, and I was on old Robinson Crusoe. I can't remember the fifth. At the third fence in the first heat, Gordon's horse came down, and Gordon nearly baulked the rest of us as he stood right in the gap, looking dazed. As we raced at the last fence—a two-railer—Bob called to me to steady a bit or we'd both go down. I said, "That's what I am after; it's my only chance to beat you;" and I turned the whip on Crusoe. He took off too far away, and jumped with his two forelegs between the rails. The course was sandy, and two panels came up out of the ground.

Crusoe and I rolled over and up again without my coming off, but I cut my leg in the fence and the old horse hurt himself, too. Of course Bob won that heat and the next, too.

That day as I weighed out I was far too light, and there was no time to lose, so I took the weights off the weighbridge and rolled them up in a saddle cloth and strapped them on in front of me, and it was these that cut my leg.

I met Bailey some years afterwards at a memorable race meeting at Rockhampton, particulars of which will be duly recorded when I come to my Queensland reminiscences.

Shortly after I went to Muntham I stayed a day at Chirnside's Mount William Station, and I heard a good deal of talk about "the Delapre mare," known afterwards as "Alice Hawthorne." She became pretty well the champion of Victoria, though an aged mare before it was found out that she could race. She was a grey mare, 15.1 hands high, and it was Robert Christison (afterwards so well known in Queensland when owner of Lammermuir), who "discovered" Alice Hawthorne. She had been used by a Chinaman to carry rations, and had contracted a fistula. When she got well, being very handy, she was given to Robert Christison to use as a "school mistress" in breaking in the young horses.

There was a little mob of very flash blood youngsters running on the outskirts of the Mt. William run; they had been missed at the last muster. Bob Christison started out for them one day on the Delapre mare. As soon as he sighted them they cleared off as hard as they could in the opposite direction to the yards. Among the colts were three—Sultan, The General, and Gilbert—that afterwards won some good races for Mr. Chirnside. (I had the honour of beating The General some years later on in a hurdle race at Fiery Creek, now Streatham.) Do all they knew, the colts could not get away from

the Delapre mare, and, after a long and fast run, Bob Christison yarded them at the home station. The mare had acquitted herself so well in this run after the flash youngsters that Christison begged Mr. Chirnside to put her in training, and, on his refusing, tried to buy her, but Mr. Chirnside would not sell any of his "doorkey" brand.

The end of it was that at Christison's instance the Delapre mare was given a trial against Miss Campbell, a mare that had won races at Ballarat for Mr. Chirnside. With everything against her, the Delapre mare simply ran away from Miss Campbell, and that night there was a change. Miss Campbell was deposed, and the Delapre mare, with the best clothing in the stable, was installed in her place.

Hogg, Mr. Chirnside's trainer and jockey, picked on the name of "Alice Hawthorne" for the mare, and soon after she won the four principal races at the Grange (now Hamilton). My father, then Police Magistrate at the Grange, presided at a champagne supper given in her honour. Next she raced at Casterton, and easily won the first race of one and a quarter miles—ten stone the minimum weight. "Then after lunch," Christison says, "under a bough shed a large bullock bell rang the competitors up for the next race of two miles. This race Hogg won on the mare 'hands down.'" Next day she won two more races in one of which she carried seven pounds over the top weight, and in the second, a Ladies' Bag—amateur riders, three miles, with Christison up, carrying eleven stone seven pounds—she won easily. After this the mare won many races at Geelong and Melbourne; nothing in Victoria could beat her. She was a great mare to stay a distance, and despised weight. She won a Ladies' Purse in Melbourne, carrying thirteen stone seven pounds, beating good performers. Almost her last race was a match for £1000 a side against the New South Wales gelding, Veno, by Waverly, bred by Mr. Clarke, of Coolah,



in 1849. This match was run over Flemington course, a distance of three miles. Johnny Higginson rode Veno, then eight years old, and Steve Mahon rode the mare, then twelve years old. She had done years of hard station work, and had also reared a foal, and the match should never have been made. The mare lost, but for all that a few days afterwards with Johnny Higginson "up," and carrying twelve stone four pounds, she beat Cardinal Wiseman in a two and a half mile match—£1000 to £5000.

The time in the great match, viz., six minutes ten seconds, appears nowadays to have been ridiculously slow, but it must be remembered that the courses were much slower then, and the weights carried, especially for three miles, were mostly welter weights. However, in my time in the far Western district six minutes for three miles was considered a good performance on the flat. At date a horse that could not get his three miles over hurdles in less than six minutes had better be kept at home. Jemmy Harcoan's constant and well-known three mile horse, Tramp, seldom got the distance under six minutes.

Rataplan's time in England in 1857, for three miles, was given at 5.24, but most people were incredulous. However, three miles has been since covered in Victoria a shade under Rataplan's reputed time.

Another fine grey mare that used to race over hurdles in those days was Modesty, bred out Dandenong way by the Wedges. It was lovely to see Modesty flying the hurdles.

I have mentioned Christison running in some flash colts with the Delapre mare, amongst them one afterwards called The General. On one occasion when taking a mob of Muntham horses to Ballarat for sale, I arranged the trip so as to hit off a race meeting at the Fiery Creek. I took Robinson Crusoe with me for the hurdle race, and spelled for three days before the races at Willie Macpherson's Nerrin Nerrin Station. Two days before the races in schooling my

old horse he hit a post very hardly. One knee swelled tremendously, and Tom Clibborn, who was with me, and I were up for the best part of two nights fomenting the swollen knee. In spite of all we could do, Crusoe's knee was as big as a man's head on the morning of the race, and the horse was lame. Knowing how game he was, I started on him for the hurdle race amid derisive laughter from the crowd. Chirnside horse, The General, well trained and in first-class condition, was favourite at evens. The bookies would only give 8 to 1 against Crusoe, in spite of his big knee, and we were not game to back him. Poor Old Crusoe could, with difficulty, bend the knee to get over the hurdles, but, to everyone's surprise, he won after a hard and close tussle up the straight with The General.

## CHAPTER XII.

My favourite horse at Muntham was Pannikin, a little black, clean-bred Robin Hood horse, not over 14.3. I never remember his being tired, and I have ridden him eighty miles in eleven or twelve hours. He had beautiful paces, always free and willing, and an angelic temper; was a first-class stock horse, and fast, and for a horse very intelligent. He was a great fencer, and, though only a pony, carried me more than once over fences five feet high. Pannikin thoroughly enjoyed a bit of fun, and many a bit of fun he and I had together. I never loved a horse in my life as I did Pannikin. He was just a dear old friend, and I know I shed tears when I said good-bye to him. He was kindly, true and cheerful, and willing and able, too, and what can be said more for man or horse? As Gordon puts it:

*No slave, but a comrade "true is this"*

*Is the horse, for he takes his share,*

*Not in peril alone, but in fervent bliss*

*In the longing to do and dare.*

I sent Pannaikin at a fence one wet day; he slipped, and seemed to me almost to hit the fence before he rose at it—and cleared it too—in a buck. I went back, and I found the track of his two front feet right under the bottom rail of the fence, yet he had cleared it.

Many a good time dear old Bob Learmonth, on Tommy Racquet, and I, on Pannikin, had together, and no harm in them, though there may have been a little risk. His groom used to dread the sight of me at Tahara; he said there was sure to be some “divil’s game” on. One dark night I had to return to Muntham, and the Wannon was in flood, and had to be crossed at Hilgay, some five miles away. Bob came with me to see that I got safely across. When we got to the river I said, “Look here, Bob, you are never going to let me go across by myself.” I made him come over, but when we got to the other side he remembered he had some work to do in the morning, and insisted on my seeing *him* back safe over the river, and finally I had to re-cross alone.

When I had settled to go to Queensland I went to Tahara to say good-bye to Bob, and at night, when I started for home (it was moonlight), we decided we would have a lep or two by way of farewell. I was on Pannikin, and Bob was on old Tommy Racquet, both good fencers. We got over the horse paddock all right, and then into Dr. Russell’s cultivation paddock, when down came Tommy Racquet over a heap of stones, and Bob lay on the ground stunned, with his face cut and all over blood. It would not do to let Parson Russell know about our pranks, so I jumped Pannikin back out of the paddock and hung him up a bit away, and went back to Bob, who by this time had come to, but was quite dazed. To mend matters, I saw a man coming towards us from the house. I bundled Bob on his horse, and gave the animal a cut of my whip, sent him over the fence, and Bob disappeared. When I went for my horse

he was gone, and I had to walk back to Tahara. There I found Bob in bed with his face badly cut, but the groom had washed and dressed it. I had to get back to Muntham that night to get some fat cattle for a Portland butcher, so took the stable horse. When I got near the Parsonage I made up my mind to call in and make a clean breast of it to the parson, as he was such a really fine fellow, but before reaching the house I met a man on Pannikin. I said, "Where are you going?" He replied, "For the police. This is Mr. Fetherston's horse, and we think he has been stuck up." I said, "How do you know it's Mr. Fetherston's horse?" "Oh," he replied, "we opened the valise and found his name on a collar." (Moral: Never have your linen marked if you are up to larks.) I said, "I am Mr. F.; is Dr. Russell at home?" He said, "Just come home, and he is in a great way; Mrs. Russell and her sister thought the place was going to be stuck up, and they got a terrible fright, and Mrs. Russell is quite ill." This was very pleasant for me. However, I rode on and met Dr. Russell and tried to explain matters to him; he was, however, very angry, and after making all the apologies I could I rode off. I returned next day, and made my peace with the ladies over a cup of tea and was forgiven, but poor Bob's face was so bad for some time that he could not call, and it was a long time before he squared up matters at the Parsonage.

Dr. Russell was a splendid man, and beloved by all who knew him. He was a model "bush parson," and welcomed by high and low. I never remember any bush clergyman who was more universally beloved and respected. He was highly educated and clever, never pulled a long face, or depicted religion as something sombre and lugubrious, but he was a deeply religious man, and one in whom there was no guile.

My last go over fences with Bob and Ingleside was when leaving for Queensland, and on my way to Portland from Hamilton. I was riding Pannikin, and my



father came to see the last of me. I had just said good-bye to my beloved mother, and I shall never forget how brave she was—actually smiling as I looked back at her, though I am sure her heart was breaking, as she never expected to see me again. At Branhholme Bob, on Ingleside, turned up, of course by arrangement, as we had determined to have a farewell “shivoo” over fences. As soon as we started again after lunch for Ettrick—W. Learmonth’s station—Bob sent Ingleside over the yard at the pub., and I followed suit on Pannikin. We opened no gates, and every fence we sighted we sailed over in good style. The dear Old Governor went through the gates, but though he was then just about sixty years old, if he had been on a jumping horse I am sure he would have joined in. About three miles before reaching the Ettrick boundary I spied a small paled-in place, and at once sent old Pannikin at it. It was all out five feet high, yet the little fellow cleared it, and on landing I found myself in among a pack of yelling kangaroo dogs. I had jumped into a dog kennel. There was no room for Bob till I got out again, and no distance for me to get up a run. Pannikin had to tackle the fence almost at a stand, but although he made a gallant effort, he fell over it, but got out. As soon as I was out Bob, on Ingleside, sailed in and straight out, and never touched the fences. When we reached Ettrick boundary fence—a stiff two-railer—Ingleside cleared it with a bound, but Pannikin’s fall had shaken him, and for the first time he turned his head and I gave it best. I handed him over to his owner in Portland and never saw him again. Charley King, my successor at Muntham, rode him for years and treated him well, but I am quite sure that the dear little horse must have missed “the fun over the fences.”

Pannikin puts me in mind of an amusing and interesting episode in my life. I had been very *épris* of a particularly pretty and charming girl who lived

about eighty miles from Muntham. We had danced a good deal together, and I was very much attracted, but I had no idea of becoming a suitor. Indeed I was in no position to ask any girl to throw in her lot with me, nor did I think myself good enough in any way for any nice girl to choose for a mate.

However, a very great friend of mine asked me why I did not follow up my "attentions," as he said he felt sure they would be acceptable. I got quite angry, and told him I was quite sure the girl would not look at me, and told him to drop the subject. However, he told me that he was inspired by his sister in what he had said, his sister being the young lady's greatest friend. I began then to think it over, and I decided I would ride up and see for myself. Accordingly I started off on old Pannikin, riding the eighty miles in the day. I was most hospitably and kindly received, but alas when we went into dinner I was told that the young lady was away in Adelaide on a visit. I accepted the situation, sent her my kind remembrances, stayed one day, and rode back to Muntham on old Pannikin, and came to the philosophical conclusion that it was not meant to be.

Guess my surprise about two years afterwards when in Queensland, getting a letter from my old friend telling me he was engaged to the young lady himself. After I returned from the North, I found they were married, and dined with them one evening in Melbourne.

As I went down badly in my Queensland venture, it was well that things had shaped as they did.

*Who dearly loves the days of old? They're not so  
good as we've been told,  
Their loss is scarce worth bewailing.  
We've seen Archer's work, Mormon's stride, and the  
deerlike bound of Ingleside.*

I never saw my old mate, Bob Learmonth, ride that best of leppers, Ingleside, over a steeplechase course,

but I had a few good shivoos with him and his favourite. Bob was a beautiful horseman and looked it, and his hands were perfect, but as old Quin, the sporting C.P.S., said of him, he just wanted a bit more "devil" in him. Ingleside was a handsome breedy-looking horse by King Alfred, and was a natural jumper. The first time Bob ever fenced him was one day when he and I rode over together to look at Frank Henty's horses then being trained by Quin at Digby. Bob rode Ingleside, three years old. I was riding a good-looking Muntham filly by Woodranger. When we started back from Digby to Tahara (then owned by William Learmonth) we agreed not to open a gate, although neither of our horses had ever been over a fence. We negotiated no less than twenty-six post and rail fences, and one water jump by the time we reached Merino township, and, with the exception of Ingleside landing on top of one fence, not a mistake was made. After leaving Merino my mare refused the first fence, and I had a job to force her through it. A little further on she stopped again, and Ingleside got hung up on top of a strong three-rail fence, unseating Bob, and landing with one forefoot on the lapel of his coat. A German, the owner of the land, appeared at the far end of the paddock flourishing a pitchfork, and Bob yelled at me to set him free. I forced my mare through the fence, breaking the top rail. I got Bob free before the German reached him, and we sailed off to get out of the paddock over the Tahara boundary fence—a high two-railer. Ingleside cleared it like a bird, (out of a ploughed field, too), but my mare had had enough, and at last I dislodged the bottom rail, and led her under the top rail, which shows what a height the fence must have been. The Wannon was then in flood, and as my mare had had more than enough of jumping we finished the day's "entertainment" by trying the swimming powers of our horses, and I found I could "knock spots" off Ingleside in the

water. We found old Major Learmonth at Tahara when we got there, and though he shook his head over our day's outing, he fully enjoyed it all. Next day we all three went to Grassdale to see John Coldham, and found the creek a swimmer, and the little bridge out of sight. We got the Major and our clothes and saddles over on a log, and I peeled off and swam the horses over; they cleared out on the other side, and I gave chase in the "altogether," and before I could pull up I found myself almost right up to Grassdale House. Fortunately no one was about, and I caught the horses and beat a hasty retreat back to my clothes.

After I left Victoria, Learmonth ran Ingleside at Coleraine, Ballarat, and other places, and at Melbourne, and won a good many races. At Ballarat Ingleside came down, but Bob called out, "Come up, old boy!" and with a haul and a shake Bob still in the saddle, the pair got up, went in and won the race. It was here that Bob and Ingleside cleared Gordon and Viking on the ground.

On the 5th November—Guy Fawkes' Day—Ingleside ran a great race over Flemington Steeplechase course. There was at that time a hurdle in the run home, and Ingleside and Guy Fawkes fell over this hurdle, Guy Fawkes breaking his neck, while Billy Bell, a long way behind, came up on an old horse called Vandyke and won. Bob Learmonth, who, of course, was on Ingleside, got a heavy fall, and was not able to mount again, but if any one who had been the right weight had jumped on Ingleside, he could easily have won.

Not so long afterwards, and while I was in Queensland, Bob Learmonth, died, quite young.



## CHAPTER XIII.

Although I have ridden more than a few steeple-chases with "Lindsay Gordon," I was never intimate with him, chiefly because I had gone to try my fortune in North Queensland (1862) before Gordon had become famous either as a poet or as a horseman. When I first knew Gordon he was a horse-breaker. After he inherited some money he became a member of Parliament, published his poems, and became well-known as one of the foremost and most daring horsemen of his day.

I first met Gordon, as already mentioned in these pages, at a meeting at Apsley in South Australia. He was riding a hard-pulling, hard-hitting "Kilanoolla" horse called Clansman. He managed to get him round the course, but not without a fall. Gordon at that time rather preferred a difficult mount—one that no one else would care to send over the sticks. I was very much of the same mind myself, for I used to say, "If you won on a favourite no one thought anything of it, but to win on a brute was a feather in the rider's cap."

Gordon was a remarkable looking man—over six feet high, with a head of thick curly hair, and a strong resolute chin. He was painfully short sighted, and it's a wonder how he managed to ride at racing pace after wild horses and cattle through thick timber and over rough country. On one occasion he did get knocked off, and was badly hurt. While in the mounted police, crossing a neck of the Ninety Mile Creek, Gordon got a bad turn of sunstroke, and but for the great care of Mr. Young, Governor of the Mt. Gambier Gaol, he would have lost his life. He was a moody, silent, reserved man, often as he himself has it, "some reverie locked in." He was an ugly rider, and appeared to sit loosely on his horse,

but no buckjumper could throw him, and no horse could clout a fence so hard as to shift Lindsay Gordon. He was the very extreme reverse of the "Tod Sloan" style, for he leaned so far back going over a fence, that I have seen his head touch his horse's rump. I think he got into this habit through riding rough untried horses that used to hit their fences hard. Like myself, Gordon considered it was his business to stick to the saddle whatever happened. My code when riding was to stick to the saddle, and if the horse fell to stick to the reins. When driving stick to the trap as long as you can, and when upset or thrown out stick to the reins. Gordon was absolutely fearless. Possibly he was reckless; but to overcome obstacles, to ride a bad horse to victory over the sticks, to subjugate an outlaw, to force a youngster over fences, or to win three steeplechases (as he did) in one day, was "life" to Gordon. The three horses he won on in one day over Flemington steeplechase course were Babbler, Viking and Cadger.

Lindsay Gordon's many cross country victories are now matters of racing history. He won steeplechases all over Victoria on all sorts of horses, many very good, some the reverse. His mounts were always backed by the public, and many would go to the races just to see him ride. In one of his letters he wrote: "It shows what fools the sporting public are; nothing will go down with them now unless I ride, and my mount is always backed." If a man had a horse that no one else cared to risk his life on, that was the mount for Gordon. He always threw his heart over the fence first; his mount was bound to feel and know this, and to follow suit.

I think that Gordon's great success with horses lay in the fact that there was a subtle feeling of sympathy between horse and rider. They understood each other, and for that reason a horse would do more for Gordon than probably he would do for a much more artistic and finished horseman. For one thing he

would without doubt impart determination and "devilment" to his mount. It is a well-known fact that many racehorses will compete better, will try better, with certain jockeys up. I have known horses that would always buck when mounted by a man, but never with a woman on their backs. Then look at buggy horses. I have seen a pair of horses going along anyhow, no life or go in them, a stranger having the reins. In jumps the owner, and no sooner does he take the reins, and though no whip is used, off go the horses champing their bits and "blowing their noses" happily and good humouredly. So with Gordon in his sympathy with, and knowledge of, his horses, and in their sympathy with, and knowledge of, him lay his success. As Jack London has it (*Valley of the Moon*), "his horses had the feel of him."

I remember Tom Lloyd, brother of the well-known "Squire of Yamma," telling me that, driving in to Ballarat one day, he met Gordon on a promising youngster, and hailed him, "Where are you off to?" "Oh, just going to give the youngster a fall or two," replied Gordon. As Lloyd was returning, he met Gordon again, but this time in a spring cart with his head bandaged. He had given the youngster a "fall or two."

When Gordon performed his famous leap at Mt. Gambier, Blue Lake, on Red Lancer, he was asked "Whatever made you do a wild thing like that?" They had all been hunting, and Gordon had a green coat on. "Oh," said Gordon, "you see I had a green coat on, and a man with a green coat must do something to bear it out." Mr. Trainor was with Gordon on that occasion. It was after a steeplechase meeting at Mt. Gambier that Gordon, Trainor and some others were riding along the Blue Lake, when suddenly, without any warning, Gordon turned his horse round and sent him over the fence, a big one, too, protecting the road from the steep drop into the lake.

There was just space for the horse to land and no more. Had Red Lancer not landed on that narrow bit of ground, and pulled up short on it, he and his rider would have gone down to certain destruction sheer into the lake, a big drop of some 100 feet. Gordon rode his horse along the ledge till he found a place with a little more room, and then jumped back to the road almost in a stand. It looked like a pretty close call, and was done in cold blood on the spur of the moment.

Harry Stockdale writes:—"At this time 'Tom Hales,' afterwards Australia's champion jockey, was one of the stockmen on my uncle's run, and his brother, Billy, a fine rough rider, was also often there, especially at mustering time. What a gathering of first-class horsemen then went forth at dawn of day—Gordon, the two Hales, Rowdy Pollock (stockman), Gifford (the aboriginal, actually the finest scrub and timber rider I have ever seen), my brother Robert, and a few of the cracks from the neighbouring runs, I think the 'south east' of S.A. and the adjoining Western district of Victoria was at that time far richer in great horsemen than any other part of Australia ever has been. Besides those already mentioned, there was 'Johnny Brewer,' father of the two celebrated hurdle riders of the present day; Billy Simson, nicknamed 'Boy Blazes,' the finest horseman I ever met; James Wilson, the original owner of St. Albans, breeder of First King; Mullally and Ned Gorry, father of the lightweight jockey of a few years back; Joe Pearson, Ferguson, Bob Seymour, Learmonth, and several others, whose names I cannot for the moment recall, but all straight going, fearless horsemen."

The accompanying picture of Gordon on Cadger is published by permission of Mr. Riddoch. The other picture is an incident in a race—at Ballarat—and depicts Bob Learmonth on Ingleside jumping over Gordon and Viking on the ground.



A characteristic story is told of Gordon when he was a trooper in the Mounted Police. He was acting as orderly to the Chief Inspector, and it was his duty to take the Chief's horse every morning from the stable to the office. The Chief noticed his horse was rather heated, but Gordon said, "He's a bit excitable, sir." It transpired that Gordon couldn't resist several tempting fences, over which he could take a short cut to the office, and he had quite a little crowd of admirers every morning to witness the jumping.

Gordon was one day taking a noted bad character from Penola to Adelaide. Both Gordon and his prisoner were mounted, and the latter was handcuffed. The man became very vituperative as they rode along, and calling Gordon all the foul names he could think of, he wound up by saying, "You b——; if I were free I'd knock hell out of your stinking carcass." Gordon pulled up, said nothing, but made his prisoner dismount. He then took the handcuffs off, and told the rascal to put up his hands. The man was pretty good with his fists, but Gordon was better, and after a hard set-to, the prisoner said he had had enough. On went the handcuffs, and they started along again, and there were no more interjections.

The last time I saw Gordon was in 1861 at a race meeting at Bransholme, when his horse fell at the third fence, and Gordon stood dazed in the gap. Of course while in Queensland I read his poems with great delight, and also followed his steeplechasing career with equal delight.

To a bushman—and I am nothing if not a bushman—*The Sick Stockrider* and *From the Wreck* appeal most of all of Gordon's poems, and I cannot refrain from quoting some verses from both. I am sure that many a wounded and sick Anzac has loved to recall to his memory this sad beautiful poem of a brother bushman.

*Hold hard, Ned! Lift me down once more, and lay  
me in the shade*

*Old man, you've had your work cut out to guide  
Both horses, and to hold me in the saddle when I  
sway'd,*

*All through the hot, slow, sleepy, silent ride.*

*'Twas merry in the glowing morn, among the gleam-  
ing grass,*

*To wander as we've wandered many a mile,  
And blow the cool tobacco cloud, and watch the white  
wreaths pass,*

*Sitting loosely in the saddle all the while.*

*'Twas merry 'mid the blackwoods, when we spied the  
station roofs,*

*To wheel the wild scrub cattle at the yard,  
With a running fire of stockwhips and a fiery run  
of hoofs,*

*Oh! the hardest day was never then too hard.*

*Aye, we had a glorious gallop after "Starlight" and  
his gang,*

*When they bolted from Sylvester's on the flat,  
How the sun-dried reed-beds crackled, how the flint-  
strewn ranges rang*

*To the strokes of "Mountaineer" and "Acrobat";  
Hard behind them in the timber, harder still across  
the heath,*

*Close beside them through the tea-tree scrub we  
dashed,  
And the golden tinted fern leaves, how they rustled  
underneath,*

*And the honeysuckle osiers how they crashed.*

*We led the hunt throughout, Ned, on the chestnut  
and the grey,*

*And the troopers were three hundred yards behind,  
While we emptied our six-shooters on the bushrangers  
at bay,*

*In the creek with stunted box-tree for a blind.*

*There you grappled with the leader, man to man and  
horse to horse,*

*And you roll'd together when the chestnut rear'd,  
He blazed away and missed you in that shallow water-  
course,*

*A narrow shave—his powder singed your beard.*

*There was Hughes, who got in trouble through that  
business with the cards,*

*It matters little what became of him;  
But a steer ripp'd up Macpherson in the Cooraminta  
yards,*

*And Sullivan was drowned at Sink-or-swim.*

*The deep blue skies wax dusky, and the tall green  
trees grow dim,*

*The sward beneath me seems to heave and fall,  
And sickly, smoky shadows through the sleepy sun-  
light swim,*

*And on the very sun's face weave their pall.  
Let me slumber in the hollow where the wattle blos-  
soms wave,*

*With never stone or rail to fence my bed,  
Should the sturdy station children pull the bush  
flowers on my grave,*

*I may chance to hear them romping overhead.*

The following lines formed part of the original poem, and it is hard to see why they were struck out:

*I do not think I shall, though, for I feel like sleeping  
sound,*

*That sleep they say is doubtful true, but yet  
At least, it matters little to the dead man underground  
What the living may remember or forget.*

*Enigmas that perplex us in this world's unequal  
strife,*

*The future may ignore or may reveal,*

*But some as weak as water, Ned, to make the best of  
life  
Have been to face the worst as true as steel.*

I have mentioned the wreck of the *Admella* elsewhere. It was four days after the *Admella* struck before the news reached the land, and meanwhile one by one the poor shipwrecked ones were being washed off the wreck into the raging sea. Finally two sailors in a boat managed to make the lighthouse. Word was at once sent to the nearest station, Livingston's, where Gordon happened to be breaking in horses. He turned out in the middle of the night and rode hard to Mt. Gambier with the news. Hence the poem *From the Wreck*.

*And over the wasteland and under the wood,  
By down and by dale, and by fell and by flat,  
She galloped, and here in the stirrups I stood  
To ease her, and there in the saddle I sat  
To steer her. We suddenly struck the red loam  
Of the track near the troughs—then she reeled on  
the rise,  
From her crest to her croup covered over with foam  
And blood-red her nostrils and bloodshot her eyes.  
I pulled her together, I pressed her, and she  
Shot down the decline to the company's yard,  
And on by the paddocks, yet under my knee  
I could feel her heart thumping the saddle-flaps  
hard.*

But of all Gordon's poems I put *The Rhyme of Joyous Guard* first. Of this fine poem Frances Adams writes: "I must confess that I really think that *The Rhyme of Joyous Guard* is worth all the *Idylls of the King*, save *Lancelot and Elaine* and *The Passing of Arthur* put together. I mean that I think it has more real deep true significance," and he quotes:—



*If ever I smote as a man should smite,  
If I struck one stroke that seemed good in Thy sight,  
By Thy loving mercy prevailing,  
Lord! let her stand in the light of Thy face,  
Cloth'd with Thy love and crowned with Thy grace,  
When I gnash my teeth in the terrible place  
That is filled with weeping and wailing.*

Gordon made some good staunch friends, but among them none better than John Riddoch, of Yallum Station, S.A. Robert Power was another staunch friend, but his most intimate friend was William Trainor, trainer and jockey—a friend as true as steel.

Once when staying with Bob Power, Gordon told his host that he had started off swimming from near Brighton into the bay fully determined not to return. He swam and swam till probably the exercise and the bracing salt water divested him of his morbid wish to die, and when almost tired out, and a long way from shore, he turned and exerted every nerve to preserve the life he had a few minutes before decided to throw away. He said he just managed to reach the beach, quite spent and exhausted, but himself again.

Later on Gordon had some heavy falls, notably one with Prince Rupert, when he sustained severe internal injuries and a bad wound on the head. It is also quite probable that he never quite got over the severe sunstroke attack when a mounted trooper. Very little stimulant affected him.

The state of mind he got into at this time can be gathered from a letter of his:—

“You have no idea,” he wrote, “how sick I am of steeplechasing and horse riding, but when a man gets so deep into the mire it is hard to draw back. I have to ride three races in Melbourne next week. . . I never got over that fall, and since then I have taken to drink—at least, though I never get drunk, I drink a great deal more than I ought to do; for I have

a good deal of pain in my head and neck, and I am sometimes so low spirited and miserable that if I had a strong sleeping draught near me I might take it. I have carried one that I should never wake from, and if I could only persuade myself that I am a little mad I might do something of that sort. I really do feel a little mad sometimes, and I begin to think I have more trouble than I can endure; I would almost say more than I deserve, but this would probably be untrue."

Soon all his money affairs went wrong, and he found himself (for him) very much in debt. He felt himself "shattered in mind, and in body." He became utterly despondent, and just about this time he wrote those beautiful lines:—

*Child, can I tell where the garlands go.*

*Can I tell where the last leaves veer,  
On the brown-burnt banks where the wild winds  
blow*

*When they drift through the dead wood drear.  
Girl! when the garlands of next year glow*

*You may gather again, my dear,  
But I go where the last year's lost leaves go  
At the falling of the year.*

Gordon had written to two good friends for pecuniary help—it was not much he needed—and the favourable replies from both friends were somehow delayed, though actually in the post, when one morning early, physically weak and mentally off his balance, the poor fellow kissed his sleeping wife good-bye, and he was never again seen alive.

Gordon was buried in the "wooded and wild" Brighton cemetery where the vegetation is "stragglingly luxuriant." A fitting resting-place.

*After life's fitful fever he sleeps well.  
Wild, fearless horseman! With a reckless rein  
Riding at Fate's big fences unafraid,  
Holding the Phantom Rider in disdain,*

*And fretting only for his call delayed!  
We read the stirring verses and between  
Hear the quick hoof-beat twined with cunning art,  
See the gold sunlight on the silken sheen  
Bring a moment's respite to his horseman heart.  
Ah! sad, proud Gordon! Crossing swords with  
Care,  
And touching hands so many times with Death,  
That Death at last came, caught him scarce aware,  
And laid him sleeping with one quick-drawn breath  
In that green grave, upon the sunny slope,  
Facing the seas he loved, whose simple stone  
Looks out upon the world that held his hope  
And back upon The Bush he made his own.*

W. OGILVIE.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

“Look here, young man, are you going to drive us to the ball at Sandford to-morrow night?” said “Old Mac” to me one evening at Muntham. “Well,” I replied, “seeing that I shall be up at 4 o’clock to-morrow morning, and that I have a hard day before me mustering cattle and branding calves, and that it will be sundown before I get home, I’ll see you all further before I start off then to drive eight miles, to dance all night, and then get back by daylight to start work. I’m not on.” “But see,” chimed in another friend, dear old Dr. Wyman, the sporting doctor, commonly known as “Giglamps,” in allusion to the glasses he wore, “if you won’t drive us over we can’t go at all, for it will be as dark as pitch. As you know, I can’t see much at any time, and not at all in the dark. Mac, as he knows, can’t drive for sour apples, and our friend from the Wannan (who arrives to-morrow) is, I know, a very poor whip, so you just

jolly well will have to drive us over, and there's an end of it." I said, "I'm hanged if I do, and there is another end to it." "Now, stop a minute, my boy," said the doctor, playing his biggest trump, "what about the girls? You know they fully expect a fairish party of men from here, and if they find out that you are responsible for the defection of so many, where will you be, my young friend?" Well, this was a poser, I had to admit. For the last thing in my mind was to get into the black books of the "girls," never mind who they were. I can say they were not only very pretty and charming girls, but really good sorts. "All right, old Giglamps," I said, "I'm with you."

I had not much more time the following evening than just to get a good shower bath, a good dinner, and I am afraid a good big nip of whiskey, when we started off for Sandford in our express waggon, with two big upstanding brown Muntham-bred colts that I had myself broken to harness. Needless to say, we "travelled," despite the remonstrances of more than one passenger. I only said, "You made me come, and by Jove, you'll remember your drive." However, all went well, for as Wyman used to say, I seemed to drive by instinct in the dark, and even where stumps were thick, I never remember having had a smash at night. At one part of the road we had to drive along a narrow neck called "The Saddle," with very precipitous sides; as we spun across it, the waggon swaying not a little, our Wannon passenger got so scared as to become quite sick. I am afraid he received but little sympathy.

The ball went off well, and we got back a little after daylight, in good time for me to start branding. Now, how I came to drag the Sandford ball into this was that in thinking over the very remarkable murder case I am about to relate, in fact one of the criminal *Causes Célèbre* of Australia, I remembered that at this ball one of the waitresses at the



supper was a Mrs. Waines, whose husband farmed a piece of land on the edge of the Muntham estate, almost overlooking the little township of Casterton, on the Glenelg.

Casterton was then just a small bush township on the main road to South Australia, about fifty miles from the border. It consisted of one public house, a store, a blacksmith's shop, a pound, a doctor's residence, and half a dozen small cottages; for all that at times Casterton was quite a lively little place.

Waines was just an ordinary small farmer, and I had never heard anything against him, but he certainly was not a prepossessing looking man. He had sold a piece of his land to a man named Clintock. The latter and his wife being feckless bodies, had done no good with it, so they decided to re-sell and leave the district. Eventually they did sell the land back to Waines for £100, and presumably they left the district, as they were not seen again at Casterton. After a bit, however, people began to ask questions, and it turned out that no one had ever seen the Clintocks leaving their home, nor had anything been heard of them since. Soon reports began to be heard implicating the Waines, and some unkind and suspicious people went so far as to hint that Waines could throw light on their disappearance. In fact it was plainly said by more than one that Waines had made away with them. Most people scouted the idea, and the police did not seem to take any action in the matter. Now, I used every year to lend Waines young Suffolk Punch draught fillies to do his ploughing, for he handled the youngsters with care, fed them well, and returned them unblemished, and in good condition. I met him some time after the disappearance of the couple, and said to him, "I have had those two fillies I promised you ready for some time; why have you not been over for them?" Looking rather sheepish, he said, "Well, I thought you might have heard those reports about me, and that you

would not care to let me have them." I really had not paid any attention to the reports, and I told him so, and said, "Oh, come over for the fillies, it's all right."

One day, some months after the reports had got about, a very tired and sorefooted man pulled up at Chaffey's Hotel at Casterton and asked to be allowed to stay and rest a day. He had no money and not much of a swag. It so happened that the groom was "on the booze," so Chaffey told him if he was any good with horses he had better, after a day's rest, take the groom's place for a day or two. The man, who gave his name as Charley Brown, said he was used to horses, and the end of it was he was installed as groom. Charley was the best groom Chaffey ever had in his stables, and he became a prime favourite. It was Charley here and Charley there, and he must have put by quite a little sum in tips.

About a month after he came to Casterton, Charley was arrested by the police, and put in the lock-up as being a ticket-of-leave man out of his district. Everyone was up in arms, and we were all ready to bail him out, but this could not be done, pending the arrival of the Police Magistrate, who was no other than my father—always known as the "Old Governor." He always stayed at Muntham the night before he visited Casterton, and we always made up a rubber of whist for him.

When he arrived at Muntham I at once indignantly tackled him about Charley Brown. He replied that he knew all about the man, and that no bail would be accepted, and that I would soon change my opinion of him; with the exception of that he told me nothing. Charley was brought up before the bench next day and remanded, and soon after the township was much disturbed by the arrest of Waines on suspicion of having murdered the missing couple. Every day for a week Charley was taken out by the police to assist in a search for the remains, and every day

Waines would question him as to where they were searching, and what the police were doing. Meantime Charley had been ingratiating himself with Waines, and after a bit he told Waines that he had been concerned in some very crooked work in New Zealand, and that he had been an accessory in a burglary which ended in a murder, and that he just escaped conviction by the skin of his teeth. Charley in fact wormed himself completely into Waines' confidence. Every evening Waines made Charley tell him what the police had done. "We dug up the floor of the house to-day," said Charley, "and went all over the outhouses." Waines never flinched. Next evening he said, "We had a great search in the garden and wheat paddocks to-day." Waines looked quite unconcerned.

But one evening when Waines, as usual, questioned Charley as to what they had been doing, the latter said, "To-morrow we are going to search in the river, and we commence at the bridge in the morning." At once he noticed that Waines' face fell, and after Charley had worked on his feelings a bit more, Waines broke down and confessed to Brown that he had murdered the missing couple, and that the remains of the man were planted under the bridge in two bags with stones in them. He then offered Charley Brown half of all the money he had, a good round sum, if he could prevent the police from finding the remains. However, the next day the remains were discovered. Waines broke down so completely that the same evening on seeing Mrs. Chaffey, wife of the publican, pass the lock-up, he called out to her through the bars to come over and speak to him, and he then confessed the whole thing to her.

He told her that he had bought back the land from the couple for £100, and paid them the money and got a receipt; he then determined to murder them for the £100. He took the opportunity of his wife's being away, as we have seen, acting as waitress at

the ball at Sandford. He watched his opportunity and killed the man from behind with one blow of an axe on the head. The woman, hearing the thud, ran out, and seeing her husband struck down, ran for her life, but Waines followed her and cut her down, too. He said he then made sure of both by repeated blows. He cut the woman up and burnt her, but he chopped the man into pieces and planted his remains under the Casterton bridge, in two trips. Why he chose that place to hide the remains I never heard, but he said he had not had time to burn the second body, and he chose under the bridge without thinking the matter over. It seems to be characteristic of murderers to commit some serious oversight which so often leads to detection. Waines never showed any signs of remorse, nor did he express any regret for what he had done beyond the one breakdown when he gave himself away by confessing to Mrs. Chaffey.

He was brought up at a special sitting of the Court at Casterton, and of course there was a big crowd in attendance.

The first witness called was "Charley." "Your name?" "Charles Brown." "Your occupation?" To everyone's surprise the reply was "That of a detective police officer." The cat was out of the bag, and we all felt very small. To think that all the time in this quiet going and most excellent groom we had with us one of the cleverest and most capable detectives in Australia, for what Charley Brown did not know in connection with unravelling crime was not worth knowing. Yet for a whole month he had groomed our horses, and taken our tips without anyone suspecting who he was. Waines was committed to Portland to stand his trial, and was in due course convicted and hanged.

But for his voluntary confession to Mrs. Chaffey I doubt whether he would have been convicted, as the Judge spoke in very scathing terms of Mr. Charley



Brown's methods of extracting a confession, why, I never could quite understand.

Ireland, the well-known criminal barrister of Melbourne, defended Waines, and he very ingenuously petitioned for a commutation of the sentence, for he argued, "The man has been found guilty of the murder of a woman. The surgeons called in the case have sworn to the remains being those of a woman, but," argued Ireland, "the prisoner declares absolutely that the doctors were mistaken, for," said he, "I burnt the woman, and the remains in the river were those of the man."

This remarkable defence, needless to say, did not save Mr. Waines.

Curiously enough I have had the honour (?) of the acquaintance of no less than four murderers. If I include Frank Gardner, he would make five; he never actually committed a murder, but most certainly he did his best, for in the great Eugowra gold escort robbery, Frank Gardner was the chief actor. On that occasion the sergeant of police and a trooper were shot down, and badly wounded.

Some time after the Waines episode I had a man named Martin Rice working as assistant groom at Muntham. He was a surly chap. One morning he was missing, and one of the stockmen told me that one of the horses was also missing. There were no telegraph wires in those days, so I started after him on a good horse. At the end of forty miles at Smoky River I rode up to the stables of the inn, and, looking in, I spied the missing horse, and inside the pub I found the missing man. He looked rather foolish, but said he had only used the horse to take him to Portland, where Mr. Henty lived, and that he intended to have handed over the horse to its owner all right. I could see that I would have but little chance of convicting the man, and quite possibly he was telling the truth. He was a big lump of a fellow, too big for me to tackle, so I let him go with a

warning, and I wrote to Mr. Henty. Rice went on to Melbourne and got a job at Kirk's (then, I think, Watson's Bazaar), in Bourke-street, and a few months after he brutally murdered a well-known veterinary surgeon, named Anthony Green, and in due course paid the penalty on the scaffold.

The next of "my murderers" was a horse dealer in Rockhampton, with whom I had more than one deal. This man waylaid an old man in the dark, who, as he knew, had a considerable sum of money on him. He shot him dead, and robbed him, and it was a good while before he was found out, arrested, tried, condemned and hanged.

The last was another *cause célèbre*, and is chronicled in Rolf Boldrewood's very interesting Australian novel, *The Miner's Right*. Mr. Griffin, who was the fourth murderer of my acquaintance, filled the position of Commissioner of Goldfields at Clermont in 1865. We had a station not very far out, and I was often in Clermont, or, as we called it then, the Peak Downs. Griffin and Tom Hall, then manager of the Joint Stock Bank in Clermont, kept house together, and I used always to lunch with them when in the town. Tom Hall was a brother to the late Walter Hall. He little knew at that time the big fortune that was to come to him and his brother through the great Mount Morgan mine (the best managed mine I have ever seen, almost all the work being done by gravitation). The last day I visited the bank, as we were going out of the room after lunch off went a pistol shot, and it took us some time to realise that the tail of Tom Hall's coat had struck the door and discharged his revolver. It would have been well for Griffin and his two victims if the bullet had put an end to him. It would have saved him from the scaffold, and the murdered men might still be alive.

Griffin was a very fine looking man, with very good manners, but there was something about him that

conveyed the idea that he was not a gentleman. . He had been removed to Rockhampton from Clermont, and had just been appointed Commissioner of Gold Fields at Crocodile Creek. He had to send a large quantity of notes to Clermont, and he handed a packet supposed to contain the notes to one of two troopers, to deliver at Clermont. One of these men was a young Englishman, and very well connected. This young Englishman must have had some suspicions, for he insisted on Griffin himself re-sealing the package with his own seal before he would take charge of it. This put Griffin in an ugly corner, for as it afterwards transpired, he had appropriated the notes, and there was nothing but waste paper in the package. The idea must then have entered into Griffin's head to murder the two troopers, for he made some excuse to accompany them. He tried to poison them, after they had reached the Mackenzie River, by putting arsenic in the flour. This, however, only made them sick. Then he shot one of the troopers when he was asleep. The other poor fellow had staggered away, half poisoned, and the tracks showed where he had rested on a stump and been violently sick. Griffin must have followed him up and shot him then and there.

By this time Police Inspector Murray had got on the track of the affair, and had arrived on the scene of the murder with his blacktrackers. The track led from where the second trooper had been shot to a public house not far from where the tragedy had taken place. Griffin, who in the meantime had got away, was followed by Murray and taken prisoner. He was tried at Rockhampton, a number of the missing notes were found on him, others that he had used were traced to him, and the packet he had given to the young Englishman was found intact. When the seals were broken it was found to contain nothing but waste paper.

Griffin was convicted—he remained quite cool and

apparently unconcerned, smoked as usual (being condemned this was allowed), and he quietly read a novel up to a short time before he was hanged. He went to his execution quite unperturbed—he was evidently a man devoid of all moral sense.

After his death it was reported to the police that Griffin's head had been removed. The body was exhumed, and sure enough the head was gone. The fact was that a well-known doctor in Rockhampton—when in Rockhampton in 1898 I renewed my acquaintance with him—and a well-known banker wished to have the head to have a cast taken of it, and they had managed to get it. The police suspected the doctor, and searched his premises unsuccessfully—had they only known it, the head was in a large pot containing a shrub. The head was shipped to a scientific authority in England, but the vessel was lost, and with it went the ghastly relic of the one-time gay and imperturbable Mr. Griffin.

## CHAPTER XV.

I had not been in Melbourne for six years, so on my way to Queensland I could not do less than take a fortnight there. During my visit I had the pleasure of seeing Areher, with Cutts again in the saddle, win his second Melbourne Cup for Etty de Mestre. This was my first and last "Melbourne Cup." Areher was a big lumbering goer, and Cutts was not a pretty rider, but two consecutive "Cups" on the same horse is a record. Mormon ran second. Mormon's original name was Praxiteles, and it was said that his owner, Pat Keighran, couldn't get his tongue round this name, so he changed it to Mormon. Mormon was a very handsome horse, and with that artist, Billy Simpson (called Blazes on account of his red head), in the saddle, formed quite a picture. In the first



Melbourne Cup two fine mares, Medora and Despatch, came down at the first turn, and had to be killed.

I put up at Scott's Hotel, in Melbourne, and as my cousin, Charles Kelly, of Kamarooka, and his wife were staying there, I had a good time, for they knew pretty well everyone in Melbourne worth knowing.

The "Squire, Escott" operatic troop was then at its zenith, and that opera of operas, *The Huguenots*, was "on." Squires, though a poor actor, had a delightful voice, and Lucy Escott had not only a most beautiful and perfectly-trained voice, but was an exceptionally good actress, and a pretty and charming woman. Farquhason, the bass, was also exceptionally good—in fact, the whole cast was more than good, and they played to crowded houses. I have never enjoyed opera so much in my life, and *Les Huguenots* has always remained with me a very happy memory.

Melbourne in 1862 was a very different city from the Melbourne of 1853. I could hardly believe that nine years before I had got bogged close to Scott's Hotel with a load of hay, and had to run from "foot-pads" going past the Government paddock on my way home to Richmond one Saturday afternoon.

Having greatly enjoyed my renewed acquaintance with Melbourne, I sailed for Sydney en route for North Queensland, full of life and energy and hope, with visions of wide acres of land, flocks of sheep and money galore! The "world was wide" with me then, and I fully embodied those fine lines of Kingsley's.

*When all the world was young, lad,  
And all the trees were green,  
And every goose a swan, lad!  
And every lass a queen.  
Then hey for boot and horse, lad,  
And round the world away,  
Young blood must have its course, lad,  
And every dog his day.*

And now as I write fifty-four years later, and in my eightieth year, I must quote the second of these beautiful verses.

*When all the world is old, lad,  
And all the trees are brown,  
And all the sport is stale, lad,  
And all the wheels run down.  
Creep home and take your place there,  
The spent and maimed among,  
God grant you find one face there  
You loved when all was young.*

I ought to be maimed, it's not my fault that I have escaped being a cripple; yet in spite of my many fractures, dislocations, and crushes, I am by no means maimed. I may be spent physically, but had I the strength, I feel that nothing would give me greater pleasure than to be saddling up "boot and horse, lad," for a four-mile steeplechase over the "Fields of Coleraine," or to be pulling the girths tight with my teeth preparatory to tackling an outlaw, or to be gathering up the reins for a spin in a tiny buggy, with four well-bred youngsters for the first time in harness, or best of all, to be starting for "somewhere in France" to do my bit. Merely writing about these things causes my blood to flow faster. I can thank God, too, that not only can I find one face I loved when all was young, but I can find a good round dozen faces whom I loved, aye, and who loved me, too, in the merry days when all was young, in 1862.

I took my gallant old horse, Robinson Crusoe, formerly Young Woodbine, with me to Queensland, having bought him from Mr. Henty for £30. I couldn't bear to leave the old fellow behind, and there was always the chance of winning a hurdle race or two with him up North.

I was delighted with Sydney. At that time it seemed very old-fashioned and slow after Melbourne,

but I was enchanted with "our beautiful harbour," and the lovely drives, and the quaint narrow streets, and the old-fashioned ways. I made some good friends, and met with much hospitality and kindness. My brother met me in Sydney, and we put up at the old "Royal" in George-street.

In my short stay in Sydney I made some new friends—Jack Binnie and Jemmy Johnson. These two kept house together in Double Bay, and I often stayed with them. Then there were three of the Wants—Ranny, Jack, and Fred—with whom I foregathered a good deal, sons of Mr. Want, the well-known solicitor and founder of the firm of Want and Johnson. Jack Want, K.C., became a household word in Sydney, and Fred, droll and up to practical jokes, was also well known. I must not forget Charley Lett, considered to be the handsomest man in Sydney. "Handsome Jack Binnie" divided honours with him.

These were all young men, but Mr. J. B. Watt, head of the firm of Gilchrist, Watt & Co., father of Oswald Watt, who has so notably distinguished himself as a daring aviator in France, was very good to me, and I generally ate my Sunday dinner at his old Rosebank home.

An amusing little episode occurred to Charley Lett. He was engaged to be married to Miss Sally Towns, daughter of Captain Towns, after whom Townsville, in North Queensland, was named, but the engagement had not been given out. Even at that early date there was a *Sydney Punch* in existence, and the editor facetiously put in his paper, "We hear that not only are houses to be let in Sydney, but towns are to be let." Miss Sally took offence, and insisted on "Charley" getting an apology from the editor. Accordingly Charley, who was not only, as I have said, considered to be the handsomest man in Sydney, but was endowed withal with a correspondingly stalwart figure, having climbed several flights of stairs, invaded the editor's sanctum,

cane in hand, ready to take action. He found the editor to be quite a little man perched up on a high stool and looking almost like a boy. Now Lett was possessed of a magnificent pair of Dundreary whiskers, of which he was very proud. As he stood up close to the stool, and told the editor he must either publish an apology or be caned, the little man suddenly grasped Lett by the whiskers, one in each hand, and said with a stammer, "L-l-look here, Mr. L-l-lett, if you don't p-p-promise on your honour to go away and leave me alone now, and in future, I'll pull both your whiskers out by the r-r-roots." Charley had to capitulate.

The Australian Club, situated then where Dalgety's is now, was the club of the day, but was called by many of the younger Sydney men the "Old Fogies' Club," and continued to be so-called till shifted to its present site. My younger friends affected the Union Club, and put me up as an honorary member. It stood on its present splendid site, but was then a most unpretentious little wooden building, with an equally unpretentious little smoking and billiard room. But it was most homelike, and the members all vied in making a guest at home and comfortable, and many happy visits I had to it during my four years' residence in Queensland. And by the same token was not "Michael" (so well known to all customers of the Bank of New South Wales) gardener to the Club at that time?

Michael's courtesy and urbanity to strangers visiting the bank were proverbial, and is it not on record that on one occasion an old lady who came to get a cheque-book was so impressed by Michael, that on meeting one of the directors at dinner shortly afterwards, she said, "I cannot say too much for your manager. He met me at the door, took me to the right counter, and saw that I got my cheque-book promptly." Michael retired on his well-earned



laurels and pension, and with plenty of good wishes, too.

In 1862 Sydney bankers and merchants were all on the *qui vive* for Queensland business. Within three or four years they were all eager to get out of it again, but in 1862 they almost rushed advances on promising clients. Their terms were very high, but we all borrowed, confidently looking forward to great results from sheep farming in the "North Countree." The ordinary terms were 10 per cent. per annum to the banks or financial institutions, together with  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. to the merchant or agent affecting the loan, and, mark you, the percentages were made up twice a year, and  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. commission charged on each half year's renewal. This ran into somewhere like  $17\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. per annum. Jack Binnie, who represented Donaldson and Co., and who had taken up our account, very kindly agreed to charge us only one  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. commission on our advance.

The stiff terms exacted by one large merchant firm in Sydney gave rise to what was called *The Queensland Litany*.

*From battle, murder, sudden death, and Messrs.  
— and Company, Good Lord, deliver us.*

This firm was one of the leading firms, and most reputable in Sydney, but cart ropes will not drag the name out of me, and I only know of two of the old Queenslanders of the early sixties left to turn informer. All went to the wall and lost everything, except the late J. R. Black, of Yamala, of the firm of Lamb and Black. He is the only one I can call to mind who saved enough out of the "debacle" in North Queensland to start again down South, and he was not only a remarkably shrewd man, but also a remarkably canny one.

J. R. Black came to New South Wales and purchased Wallangra and Blue Nobby in 1871. I had

inspected these stations in 1877, with a view to purchasing for some friends and myself. While there I saw an old man digging in the garden, and had a chat, and found he was no other than Ward, of the Royal Hotel, Rockhampton. "Old Beggarun" we used to call him from the language he used. He made a lot of money out of the hotel, and then bought a station and lost all, and here was the poor old man digging for a living.

I did not stay long in Sydney. We bought two or three horses to take North, one a very fine chestnut with the reputation of being a good fencer.

Having arranged our financial affairs with Binnie, my brother and I took passage for Brisbane and took our horses with us. The *City of Brisbane* was commanded by Captain Knight, the best of good skippers and noted for his dry humour.

There were some other Victorians on board, among them "Marmy and Julius Curr," sons of Edward Curr, the well-known Inspector of Stock, of Victoria, and brothers of the late Mrs. Gurner, a splendid horsewoman, so well known in the Melbourne Hunting Field as "the Lady in Grey." We had also on board a Presbyterian parson, a right good fellow, who had travelled a good deal in Africa, and was neither unctuous nor sanctimonious.

Everyone who had sailed with Captain Knight knows how he could sit at the head of the table, and recount the most wonderful yarns in the driest possible manner, and without moving a muscle of his face, so that you dare not look incredulous; but, bless my heart, he was a child to Marmy Curr. Though Curr had never been out of Australia he recounted trips up the Zambesi and interviews with Livingstone to the parson, also elephant hunts and slave yarns, that made us shudder. All told so circumstantially, and every little detail so carefully worked out, that no one could doubt but that he had been through it all.

In the same way he narrated to us particulars of almost every wreck that had occurred on the Australasian coast during the previous five years, and in which he told us (and, by Jove, we believed him) that he had figured more or less prominently.

It was simply marvellous how he ran on. He expressed himself so well, and detailed everything so cleverly that I had to ask him afterwards if he had not really been in some of these wrecks, but he said, "Ne'er a one." His brother Julius, a very handsome fellow, made fierce love to the stewardess, a pretty, quiet, unassuming, and indeed ladylike young woman. Finally the evening before we reached Brisbane, he proposed to her, and much, to his surprise, the lady absolutely and definitely declined the honour. Whether she knew he was just playing the fool or not, I can't say.

Some years after this Mrs. Marmy Curr had a terrible experience on their station in North Queensland. Her husband and the men were all out on the run when the wild blacks, who had no doubt watched for the opportunity, attacked the homestead. Trouble with the blacks was unexpected, and no loaded firearms were to hand. Mrs. Curr behaved with great coolness and courage, and it was said that she eventually barred the door with her arm, which was broken. Just at that moment, the station horses, no doubt frightened by the blacks, came galloping up to the homestead, and the blacks, thinking it was the native police, made off. It was a close thing for Mrs. Curr, as the men did not return till night. A son of Marmy Curr is still a station owner in North Queensland.

## CHAPTER XVI.

In 1859, "Moreton Bay," as it was then called, became separated from New South Wales, and was formed into a separate colony under the name of Queensland. Sir George Bowen was the first Governor. He was a fine looking man, and very tactful and urbane, and most anxious to inform himself thoroughly on all matters pertaining to the immense territory put into his charge. When holding office in Greece, Sir George had married a beautiful Greek lady named Diamantina. One of the North Queensland rivers was named after her. Mrs. Campbell Praed, the well-known Australian authoress, and daughter of Murray Prior, at the time of which I write, describes Lady Bowen in that most interesting book, *My Australian Childhood*, as "a stately, sweet, and sympathetic figure, with dark Southern eyes and Greek head, her hair growing low down on the brow and gathered in a Clytie knot."

Anxious to post himself thoroughly in all matters pertaining to the new colony over which he had come to rule, Sir George Bowen never lost an opportunity of interviewing Queensland men, more especially those who were about to take up new country or who had already done so. The pioneers of North Queensland were ever welcome at Government House—in fact it was said that Sir George could from his library see all visitors as they came up to Government House, and likely looking bushmen were waylaid and ushered into the library.

I had one interview with him myself. In fact I had an introduction to him, and as I had already formed a very high opinion of the future of Queensland, Sir George was much interested. At that time in a letter to the *Yeoman* (now the *Australasian*) I dwelt at length on the wonderful possibilities await-



ing Queensland, more especially North Queensland, and I predicted at that early date that Queensland would become the greatest of all the Australian Colonies. This was fifty years ago, and I am of the same opinion still.

As regards stock, for cattle, none of the States—for we are States now—can equal Queensland, and the success of sheep farmers in Queensland is almost phenomenal. Were it not for droughts, Queensland would swamp New South Wales with cattle and sheep, and values would be a long way below those that usually prevail in the south. There is scarcely anything one can name that cannot be grown in Queensland, and her mineral wealth is only now beginning to be recognised.

There is, of course, another side to the question. Victorian money was poured into Queensland like water in the sixties, and was lost as is water in a sandy desert. This was chiefly through want of knowledge, but as I have said elsewhere, the pioneers of a new country for the most part “go down.”

Inferior sheep, low price of wool, heavy expenses and high interest, are quite enough to account for failure, but if we, to all this ignorance of the country, add want of water conservation, together with droughts lasting sometimes three years, is it any wonder that failure dogged the steps of all those fine brave men who “trekked” off to the North in the early sixties? It has never been my lot to meet a grander lot of men—brave, loyal, unselfish, hardy and uncomplaining. They took the ups and downs in an even spirit—cracking jokes when things were at their worst, and never admitting such a thing as “down-heartedness.” Typical were they of our brave gallant boys who have poured out their blood like water in Gallipoli, France, and Palestine—the men of the Lone Pine, Gabe Tepe, and of Pozieres, Bullecourt, and Messines. My heart goes out to my dear brave, true old friends who battled so gallantly in those early

days in the North Countree. I only know of four who are still in the flesh, to wit, Jesse Gregson, P. F. McDonald, Ernest Davies and Ernest Henry.

We unshipped our horses and ourselves at Brisbane and stayed there some days.

I am afraid our spirits were rather exuberant, for having chummed in with two or three congenial Queenslanders from the Never Never country we played all sorts of pranks. One of our new acquaintances was a Mr. Yaldwin. He was what we would now call a "hard case." Going down town that evening, Yaldwin seemed a bit mellow, and after he had had a nip or two he apparently got so "tight" that we started back to the hotel with him—two of us supporting him, one on either side. Soon a policeman stopped us, Yaldwin having become very boisterous. I took the policeman to one side, and slipping half a sovereign into his hand, told him that our friend was from the bush, and had inadvertently taken too much, but we would get him home, and off we went again. A little further on Yaldwin slipped his arms out of ours, and said to me, "Hope, old chap, you didn't tip that bobby." He was as sober as could be.

A young fellow who was staying at our hotel, and who stuttered terribly, said he wanted to buy some shingle nails, so we told him the best shop at which to get them. Meanwhile one of the "push" slipped down to the shop, and stuttering badly, asked, "Have you g-g-got any sh-sh-shingle nails?" "Oh, yes we stock them." "Are they sh-sh-sharp?" "Certainly." "W-w-well se-se-se-scratch your n-nose with one. G-g-good day."

Soon after the other fellow, who really wanted the nails, came in, and stuttering still worse, began, "Have you g-g-got any sh-sh-shingle nails?" In a jiffy the shopman, who was a burly chap, was over the counter, and the astonished purchaser was run

out quickly into the street, quite at a loss as to the reason of the assault.

There was a large mock boot hanging up outside a shop in the main street, and I had set my heart on having this boot to take up North with us. We sallied out about nine o'clock, and my friends keeping watch for the police, I swarmed up a post and twisted off the wire which held the boot. I thought it was hollow and light, but it was solid, and it came down with a great crash, making no end of a noise. We all cleared, and I went back to the hotel, and changed my coat and hat, and then returned to the boot. There was a crowd round it, including several policemen. I said, "Is someone hurt?" and they laughed. I said, "If the man's drunk there's nothing to laugh at," and I pushed in and then said, "Why, it's a boot," and walked off.

Later on I annexed a mock clock that was hung up for a sign, and I got it safely to the hotel, and wrapped it up in a rug and strapped it on my portmanteau. The police searched the hotel and other hotels, but missed the clock, and when my brother reached Gayndah it was hung up in triumph outside the leading hotel, where it remained for many a day.

We finished up that night by serenading old Gore Jones, a well-known barrister, and making him address us from his balcony in his night shirt.

We had made Gore Jones' acquaintance that day, and we had chummed up and quite made friends with him. He was a great old sport, and quite a public character in Brisbane, likewise a great favourite. He was an Irish gentleman of the good type. A real Irishman, witty, clever, and quick at repartee. He did not exactly shy off at a tumbler of good whisky punch, and he was replete with amusing stories and sayings. Moreover he was a member of Parliament.

Gore Jones was, I have said, a good sportsman, and he had been telling me about two or three "bits

of blood" that he had in training for the forthcoming Ipswich races, at which I had pricked my ears, thinking that if there was a hurdle race I might have a shy with old Robinson Crusoe.

A couple of mornings after I went out with Gore Jones to see his horses have a spin, and I rode out on old Crusoe. The old barrister stuck his eye-glass to his eyes and looked askance at my old horse. "Excuse me, my young friend," said he, "but may I ask whatever induced you to pay freight on that horse from Victoria? He seems to go one pace with his forelegs and another with the hind ones. Is he perchance a bit of a goer?" "Well," I said, "he can go a bit over hurdles, and he can stay all day. May I give him a gallop with your string? It will take the stiffness out of him." "Oh, certainly," said the old man. "Certainly, but your horse seems to limp a little in the off fore leg, and I'm going to send my horses pretty fast. It's hardly fair to gallop your horse; just off the boat, too, but just as you like." Now old Crusoe almost always limped a little, so I started just behind "The Old English Gentleman," a good looking, but rather cobby horse. To the old barrister's surprise, his horse did not seem to draw away from old Crusoe, and as they came by the second time round he shouted to the boy on "The Gentleman," "Send him along, my lad, send him along." But he was going his best, and yet could not shake off old Crusoe by much. Gore Jones looked quite put out, and said his horse must be "off colour." "All the same," he said, "I never thought that old 'clothes horse' of yours could move as he does," and he scratched his pate. "We must have another gallop, my friend." The end of it was the old barrister easily persuaded me to wait for the Ipswich races, coming off in a fortnight, and he entered my horse for the hurdle race. I went up to Ipswich—generally called Limestone then—with my old friend, and he put me up at the little club there—one of the



jolliest little clubs in Australia. The old chap gave me all sorts of instruction as to how to train old Crusoe, on whom it was decided we would lay out any spare cash we could muster. But he was quite taken aback when I told him that my horse would not stand training, that he got stale, went off his feed, and indeed might go lame, and that I usually ran him off the grass, and that I could not risk galloping him again, nor on any account give him a "lep." I got a large loose box for him, and a little enclosure where he could run about, and for exercise I led him out beside another horse. Two days before the race, in deference to Gore Jones, I gave the horse a mild sweat.

The racecourse was a very pretty one, the weather though hot, was not close or muggy, and there were some good horses running and a good attendance. A beautiful bay filly, called Miss Pitsford, was the heroine of the meeting. She won the Maiden Plate, and soon after the Big Handicap—two miles—in a canter. Then came the Hurdle Race, for which there were only four starters. Quite a laugh of derision greeted my old horse as he limped past the stand at a trot—he always limped when trotting. Just as the starter had us marshalled for a start, I turned back to the stand and said, "I'll take £20 to £10 Crusoe wins the race." No layers, and amidst cries of "Hurry up, you'll be left," I got away some lengths behind the other horses. When I drew up I found that the race was a foregone conclusion. Two of my competitors fell back, and were hopelessly out of it. But the third was a good goer and a good jumper, though slow at the jumps. A very pretty race ensued till he jumped short and remained hung in mid air on a hurdle, and by the time he got off I had a big lead. I let him get up to me, as I knew he would be pumped out catching me, and that I held him safe. I won by very little, and as we passed the post he shot by me as if I were standing still, amid

great excitement and shouts from the crowd that he would have won had the course been ten yards longer. His owner wanted to make a match for £100, and I was quite prepared to accommodate, but subsequent events blocked it. I took the saddle and bridle off Crusoe, and let him loose for a feed on some nice green grass in the saddling paddock, and our good friend, Gore Jones, who had won a "tenner," walked round the old fellow with his eye-glass up, and sniffed, and muttered not a little. There was another race, and then came the Forced Handicap—one and a half miles—on which as a winner Crusoe was apportioned 9 stone. I had no idea of starting him, but as it cost me nothing, I thought I'd like to get a measure of his pace in good company, so I saddled up. I told my friends not to back me at any price, as in all probability I would pull up. I was riding over weight, and had not a ghost of a chance. I said, "On no account put a shilling on us." Well, of course, my readers will conclude that I made an exhibition of myself and came in a bad last. Now, I'll tell you what happened. After going about half the distance I found that I was not only keeping with the others, but that three of the seven runners had come back to me. Instead of pulling up, as I intended, I sent the old horse along for all he was worth, and every time you called on Crusoe he'd try, and he could last all day. The other jockeys had all an edge on Miss Pitsford, and went for her one after the other, and one after another fell back beaten, leaving Miss Pitsford in the lead, and nothing but the two of us left in the race. I said to myself, I'll have a go at her, too. I sat down on old Crusoe, caught a good hold of him, and set the whip going. He came as I knew he would. The course was a little down hill just then, and the filly had had a great grumbling. Five of them had gone at her, one after the other, and raced her for her life, and this was her third race that day. To my surprise I gained on her, and I got up till

my horse's head was level with her girth, my whip still at work. I found I could not gain another inch, so I took a pull at the old fellow as the course became a little uphill, and I fell back slightly. At once the boy on the filly turned round in the saddle, and with a grin, called out, "You beggar (it was not beggar he said either), you're licked, too."

Now you can't play these tricks and ride. I caught hold of old Crusoe again and yelled at him, got alongside the filly. The boy got flustered, and in his excitement let her head go and got his whip to work. The mare got flurried, and changed her leg, and the boy funked, and before he knew where he was I had him beaten on the post by a head, amidst a storm of yells and cheers and groans.

The bookies threw up their hats—there was not a shilling on Crusoe. They had skinned the lamb, and the excitement was intense.

Though the fellows at the Club had lost a bit, they were good sports, and cheered the old horse till they were black in the face, and we could get nothing out of old Gore Jones, but "How the blazes did the old horse beat the filly?" And indeed these were the last words we heard from him that night as we escorted him to bed and tucked him in.

After this little bit of excitement I bought a good looking pony and started off north for Gayndah, on the Burnett, about two hundred miles, leading old Crusoe.

I remember one rather remarkable thing on my road. Up to about ten days before I started the country had been suffering from a severe drought, but a series of fine storms—it was now December—had made the whole country green as a leek. In summer in Queensland I have seen good cattle feed in a fortnight on country previously as bare as a road.

Round one homestead that I called at for about a mile square the ground was still quite bare, and all outside quite green. The storms had missed that

small area. It was most remarkable. There was a story that the owner had offended the blacks, and their medicine man had laid a curse on the homestead. Mr. Lamont, Inspector of Police in North Queensland, told me that on one occasion when out with his "boys," he had an Englishman, who was much interested in the blacks, with him for a trip. They were in camp one night, and the visitor asked Lamont if he had ever known a black "medicine man" bring on rain. Lamont said he had, and that he had a black in camp who was said to be a great "rain-maker." They interviewed the old man, and Lamont asked him if he would undertake to bring on rain. The sky was quite clear. The old chap said, "Yowi (yes) me make em rain to-night." He went through some sort of incantations, and before long—Lamont assured me—up came a storm and down came the rain. Once at Goorianawa I had to poison some of the blacks' dogs—they had killed some sheep—and an old gin, Sally, cursed me by all her gods, and wound up by praying that rain might never fall again on the station. However, I don't suppose the severe droughts we did have at different times afterwards were due to poor Sally's incantations. We became fast friends for many years, and I was able to relieve her last hours by a morphia injection, when the poor old thing was dying in great pain and weariness. Old Dicky, her "man," forthwith took unto himself another wife.

I arrived at John Edward's Ban Ban Station, near Gayndah, on the Burnett, on the 16th January, 1863. Gayndah was then quite a lively little place, and it was a lively district, too, with a number of fine well-bred men of the old school, hospitable and large-hearted and generous. Most of the younger ones were up to any sort of fun and mischief and larks, but not a bit of harm in them. I don't think there is one of the old "Gayndah Push" left. John Edwards, and his wild, reckless brother, "the Barcoo,"



passed away many years ago. So has Holt, of Kologlo—"Gentleman Holt," such a good looking fellow, and a good horseman and horsebreeder. Bob Smith, of Ideraway, one of the best, the two Moretons, and Rawson, the boy Story, and dear old Phil Elliott and his lame brother "Hoppy." Good fellows all. R. W. Stuart tells a good story of Phil.

"One evening, after an entertainment was concluded, we repaired to the waterhole to swim by the light of the moon. My friend W. came down some little time after the rest of us had reached the bathing ground, and most of us were already in the water (somehow, he always was a little given to saying a 'prolonged good-night' when fair ladies were about), and at length he came sauntering down in his dress clothes, humming a well-known refrain. As he approached the springboard, Phil. Elliott took up the air, and commenced with his near 'fore,' pawing the plank upon which he had knelt down in the 'altogether.' Instantly W. bestrode him, and both joined lustily in the song. Well, I suppose the devil of mischief entered into Phil.'s heart, and while considerable merriment took place at the comical sight (Phil. being a tremendous big fat fellow, and in the 'altogether,' with a man in evening dress on his back, and a coat tail on each side of his hind-quarters), Phil. made a couple of bounds, reached the end of the plank, and with a mighty effort he rose to the occasion, and the two, one in full dress, the other in Nature's garb, plunged like Quintus Curtius into the abyss below, amid roars of laughter."

Hoppy Elliott amused us all greatly one day. We saw him come through the sliprails and put them up, and then it not being far, he started as usual to lead his horse down to the humpy. The bridle slipped off the horse. Hoppy never noticed it, and sauntered on, and hung the bridle on a post, thinking the horse's head was still in it. He looked very foolish when our

roars of laughter drew his attention to what had occurred.

The brothers Lawless (Irishmen) had Boonbyjan Station, not far from Ban Ban. Paul, the elder, was married to a very handsome and stately young wife. She charmed me one evening by singing a number of my favourite songs. I had a turn of homesickness when I got to bed. I heard lately that Mrs. Lawless was still alive, and that she was just as handsome as an old lady as she was as a girl. One time when the blacks had been first "let in" to Boonbyjan, some of the tribe killed some of the cattle, and the Lawless's turned out to punish them. They got on them, and while chasing them Paul Lawless's horse fell and got away, and got among the blacks. Lawless spied one black who had been among those "let in," and whom he knew, so he called out, "Billy, you catch em Yarraman (horse) belonging to me baal me coolah belonging to you." (I am not angry with you). The boy caught the horse and brought him back to his owner. Then there was Jones, of Boncira—brother of Sir Phillip Sydney Jones. He built a fine house at the station costing £1,600—quite an unheard of expenditure in those days.

I was there inspecting sheep in 1864, and a heavy storm fell, and that evening Jones arrived home with his pretty little fair-haired English bride. The rain had delayed them, and they were benighted when they reached the station. The creek was too high to drive across, and we had to get the bride over it in the dark on a log, the water over her feet. She thought it a great joke. Fifty years afterwards I was introduced to Dr. Mander Jones, of Wahroonga, Sydney, and it turned out that he was the son of the pretty bride who had come so gaily over the log in 1864.

The Gayndah fellows had quite a slangy dialect of their own. If a man wanted anything he would say, "Turf me the bread." If he wanted to warn a

pal he would say, "Cheese it." This last piece of slang two of the boys picked up at the Randwick races. They noticed a spieler with his thimble and peas at work. He had a confederate on the look out who called out "Cheese it" whenever a bobby was coming along. The boys followed up the spieler, and as fast as he settled down to give the public a turn the boys called out, "Cheese it." Finally the unfortunate man had to beat a retreat. Another bit of slang that originated at Gayndah was "the dead finish." Now it is "the limit," or "above the odds." One of the Gayndah boys, a well-educated Englishman, who had fallen on bad times, trekked out north, and eventually started a pub, which he very appropriately called "The Dead Finish," and it finished him.

When I got to Ban Ban I found my brother and our new partner, Gerald Raymond, were away taking delivery of sheep we had purchased from Jones, of Boneira. On their return with the sheep we were all ready to start off North on our new venture. Our capital was small—only £2,800. Raymond, who was an experienced sheep farmer from New South Wales, found half the capital, and my father and I the other half, £700 each.

We had purchased 4,900 ewes for £3,180, being 14/- for maiden ewes, 10/- for 6-year-old ewes, and 15/- for 3-, 4-, and 5-years-old ewes.

One lot of these ewes my brother had purchased six months before from John Edwards with the right to run them for that time. These had 800 lambs now fit to travel. We had to buy a bullock dray and six bullocks at a cost of £100, some eight horses, costing another £100, and stores, tools, tents, and tarpaulin, running into another £70. So altogether, with other expenses, our start with 4,900 ewes and 800 lambs cost us some £3,500. The amount of which we were short we had to arrange for through John Binnie, of Sydney, as well as for current expenses.

## CHAPTER XVII.

We numbered seven, Gerald Raymond, "the Boss," and always so designated, my brother assistant and myself. My work was to look after the horses, and to give notice to owners of stations when we travelled past, and I had to pick and form the camp each day. Then we had three shepherds at 30/- a week each, and a bullock driver at 40/-; the latter also cooked.

We started off gay and hopeful and in good heart. Had we only given the matter a little more thought we would never have embarked on the venture. Having to borrow money at  $12\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. to help in our start, and to carry us on for at least 12 months before we could get any return, was in itself enough to spell disaster. Then high wages, probable losses and high carriage for wool and stores. Small wool return from sheep cutting at the very most about  $4\frac{1}{2}$  pounds of greasy wool, quite precluded any hope of a direct profit even if we were successful in taking up good country. But the lure was to take up a big area of country; then in three years, when our sheep had increased, to sell out at a good big price and repeat the performance. Nobody "eroaked" and nobody warned us that "pioneers" never make money. Almost always they go down, and it is the men who follow them who make the money.

I suppose very few had had much experience of the North Queensland climate in 1863. Still one would have thought that the Burnett squatters could have told us that it was most unwise to start sheep on the roads in January, seeing that January, February, and March constitute the wet season in North Queensland. We started in the hottest and wettest months of the year, with heavy travelling for the sheep, and flooded creeks and rivers to bridge or swim, with flies, mosquitoes and sandflies in myriads, and with, at that



time, all the ills that flesh is heir to in a new and tropical country to harass us, such as fever and ague, Moreton Bay rot (skin scurvy), Belyando Spue (pyrosis or water brash), sandy blight, bungy eyes, and dysentery. Within a month of leaving Ban Ban I suffered from all these ailments at the one time, excepting fever and ague, and I had a broken rib into the bargain. I am afraid I often looked back to the "fleshpots of Egypt" in the shape of, by comparison, the luxurious life at Muntham. Moreover, at that time I write of all our sheep were lame with foot rot, and on blacksoil country, our bullocks and all our horses but five were lost, driven mad with sandflies in the Dawson country. And yet for all that I would not have given up even if anyone had handed me back my £700, for I was still hopeful, and still we heard glowing accounts of the prospects of pioneers in North Queensland. Our trip up to the time our sheep all got lame was not very eventful. In January we had ten days and ten nights incessant rain. We were all wet for the whole time, but it was summer. If there was a break in the rain for a bit when I was on watch at night, I used to peel off all my clothes and hang them up to dry while I continued my watch with nothing on but my boots.

One night I was turned in when a great storm of wind and rain burst on our camp. Tents were all blown down, and the sheep all made off, but fortunately got to where the water was shallow. I stayed where I was with the water running over one shoulder quite happy, and did not even turn out when Raymond gave me a kick and said, "Get up, you'll be drowned." I only growled at him and went to sleep again.

The day we started, our bullocky, who was a German, but whom we called Mentchikoff, got drunk as we passed through Gayndah, and I had to yoke up the team next morning and drive it for the day. I had never tried my hand at it before, and I don't

believe I'd ever have got that team into the dray but for the help of a black gin, by name "Maggie." This gin had taken up with Mentchikoff, but had been locked up at Ban Ban to prevent her going with him. She broke out in the night and came with us, and jolly glad we were to have her. She was a right good girl, and no end of a help to us. If a horse was missing, Maggie popped on another horse and ran the tracks, and very soon had him back in camp. The gins are much better trackers than the male blacks. They are also wonderfully clever with their toes, using them as we would our fingers. The men are too lazy and always send the gins "tracking." Consequently having more practice they are the better trackers. When we reached the Burnett it was in flood, and we had to camp for a week, and even then had to swim the sheep across and float our dray over on casks. When we first reached the river I had swum across and gone up to the station, and there I renewed my acquaintanceship with some of my old Frankfort schoolmates, the Huxhams. In swimming my horse over the Burnett I tied all my clothes on the saddle, and the horse got rid of me in the current, and when we landed I couldn't catch him. It was a smoking hot day in February, and I soon got badly sunburnt and had to camp under a tree till evening, when I caught my horse and rode on to the station. Before leaving Dalgangal I made a good deal for a horse. I asked the Huxhams if they had a horse they would exchange for my pony. They said no, and that the only horse they wanted to part with was an outlaw. No one could ride him except the man that broke him in, and he would be no use to me. I said, "Let me see him." A very fine looking well-bred bay horse was run up, and I at once made up my mind to have him. Moreover, I could see he was not vicious. I said I would exchange. They warned me that the horse was an outlaw, and I had better not take him; but I had no doubt about the

deal, and closed for the bay. He was branded P P, so I named him Peter Possum. Next morning all hands turned out to see me measure my length on the ground, but Peter Possum only humped his back a bit and then went off quite quietly. The reason was, I am sure, that I did not put a crupper on. I had long before found out that in most cases it is the crupper that makes a young horse play up, and as I always rode in a saddle made on the English style, that sat nice and close to a horse's back. I never required a crupper on a horse with a good wither. I have ridden a good many so-called "outlaws" without a crupper with similar results as in this instance. Peter Possum never bucked with me, and turned out to have a splendid temper, and to be a good hack.

One morning after passing Dalgangal, on counting the sheep, we found they were three hundred short. We had crossed a scrubby range the day before. My brother and I started back to look for the lost sheep, but could see no tracks going off on the range. After a bit we reached a nice little bush pub on the edge of the scrub, which we had passed the day before. The day was very hot, and after a good long "shandy" I went on. My brother was rather easy going, and no doubt thought I was sure to find the sheep, for, after a short look round, he returned to the pub and took "his ease at mine inn." About five o'clock in the evening I returned hungry and thirsty, but no sheep. As I rode up to the pub there were the sheep camped in front of it, and there was my brother leaning back very comfortably in his chair, smoking a pipe, and looking cool and happy. "When and where did you find them?" said I. "Ah," he said, "it takes me to find sheep." Then he added, "If you really want to know, I have been here all day. About two hours after you left the sheep drew out of the scrub, and lay down quietly in front of the pub, where you see them."

I felt rather small and a bit "riled," but it really

was a good joke, and a good bit of luck. Next day while going across another scrubby range two dingoes joined the sheep, and trotted along with them for a bit quite unconcernedly, and then trotted off. I do not believe that these dogs had ever seen sheep before. As we passed Rawbelle Station I met a German overseer. He was counting sheep through a gate a hurdle wide. He stood in front with his back to the sheep, and let the sheep go each side of him, and held his hands outstretched. He seemed to embrace the sheep as he counted them in his great big paws.

Soon we made on to the Dawson country, and passed through a fine station, Walloon. In a yarn I had with Ferguson, the owner, he told me a black-boy he had on one occasion borrowed a gun from him to shoot ducks. It turned out that the bloodthirsty young rascal had crept on some of his own tribe and fired in among them, wounding two badly.

The rain still kept on, and we had hard work to do even two miles a day over the heavy black soil. Here I had my first experience of sandflies. I had taken the spare horses on as usual to form our camp. I started to hobble the horses, and I thought they had gone mad. I even couldn't hobble old Crusoe. I had just to wait till the bullock dray came up; then the driver told me what was the matter, viz., sandflies. The sandflies stop work at sundown. They camp when it is dark. Next morning while we were counting the sheep, our spare horses and half the bullocks cleared out, driven off by the sandflies. We recovered some of the bullocks next day, but some of the horses we never got again, and none of them for several weeks. Two days after nearly all our sheep were bad with footrot, and we were in a bad predicament. Fortunately there was a superabundance of feed. We were now on rich black soil plain country, the property of a Mr. McNab, a right good fellow. He said we could stop as long as we liked. There was more feed than he could use. We could not find or hear of



the lost horses, and we had only a horse a-piece left. One afternoon two fine fat broken-in horses walked up to our camp fire to get into the smoke, and away from the sandflies, and I immediately caught them. It is customary when the sandflies are bad to make fires for the horses to come to, and they come in from miles away—even brumbies come; and if there are no fires, horses will come into the stockyards and paw up the dust in order to baffle the sandflies. I have seen 1000 sheep huddled up so that they looked like 200, trying to get away from the sandflies, and the wretched insects killed one of our dogs.

I saddled up one of the two strange horses and led the other and started off after our lost horses. I camped that night at an outstation of Ferguson's, where I heard of three of the horses. These I recovered next day, and let my two "soldiers" go. It was the first time I had ever "soldiered" a horse. Soldiering means using a horse without the owner's leave or knowledge. Two of our lost horses we never found. Probably some one was soldiering them!

I had rather an amusing experience just then before we delivered the sheep. I had to go on to a little bush township called Banana for stores, and I had promised myself a night in a good bed, and a good dinner, and bottle of wine. I quite looked forward to my little "outing." Just before I reached Banana I got soaked through in the usual North Queensland afternoon thunderstorm, and could not get a change at the pub. I borrowed some clothes from a good-natured Irish girl at the pub, and I was all right till I stood up and turned round, and then there was a roar, for, though well clad in front, I had very little covering behind.

I went to bed early, anticipating a grand time, as I saw there were mosquito nets to the bunks. I blew out the light, but there was no sleep for me. The nets covered the front of the bunk, but the back of the bunk consisted of the slabs of the house, and I

could put my fingers between the slabs, and the mosquitoes just poured in and were in fact trapped. After a bit I felt something running into my back, so got up and lit the candle. On cutting open the mattress I found a lot of broken glass bottles. They had just lumped the straw out of a beer case into the sacking to make a mattress. I got my saddle and took a blanket and lay down outside on the road, and had a good sleep after all. I met such a nice fellow at Banana on another occasion. We sat up nearly all night yarning. He was a Mr. Baigrie, brother of a Major Baigrie, a noted tiger slayer in India. Baigrie and I became fast friends, but he went under and I saw his grave in Sydney some years after. Baigrie and I and some others made up what we called "The Tight Brigade" in Rockhampton. We had uniforms of check stuff—in fact pyjamas—and a white cap. One of our "mess" was a Frenchman named Machefer, who lived in Rockhampton. Such a good fellow, and belonged to a good old French family. An old Highlander named McLennan, when "jolly," insulted little Machefer, and said, "You blooming Frenchman, you eat frog." Machefer said he'd have his blood. We told McLennan that he'd have to fight a duel with Machefer, and we got them both out at daylight, and provided them with pistols which we loaded with red currant jelly. Machefer's charge went wide, but McLennan's hit Machefer in the chest, and we told McLennan that his opponent was mortally wounded. We hurried him off and made him camp in the scrub, where we kept him provided with food for four or five days, till we told him his victim was out of danger. Machefer was drowned later on the s.s. *Cawarra* in a tremendous gale off the coast.

There were nine of us in the Tight Brigade. One was J. B. Dulhunty, of Bathurst. I never met his equal to spout poetry. He had a splendid memory.

Another was a well-known man, Jack Campbell, son of Dalmahoy Campbell, of Melbourne. Dalmahoy

was said to be the strongest man in Victoria. Jack himself was a solid block, very strong, and very clever with his fists. It took seven policemen to capture him one night in Sydney. He had been up to some larks, and bolted down a blind alley and got trapped.

One time in Rockhampton Jack came to me and said, "I have made a bet, and you are in it, and will have to help me win it. I have," he said, "wagered that I'll carry you three hundred yards on the race-course, I riding and you standing on my shoulders, and you have to land on the ground without a fall." "Well," I said, "Jack, if you can do it, old chap, I'll have a try."

We tried it, but couldn't manage it at all, and I got several nasty falls. Now Burton's circus was in Rockhampton, and I knew Burton pretty well, so we went to him and laid our case before him. "You can't carry a man on your shoulders," he said, "it can't be done; but if you plant your feet right in on the muscles of the neck you may manage it."

We found this made all the difference, and we reckoned we could win the wager.

On the appointed day quite a concourse of people went out to the course to see the fun. Among them Burton and Mrs. Burton and some of the troupe, all most anxious that we should pull off our wager, and pull it off we did, and how I did my part is more than I can tell or explain. I only know Jack won his wager. He was trembling like a leaf at the end, and could not have carried me another ten yards. I had nothing to hold on to, and I can't think how I did it, nor yet how I got down without a fall. We were all doing circus going back to Rockhampton, and I remember I had two horses, and I rode them quite a quarter of a mile at a canter with a foot on each.

Jack Campbell and a mutual friend of ours, a Mr. Finch, had an extraordinary experience at the South

Head one afternoon. They were lying on the cliff quite close to the edge smoking. Finch dropped his pipe over the ledge and went to recover it, and did not return. After waiting a bit, Jack came to the conclusion that Finch had fallen over the cliff, and so he had. Jack, lying flat on the ground, looked over, and at the bottom he saw Finch lying in shallow water. Finch had seen Campbell's head coming over the cliff, and so he lay still, pretending he was dead! Jack said to himself, "I'll soon see whether you are dead or not," and threw a few little pebbles at Finch. This livened him up promptly. He shouted out that so far he was not hurt, if Jack did not throw any more pebbles at him.

When rescued it was found that Finch had only broken the small bone of one leg. It was a marvellous escape, but imagine a man throwing pebbles on a man under the circumstances from a height of, I suppose, over one hundred feet!

Another of the Tight Brigade was Dick Spencer. One of the handsomest and finest looking men I have ever seen. He stood over six feet in height. It would have delighted Ouida to have met and described and portrayed Dick. To look at his photograph, and to think of him, and remember what a man he was, makes the blood flow faster in my veins. He was a highly connected man, but there was no side about him. He was a typical dare-devil, a true hearted North Queenslander of the good old sort.

A true story of Spencer which happened when I knew him, and not far from our Burton Downs Station, is characteristic of the man. He was managing a large cattle station for a Sydney firm. A man, an entire stranger to him, brought a lot of over five hundred cattle and camped on the run, making himself very much at home. For a time Spencer did not trouble about the trespasser, but after about three months he saw him and told him he must shift his cattle. The man took no notice, so he was told that





GORDON AND STOCKDALE ON "CADGER" AND "ZETLAND"

THE LAST FENCE, 1865

[H. Stockdale]

THE TIGHT BRIGADE, ROCKHAMPTON, 1864



1 RAMSDEN  
3 J. B. DULHUNTY  
5 HODGKINSON  
7 JACK CAMPBELL  
9 GRANT

2 J. BAIGRIE  
4 C. FETHERSTONHAUGH  
6 MACHEFER  
8 R. SPENCER

if he didn't shift, his cattle would be shifted for him. Thereupon the intruder told Spencer that if he started to shift the cattle he'd put a bullet into him. About a fortnight afterwards Dick took his men and started to drive the cattle away. The man rode up alongside Spencer and fired at him. Spencer threw himself back and the bullet went through his jumper. Whereupon Spencer just threw himself out of the saddle on top of the man, and both rolled to the ground. As they fell the man fired again, and shot his own mare through the neck. Spencer trussed him up, took him home with him, chained him up and put a padlock on the chain. "Now," he said, "my lad. When you promise to shift those cattle, I'll let you off the chain." The man held out for a day or two, then caved in, and took his cattle away, and that's all the notice Spencer ever took of the occurrence.

Spencer told me of a terrible experience he had. He owned a fine pack of Kangaroo dogs, and one day passing through some scrub he heard the dogs worrying something and went after them, and they had killed and were eating a poor little black piccaninny, of course one belonging to the wild blacks.

Like so many more old Queenslanders, Dick Spencer went right down, and lost his health, too. He went to one of the New South Wales goldfields, and tried his luck digging. While there he got dreadfully ill with malaria, the remains of his Queensland experience. He was lying helpless for weeks in his tent; an old digger did what he could for him.

On the field there was a notorious ruffian, a man of very bad repute. He had a great "set" on Spencer, and was ever trying to annoy him. When Spencer was laid up and helpless, this ruffian used to go to his tent and abuse and insult him. At last Spencer told him if he came again he would shoot him. He came again, and Spencer, beside himself with illness and misery, fired at him, with no intent to kill, but the shot proved fatal, and when Spencer

recovered he was tried for his life by a jury of diggers, who were by no means well disposed towards him. He would have lost his life, but for a total stranger who appeared at the trial and asked to be allowed to give evidence. This man deposed that some years previously he witnessed this man, who had been shot, beating another man savagely. A bystander, who was lame, interfered, and he was at once knocked down and brutally kicked. The witness said that he came to the conclusion that this man's ungovernable temper and brutality would sooner or later cause the death of some innocent man, and when he read of this occurrence he determined to come and give his evidence. This saved Spencer's life. He was, however, found guilty of manslaughter, and served a sentence.

The Tight Brigade reminds me of an interesting incident. We had decided on a picnic—a man's picnic—and we had chosen a place on the river some eight miles above the town. Among our number was a Mr. Gossett, a civil servant, and also Mr. J. T. Walker, of late years Senator Walker, of the Federal Parliament, but then manager of the Royal Bank, Rockhampton. The Tight Brigade determined to have a four-in-hand, and Baigrie and I were told off to arrange for a team and trap. We got a trap without trouble, but a decent team was a difficulty. However, I got together a fair team—two had not been in before, but only Baigrie and I knew this.

We ran out to our rendezvous in good style. We were all lying about comfortably after having had a particularly good lunch, when Gossett suggested a swim over the river. He and one of the Brigade—Hodgkinson, later on Minister for Mines—started to swim over the river. It was quite a good swim, but nothing to speak of. Gossett, after going about half across, wisely returned, saying that he had turned on his back and had mistaken the sides of the river. After a bit someone said, "Hodgkinson seems to be



in trouble." Sure enough, he was in trouble, and not far from the opposite side. Another fellow and I jumped in and struck out to help Hodgkinson. I got to him first, but before I reached him he went under water three times, but came up again. He was very pale and quite exhausted, and couldn't speak. I told him to get on my back, but he shook his head. He was quite cool and collected. My mate had come up by this time, and we made Hodgkinson put a hand on each of our shoulders, and we started in with him.

The fellows on shore, thinking we were having a lark, and pretending to save Hodgkinson, though we called to them, did not come to help. By the time we reached the bank of the river Hodgkinson was insensible, and my mate and I were quite exhausted. I started off to get some brandy, and as I went I felt a sharp pain in one foot just as if I had trodden on a sharp stick, but on looking, I could only see a couple of red marks on the toe. The foot was very painful and began to swell, and the leg also. I said, "I think I have been bitten by a snake." Baigrie at once got a bottle of brandy and made me drink half a tumbler full, and then two of them started rubbing brandy into my leg. Suddenly Baigrie said, "Can any of you fellows drive four horses?" Not one. He turned to me and said, "Look here, Fethers, get your clothes on at once; if you are going to die you'll have to drive us back to Rockhampton first." In a very short time I was dressed and the horses in. Hodgkinson, still half unconscious, now lay across the front of the brake, and I was put up and started after another big nip of brandy. I just remember starting away with Hodgkinson at my feet and Baigrie by my side, and I remember no more. I was full of brandy, and remember nothing after starting. The road was full of stumps. Baigrie told me that no one would have known I was "full," that I drove right up to the hotel yard and went off to bed. Had

I been bitten by a snake the brandy would probably not have affected me. I suppose I was bitten by a scorpion or centipede. Next day Hodgkinson said, "I am much obliged to you fellows for coming in after me, but I could have got out." I forgot to say that he had got caught in weeds, and these prevented us from taking him out to the opposite side of the river, to which he was close.

I left off as we were stuck in the black soil with our sheep all lame. Soon after this my brother, who had gone on to Rockhampton, wrote to us that he could get the offer of a formed sheep station, and that he was strongly advised that we should sell our sheep and buy this station, "Burton Downs." I rode down, and I also came to the conclusion that it would be a good move, so I went straight off to Sydney to see if I could finance the purchase. I was by this time very ill with dysentery, and my eyes bad also.

Binnie was not at all inclined to finance us, and I had several trips backwards and forwards between Sydney and Rockhampton, ill all the time, and greatly worried over our business, as all the financing fell on me. I was ill with dysentery for three months, and was getting "no better very fast," when I was advised by a bank manager, travelling with me in one of the steamers, to try homeopathy. I said, "I'll try anything. I am miserable." On arrival in Sydney I went to old Dr. Bellamy, and in nine days I was well. He altered the treatment twice, and I asked what he considered it was had made the cure. He said it was aconite—one drop doses of the mother tincture, which did not seem to me to be very infinitesimal.

I cured dozens of cases in North Queensland with aconite, but the most remarkable occurred when I was at Goorianana, in New South Wales. A traveller came to me and said he was very ill, and would I give him something. I asked him what was the matter, and he said "dysentery." I said, "I think I

can cure you. How long have you been ill?" He said, "Over two years, and I have been in several hospitals, and can get no relief." I said, "I do not think I can help you," but he looked so disappointed, and so miserable, I said, "I'll mix you a bottle of stuff; it can't hurt you, but you have been so long ill I do not think it can possibly do you any good."

Three days afterwards I saw the man at Baradine. I said, "I suppose you are no better?" He replied, "I am quite well!"

Finally, on 6th June, 1863, I managed to arrange for the purchase of the property, "Burton Downs," on the head of the Isaac, not far short of 300 miles north of Rockhampton, and 150 miles from Port Mackay. I was by this time twenty-six years old. I then had to go back to John Edwards, at Ban Ban, where I arranged for the purchase of 470 head of cattle from Edwards, and then rode on to Rockhampton, picking up my horse Crusoe at Walloon. By this time we had sold all our sheep at fair prices, and our partner Raymond had gone to Sydney for his wife.

The annual races were just coming on in Rockhampton, and there was a hurdle race, for which I entered old Crusoe. He had had some months' rest at Walloon, and was in great heart, and after his Ipswich performance I felt he would probably beat anything he would have to meet at Rockhampton.

There were some good horses up for the race from Brisbane, and two or three from Sydney, among them that excellent and constant chestnut gelding, "Traveller," belonging to a well-known old Sydney sportman, Toby Ryan, and author of a book called *Reminiscences of Australia*, like my own, extending over seventy years. Very interesting and amusing are many of Toby's reminiscences.

Toby had brought up his well-known jockey, Sam Holmes, with him to ride Traveller. There was a useful contingent of horses from Gayndah way, in-

cluding a good hurdle horse called Black Eagle. Although the races were run in July, the weather was very hot. I and old Crusoe were staying at Skarden's Hotel. The Royal was kept by Ward—always known as "Old Beggarum." At that time R. D. H. White was manager of the Bank of New South Wales, and he let us know every day that he was alive by firing off a gun (cannon) at 1 o'clock. Larnach ran the A.J.S. Bank, and Tom Hall, later on of Mt. Morgan, was manager of the A.J.S. Bank at Clermont.

There were three days' racing, and four races each day. On the second day Sam Holmes, then in his fiftieth year, piloted the Sydney crack, Traveller, to victory in the Publican's Purse. The same afternoon I won the Squatter's Purse on Traveller, the riders being amateurs.

The third day opened with the hurdle race (so called), for which there were four starters. I am sorry to say that there is little doubt this race was a "put up" affair, and "put up" in the interests of a local horse called Daddy—a very clever bay, never known to baulk or fall. The fences were quite unique in their way, and formed quite formidable obstacles. These obstacles were built of good stout hurdles, but, about a foot over the hurdles, supported on strong forks over two feet in the ground, were placed stout, heavy green gum spars, leaving an ugly open space between the hurdles and the spars. The jumps were only three hurdles wide, and no wings, and were from 4ft. 6in. to 4ft. 8in. high. The jumps were in course of construction when we got on the course, and we had to wait till they were erected. Much against the grain, I expostulated with the stewards, and warned them that every horse in the race would either fall or baulk, but the stewards only smiled blandly. Daddy was a noted fencer, and Daddy had to win. My friends and I had backed Crusoe to win a good big stake, and we felt rather



“bad,” for Crusoe, though hard to beat over hurdles, had no pretensions over fences—in fact he used just to skim his hurdles.

The four starters were Vengeance, with Lieutenant Morrissett (Dosh) in the saddle; Daddy, ridden by a Mr. Gallagher; Black Eagle, with a Gayndah man up; and myself on old Crusoe. There was no pluckier man over fences than Dosh Morrissett, and he led at the first obstacle at a merry pace. Vengeance hit it so hard as to dislodge the heavy top log, and rolled over, and Morrissett lay there stunned. The rest of us got through the gap. The three of us smashed into the next jump and dislodged another top log, but Black Eagle fell. At the third fence Daddy fell, taking a log with him, and I got through again, but Daddy went twelve miles before he was caught. Old Crusoe was only good over hurdles, and would not face the next obstruction, and I couldn't force him over it. In the meantime Morrissett had regained consciousness, came on again with Vengeance, and raced at the fence as hard as he could go. I charged it alongside him, and together we burst through, my horse falling heavily, but I got off with a cut on the thigh. At the next fence Vengeance fell again, and broke his rider's arm, and I got through, but came down again at the next fence, where Vengeance caught up. I kept on behind him. Morrissett was reeling in the saddle, and riding with one hand, and evidently did not know what he was doing, and would have gone off the course had not a butcher from Gayndah named Watt, who had money on Vengeance, run him in past the winning post as if the horse had been riderless. Of course Watt was fined, but he won his money, and didn't mind.

Morrissett's was a great performance. He fainted on the scales, but appeared at the ball in the evening with his arm in a sling. His arm had been broken in two places, and he received a great ovation from the crowd. I did not grudge him the race. The only

horse I knew that would have negotiated that course successfully was Hareoan's old Happy Jack.

The last race was the Forced Handicap, and although Traveller had run twice that day, and was handicapped at no less than 11 stone, old Toby determined to send him for the race. I tried to dissuade him from running so valuable a horse in the heat, with such a weight up, but Toby said he could win, and as Sam Holmes would have had to make three stone in dead weight, Toby asked me to ride his horse. I felt greatly complimented, for I did not fancy myself much on the flat. All the winners were starters, among them a remarkably fast chestnut mare with a Melbourne jockey, Little Bishop, in the saddle. There was also a good local colt called Quadrant. He had got in very light, so that I did not think much of my chance of winning. The race was one and a half miles, and with such a weight up I could only sit still and wait on the others. I steadied Traveller as long as I dared, keeping him for half the distance. Then I saw that Bishop on the fast chestnut was in the lead, and stealing away, so I had to make play. I knew the chestnut could not stay, and that she would "cry a go" if collared, but how to get through the horses was a problem. I dare not pull out and go round on the outside. I'd never have caught the mare. On the spur of the moment I called out, "Let me through, boys!" To my great surprise the boys opened out and let me through. They may have had money on Traveller. I soon got alongside the chestnut, and a short rally disposed of her, and I thought I had the race safe, though by this time Traveller was fairly rolling under the weight. To my disgust I heard something coming; I dared not look around, and it took me all I knew to keep steady on my horse. Soon I did not need to look round, for Gregory's bay colt, Quadrant, with a boy on him, drew right up to me. Profiting by my experience at Ipswich with Miss Pitsford, I took a pull at Traveller; I felt it was all

up with me if I did not steady him. Quadrant drew away a bit, and the boy put the whip into him. We were now on the straight, and close home. After I had steadied Traveller a little, I sat down on him and rode him for all I was worth. Traveller was as game as a pebble, and he just passed Quadrant on the post and no more. I was very proud over winning a good race on the flat, and I got great credit for the way I got through my horses, and I did not tell the fellows how the boys had let me through. Traveller was sold shortly afterwards for £500, to go to China. Old Toby was, of course, greatly pleased, and told me if any time I wanted a good horse for an amateur race at Randwick I could count on him finding me one. Some time afterwards my friends in Sydney asked me to run a horse for a Corinthian Plate, gentleman riders, and I remembered Toby's promise and wrote to him. He said he would have a good horse for me on the course. This was only a few days before the race. When I saw the horse my mind misgave me, but both Toby and Sam Holmes assured me the horse was all there. Sam Holmes lent me his colours, and we started off, about a dozen of us. Before I had gone three hundred yards I knew my horse was no good, and eventually I pulled up. The course even then was fenced, and as I got into the straight—at a walk—the crowd began to hoot me. It was not at all pleasant to have to "run the gauntlet" all the way up to the saddling paddock. I thought of sending the horse at the rails, but then if he baulked I'd be worse off than ever. A happy thought struck me. I took off my cap and bowed to the crowd each side of me most affably. In a second they were all cheering me, and they cheered me all the way.

Old Mr. Randolph Want was greatly taken with the incident, and came down off the stand and insisted on shaking my hand. A great friend of mine, Rule of Aramac, was on the stand, and as the crowd was hooting me, a man sitting beside him said, "Quite

right; they ought to hoot that fellow off the course." In a moment Rule had him by the throat, and only that just then the hoots changed to cheers the man would have fared badly.

A few days after our memorable "obstacle" race at Rockhampton, I was sitting on the verandah at Skardens, when the owner of Vengeance, a Mr. Hardy, came to me and said he wanted to have a talk. "All right," I said, "what's up?"

"Well," he said, rather hesitatingly, "it's like this. These fellows got gassing about Daddy, and said if he had not fallen he would have won. Now I know Vengeance has got the foot of him, and I said I would run Daddy three miles over fifteen post and rail fences."

The end of it was we made a match for £100 a-side for four miles, sixteen fences, and Daddy's owner is to put up the fences, none of them to be over 4ft. 8in.

I said, "You should have kept to the three miles. Four miles is a long way. Daddy can stay all day, and you can't throw him over fair fences. Don't you think you will fall in?" He said, "Vengeance can stand up over stiff fences, too, and he pulls hard, but if he can be steadied he has the foot of Daddy, and the short and long of it is if you will ride him for me I think I can pull it off."

"But," I said, "I can't ride him. We have just bought a station, and have to take delivery, and if I get a fall and get hurt where shall I be?" and I added, "Vengeance fell twice yesterday."

"Oh," said Hardy. "You know those were not fair jumps. Why, the great Daddy fell. If you won't ride for me I'll fall in, for Vengeance is not an easy horse to ride, and Morrissett is laid up, and unless I get a good horseman I'm done, and £100 is a big thing for me."

I may as well say that I was dying to have a shot at Daddy on account of the dirty way his backers had



behaved, and it did not take much to persuade me to agree to ride Vengeance. "All right," I said, "I'll ride on one condition. I must do exactly as I like in running the race." Of course Hardy agreed.

That evening I met a Victorian acquaintance, Willy Bailey, against whom I had ridden in one or two steeplechases. He told me he was going to ride Daddy, and he strongly advised me not to ride Vengeance, as he was sure to fall, and any way he was sure he could not beat Daddy over a four-mile course. Of course I had no idea of drawing back.

A big crowd went out to see the match between Daddy and Vengeance, the betting being two to one on Daddy. The jumps, twenty of them, were quite fair fences not over 4ft. 8in. high. Dosh Morrissett was driven out to see the race.

Daddy, as already mentioned, was an undoubtedly good fencer and a stayer. Vengeance had more pace, but was not a stayer over such a long distance as four miles. Moreover, although his owner swore he could stand up with any horse over fences, the public expected him to come down; and he was said to be a hard puller, and might run round some of his fences. It was a lovely day, and we quietly started ourselves. Bailey naturally went off at a good pace. It was clearly my game to have the pace as slow as possible, so I kept well in the rear. After we had gone a mile some of Daddy's backers shouted to Bailey, "You are playing his game; let him try his hand in the lead." They thought Vengeance might run round his fences if in the lead. Bailey very unwisely slackened his pace, and so did I. He went still slower. I followed suit. He dropped into a canter. I still kept behind. Then he trotted; I let Vengeance trot. He walked; so did I. Finally he pulled right up, and I pulled up too. I was delighted. Bailey, by pulling up, had reduced the distance to a three-mile race, which was a lot better for me. Bailey called out to me, "Look here, old man, I have been doing all the work; it's

up to you to take a turn." If it had been the present day, I'd have no doubt replied, "I don't think," but I simply said, "No, I won't." He said, "Do you really mean it?" I said, "I'll stay here till dark." Bailey evidently saw what a mistake he had made, for he started off as hard as Daddy could take him. He pulled up again at one of the fences, hoping I would not be able to hold Vengeance, and that he might baulk, but Vengeance behaved like a gentleman, and then Bailey sat down on his horse and sent him for all he was worth. Over the last fence our stirrup irons clashed. We had a good tussle then up the straight, but Vengeance had a run left in him, and I won by a good half length. Had Bailey not pulled up he must have won. There was a great deal of excitement over the match. Dosh Morrissett was delighted, and Hardy, the owner of Vengeance, was in great form, and I must admit that I was very pleased with myself.

Dosh Morrissett had a brother, Edric, Superintendent of Police in New South Wales. The latter was very quick in repartee; no one could ever "have him."

Once at the Union Club, Sydney, he mistook a very pompous member of the Club—albeit a right good fellow—for someone he knew. As Morrissett held out his hand, the other drew back and scathingly said, "Sir, you have made a mistake." Morrissett at once replied, "Ah, I see I have. I'll apologise to my friend when I see him."

On one occasion while in Brisbane he went to church. He got in a little late, and the verger, seeing Judge Lutwyche's pew empty, shewed Morrissett into it. Morrissett got into a comfortable corner and appropriated the prayer-book. Shortly afterwards the Judge appeared. He was a very peppery individual. He sat down looking rather red and irascible. After fussing about for a bit he leaned over to the intruder and said very crossly, "Sir, you have got my prayer-

book!" Politely handing it to him, Morrissett said in a loud whisper, "Doesn't seem to do you much good."

## CHAPTER XVIII.

Raymond having gone to Sydney for Mrs. Raymond, my brother and I rode on to Burton Downs, about three hundred miles, and took delivery of it. On our road up we stayed a night at Waverley with Macartney and Mayne. The latter I had known in Melbourne, and I had frequently in Sydney met and become very friendly with several very pretty nieces of his; their brother took up country in the far west of Queensland. Arthur Macartney was a son of the old Dean of Melbourne, whom I had not met, but with whom I became well acquainted a good many years later on. Later on, too, Arthur Macartney became the largest cattle owner in Australia, and was known as the Cattle King. Like many more Queenslanders, he had had his ups and downs, a good many of both, but was well on the up grade, and about the youngest man of his age among my friends, when he died in 1917, in his eighty-fifth year.

At Waverley we passed 10,000 sheep in one mob, on their way to the Valley of Lagoons. They belonged to Dalrymple, a well-known Queenslander.

A Mr. Spiro, of the firm of William Sloane and Co., of Melbourne, accompanied us on this trip, and he did not like it a little bit. He was accustomed to a luxurious life, with plenty of comfort, and camping out did not at all commend itself to him, neither did walking up the steep Connor's range at all agree with Spiro. As he sweated up the range leading his horse he said to me, "Ach mein Gott, this was not in my partnership agreement at all." Spiro was good grit

for all that, and it never entered his head to turn back. He was a wool-buyer, and was going up to see Eaglefield, a big station on the Suttor, and adjoining Burton Downs, the property of William Sloane and Co., of Melbourne.

I found Burton Downs to be a nice property enough, but the good downs country was circumscribed. On the ridges there was a good deal of spear grass, the seed of which is deadly to sheep.

The photograph of Burton Downs was taken the year after we sold it, and sent to me by Mr. Baily, of Skull Creek. My idea of Burton Downs was that it was a very fine homestead, and so it was by comparison with many other Queensland homesteads of the early sixties. Alas, this photograph conveys the impression of a building that would not pass now-a-days for a shearers' hut.

Raymond, with his wife, came up soon after this via Port Mackay. Mrs. Raymond was a plucky little woman, and had need to be. I remember showing her how to load a revolver, and how to discharge it, but unfortunately in discharging, it kicked badly and struck her so hard on the temple that she became unconscious.

Our nearest neighbours at Burton Downs were Baily and Newton, of Lenton Downs, better known as Skull Creek, only ten miles away, and Mr. and Mrs. Black, of Eaglefield, twenty-six miles West. Better or nicer neighbours we could not have wished for.

Black was managing Eaglefield. He was a clever, capable man, and became Minister for Lands some years afterwards.

Baily and Newton's place was situated on the very edge of an immense brigalow scrub, extending away West for some forty miles, with the Isaacs running through it, and full of wild blacks. We all considered the Lenton Downs folks were in great danger, and we would never have been surprised to have heard of a massacre there as there were only four men on the



place. Newton, who stuttered badly, and who, needless to say, was an Irishman, said to me one day, "I expect we'll all w-w-wake up some fine m-m-morning and find ourselves dead corpses," and I quite agreed with him.

At Burton Downs we were well out of the scrub.

During our time (up to 1866) the blacks had not been "let in" to any of the stations in our district. They were perfectly wild, as wild as dingoes and harder to see. They never ventured out into the open, except when travelling they might cross a small plain. I was over twelve months at Burton Downs before I saw a wild black, although I was constantly in the scrubs. One day I was out with my black boy "Dick," whom I had picked up in Brisbane, and who was about thirty years old and a fine fellow. We were down the Isaacs looking for some of our cattle—it was all scrub—and we must have come on some wild blacks, but we did not see any except two gins that must have been a bit away from the others, and had not seen us. The gins threw themselves flat on the ground and were terrified, poor things. The blacks had never done us any harm beyond spearing two steers (they did not kill them), and we had never gone after them, or tried to interfere with them. We had told the native police officer that we strongly objected to the blacks being "hunted up" on Burton Downs, and we had never mentioned about the steers having been speared, as it was probably done by some of the young "bucks" out of flashness.

I got the two gins to stand up, and I made friends with them. I had a bit of looking glass in my saddle pouch, which, to their great delight, I gave them. Were they not women? I also gave them a sheet of an *Argus*. Dick tried to teach them to smoke, but they swallowed the smoke, and nearly choked, and Dick stigmatized them as "b——y fools." He could not understand a word they said, nor could they understand him. We parted quite good friends.

That evening, returning home, I was making for a short cut through a narrow gorge in the range, but Dick would not go with me. He said the wild blacks would waylay us there for a certainty. As I was well armed, I didn't care if they did, but Dick wouldn't come and let me go by myself. When I got into the gorge sure enough there were a lot of wild blacks standing above me on a high rocky cliff with big stones in their hands and yelling at me, "Yappartee, Yappartee." I was not near enough for them to reach me with the rocks. I had my rifle with me. They were quite within shot and I could easily have picked off one of them. One, a big red-looking fellow, looked very fine. He stood out on the edge of the cliff, stark naked, with his hair flying out, and a big rock in each hand, while he was yelling, "Yappartee, Yappartee, Gingi Gingi." A couple of years later I ascertained the meaning of "Yappartee" from a gin on the Peak Downs. She had been stolen from the Suttor blacks, and she told me it meant "Go away quick." I did clear out, as I did not want to come into collision with them, and perhaps have to shoot one of them. I waved my hand amicably to them, and went on home, unmolested. We never saw any tracks of the blacks right in on Burton Downs, but the Isaacs and Suttor scrubs were full of them.

My own immediate neighbours never interfered with the blacks, nor did they ever send for the native police. Later on I came into collision with the wild blacks elsewhere, as I shall relate presently. They were just like wild animals, and no wonder, poor things.

The black native police were first started in Victoria in 1842 by the brothers Dana, and I spoke to several Murray black police boys in North Queensland. The *modus operandi* of the black native police was to follow the tracks of any wild blacks that they came on, and when they got close to them the police boys would strip naked and leave their horses and

close in on the poor creatures, shooting down all the males without mercy just as if they had been savage wild animals.

The black police were officered by white men, usually men of good position. The boys were by no means cruel evil fellows, but blacks naturally like killing, and these boys enjoyed the hunting and tracking and following up the warrigal blacks in the scrub. It was real sport to them. They all called their officers "Mahemy." I never asked the meaning of the term.

One of the native police officers whom I knew well, and whom I liked—he was the best of those I had met—told me that on one occasion when they were "dispersing" (this is what it was called) some blacks, he saw Jerry, one of his boys, with a piccaninny boy in his hand. He was swinging the little chap round preparatory to knocking out his brains against a tree. My friend, of course, stopped him, whereupon Jerry said, "Best fellow kill him this time, Marmy. Bymby, that fellow big fellow you and me shoot him. Best kill him now."

Another police officer whom I knew, and who was really a nice fellow enough and a gentleman, told me himself that he had come across a big lot of warrigal blacks fishing in a big lagoon off the Belyando. One of the blacks saw the police, but slipped off into the scrub without giving the alarm, thus saving his own life. My friend told me he waited till the blacks had caught a good big lot of fish before he "dispersed" them, and collared their fish. I told him what I thought about it. The black police boys were instructed by their officers that before they fired at any wild blacks they must call upon them three times to stand, in the name of the Queen. On one occasion one of the boys had shot a warrigal black, who was up a tree. As the black was falling, the police boy called out, "Queen's name three times, by cripes, close up mine been forgotten that fellow."

Later on, after we had taken up some country on the Belyando, near its junction, with the Suttor, I used to travel up and down the Suttor going to it. The distance was one hundred and twelve miles and eighty miles of it was through scrub, containing plenty of blacks. I often travelled by myself, and had to camp one night en route. I used to have my supper about an hour before dark, and then travel on till after dark and camp.

The warrigal blacks will hardly ever attack at night. Early in the morning at grey dawn is their usual time, and by grey dawn I was always well on the road.

One night while I was having my supper I heard the blacks chopping and laughing in the scrub. They had not seen me. I was driving some loose horses, and had come sixty miles. After supper I saddled up, and went another forty before I pulled up to have a sleep. When I awoke the horses were still in sight feeding on the bank of the Suttor.

Another night I had my black boy with me, and after we had hobbled out the horses, and had our supper, we heard the blacks close to us in the scrub. It was too dark to get the horses, and anyway we reckoned we were safer in camp. If one of us had gone after the horses, the blacks, who no doubt had seen us, would have rushed the other one. Dick sat on watch for half the night, and I watched for the second half, but long before daylight Dick was up with his rifle ready for action. I always carried a tent when I had Dick with me, and we slept in it. We scarcely ever watched between dark till dawn. Dick said the blacks never travelled at night, and would not attack in the dark, and I reckoned that the blacks would not throw spears at us in the tent. They like almost to be able to put their hand on a man's head before they hit him. All the deaths of whites which came under my notice were from blows on the head. There was no danger unless we were caught



"napping." I never heard of the blacks attacking armed men but once, and that was on the ridge dividing the Barcoo water from the Eastern waters. They put up a really good fight there, and speared two whites before they were "wiped out."

Only once did I come right on a big mob of warrigal blacks. I was going along some distance off the Suttor, through country consisting of little plains and scrub. Just as I was coming through a narrow belt of scrub I heard wild blacks chattering. I was driving two horses ahead of me, so I drove these out on a little plain and then came back to the scrub, and rode down it cautiously looking for the blacks. They must have seen me, for as I drew towards where I had heard them, they all drew out in the plain. There were about seventy of them—men, gins and piccaninnies. I tried to show them that I was friendly, but they would not reciprocate. Two big "bucks" came out from the mob towards me with spears in their hands, and called out, "Yappartee, Yappartee, Yappartee." I did not then know what this meant, and I thoughtlessly called out "Yappartee" to them. As I was thus engaged I noticed some of them were cutting off my two horses, one of which had my pack on him. I cantered after my horses and cracked my whip to drive them away from the niggers. In a second, at the crack of the whip, there was not a black to be seen. They had all dropped down, and although the grass was not long, it concealed every one of them. I rode back, and the same two bucks got up out of the grass and again waved me off, singing out "Yappartee." I left them, but seeing such a big mob of warrigal blacks impressed me very much, and made me very careful afterwards going up and down through the Suttor scrubs.

A few months after taking over Burton Downs my brother and I took a turn down the Suttor to see if we could find any country worth taking up, but the few little plains we found were not worth going for.

On one of our trips we were three days without anything to eat. On the third evening my boy, Dick, got me an opossum, which I shared with him, and it was nasty enough—tasted of gum leaves. Next day rations reached us from home, and a Dr. Wilkins called on us. A fine fellow he was, too—clever at his profession and a born explorer and pioneer. I think it was he who had taken up Eaglefield. He was a hardy fellow, and thought nothing of going seven days without food, and laughed at us for thinking three days quite a hardship.

Next night two friends from the Barecoo, Dalglish and Ker, camped with us en route for Rockhampton. When they reached Rockhampton they had done 550 miles in eleven days, never out of a walk. They had only four horses, and they brought them in quite fresh and sleek. They rode the same two horses all the way. Dalglish performed quite a feat in Port Mackay for a bet of £10. He jumped his horse over a team of bullocks. I remember a Mr. Du Moulin at Muntham jumping a cow that was charging him.

Dr. Wilkins brought us letters, and I found I would have to go to Sydney again “financing.” Also Edwards proposed a partnership, and I had to see him. So we returned to Burton Downs. I was quite ill at this time. My back was hurting me and my right kidney, hurt at the same time at Doogalook nine years before, was giving me much pain, and I felt pretty bad. I consulted Dr. Wilkins, and after a careful examination he gave me two years to live, and he added, “I’m afraid, old chap, you will have a bad time.” I did not myself think I was as bad as all that.

A few evenings afterwards I started off for Rockhampton riding and driving two horses ahead of me—old Crusoe and another with a pack. It was just sundown as I looked back at Burton Downs from the Gap, and I wondered if I would ever see it again.

Poor old Wilkins fell on bad times and died within

seven years, in New Zealand, and here am I fifty-three years afterwards still going pretty strong, and in a long way better health than I was then!

A little after dark my mare fell with me. I was not too spry, and she got away and joined the other two, and off they went at a trot. One fortunately had a bell on. I ran after them for about six miles before they turned off the road to feed. Then I caught and tied them up, and went to sleep under a tree feeling pretty bad.

Next morning (Friday), I had breakfast at Fort Cooper, and started away. At dinner time I found I had no matches and no flour—only tea and sugar. I could have got matches and rations by going six miles off the road, but I kept expecting I would meet some one. But never a soul did I meet, however, and I kept going on till, on Sunday, the third day, I made Waverley by about 5 o'clock. I had nothing till the Macartney's usual dinner hour, and did not tell them I had been "doing a perish" for three days. I believe it did me good, for by the time I reached Rockhampton I was ever so much better, and went on to Brisbane and Sydney.

My business delayed me two weeks in Sydney, which I enjoyed very much. There was a good opera troupe there, and all the old operas were being put on, *Traviata*, *Bohemian Girl*, *Faust*, and *Trovatore*. I also dropped in for three good dances, where I renewed my acquaintance with my friend Mayne's pretty and charming nieces.

I stayed part of the time with some relations at Balmain. The only way to get to Balmain or to the North Shore then was by row boat. One night my friends forgot to have the door unlocked for me, and as there was a young baby in the house (the baby at present is Walter Sendall, Irrigation Commissioner at Leeton), I did not want to waken them, so lay down on the verandah in my dress clothes, and slept till daylight. I got no end of abuse for not knocking

them up, but a hard bed was nothing to me then. I was well used to it. Out of the four years I spent in Queensland I was not more than six months under a roof. My friends said that when I got to Rockhampton I used to hang my mosquito net to a lamp-post till the police interfered. This is a libel.

After getting back to Burton Downs, my brother and I took up some country on the lower Belyando, near its junction with the Suttor. It was small, but with some nice "downs" on it. I stayed there with my black boy, Dick, for some months, and if I had stayed there long with Dick I'd have become like a blackfellow. We never put any clothes on at all till about nine o'clock in the day. We spent our time looking for more country, but had no success. To the West we came on a large area of desert before reaching the good Western Downs, Aramac and Barcoo way, and that country was all taken up. To the South and South-East was all scrub, and some desert, too. Dick and I got sick of the scrub. I used to send him up a tree and call out, "Well, Dick, what name look out?" "Crub, altogether crub," was invariably Dick's answer. It's a wonder we didn't lose our horses in the desert, for there was any amount of poison pea (*gastrolobium grandiflora*), fatal to horses, and I did not know this. This pea is a handsome flower, which made the desert "bloom like a rose."

After this I returned to Burton Downs and went to Maryborough by steamer, bought some horses there and an outfit, and went on to Ban Ban to lift 500 head of cattle for Burton Downs. Finding we could not raise money to stock Vine Creek—now called the Hermitage—we arranged a partnership with John Edwards, he to take half share, Raymond and I a quarter each. Edwards was to find cattle and sheep on his part. Raymond and I drew small salaries, and I was about to lift the cattle at Ban Ban, on the Burnett. As Edwards was then supposed to be



a comparatively wealthy man, I thought we were making a very judicious deal, and that our financial difficulties were at an end.

In this I was woefully mistaken. I started from Burton Downs with 470 head of cattle on 10th November, 1863. The summer was an inopportune time to start on the road with stock, but for many reasons it was most important for us to get the cattle out to our station. I had a good lot of men, among them a fine young Scotch immigrant lad. I was still suffering greatly from my back, so much so that I could not stand the saddle. I therefore took on the cooking and driving the dray, and found that came easier. I got some yeast and used to make light bread for the camp.

I remember Christmas Day well. We had brought a very fine black draught colt with us from Ban Ban. He had only just been caught and handled. On Christmas Day I put him in the lead in the dray, and he went so well I called him Christmas. Presently I ran one wheel the wrong side of a sapling, and as it came down it fell on Christmas. He ran away and upset the dray, and me, too, but I got things right again without any damage. That evening I had a grand Christmas dinner spread out for all hands. I had a fine piece of spiced beef, also potatoes and some "fat hen" (wild spinach), a grand plum duff, and, best of all, a bottle of rum. We were just sitting down to my spread when up came a tremendous thunderstorm. In a few moments the cattle had broken camp, and all hands, and this time the cook, too, scuttled after them. We got them all back in about an hour, but alas! our lovely dinner was washed away like "Hans Breitman's Party" into the "Ewig Keit." But I saved the bottle of rum.

When we got within about forty miles of Rockhampton I heard that there was a great deal of "pleuro" ahead of me. Inoculation then was unknown. I determined to make the road from Rock-

hampton to the Peak Downs by a short cut through the bush, where there was no track. Had I only known it, there was a reward of £200 offered by the Peak Downs people for anyone who would open up this short cut by taking a ton of goods through. I could easily have made up my load to a ton, and as I got through all right I'd have secured the £200.

I had about forty miles to go without any track, and much of it scrub and little water. The weather was very hot, and we were hard pushed for water while making the short cut. At that time you not only could go almost where you liked with stock, but everyone was glad to see you and to help you on the way. I could not get any information, but I knew if I bore in a certain direction I must hit the Mackenzie River and afterwards the Peak Downs road. A sheep station of Cranstown brothers, on the Mackenzie, was my objective. The summer rains did not fall that year (1864) till later than usual. The first day of the short cut we did nine miles—no water—carried enough for our own use and sent the horses back. Next day did another ten miles—no water—and the horses, except those we were riding, had to be taken back seventeen miles to water. The second night I camped with the cattle. They were bad for water, and so were we, and the cattle were on the move all night. I rode back the ten miles to camp next morning and got a drink, and found all the horses lost, and the chaps after them on foot. I had to go back to the cattle with a drink for the men who had started on. We made eight miles that day, and the dray caught up that night, bringing no water. All the horses were bad for a drink, and the cattle had done three days without water in great heat. Curious to say, the cattle all lay down after dark, and I told the chaps to get a sleep as I would watch. They had had no sleep for two nights. About ten o'clock I felt a sort of cool breeze blow up, and the cattle all got on their legs and made off. I guessed

what was up. They had smelt water on the breeze and were after it. I got ahead of them, and in about half a mile rode into a water hole. I had a good drink before the cattle got into it. I let the cattle go and went back to camp. There was no use in waking up the men, as the cattle had puddled up the water hole and made it into mud. We had not let our horses go, and at daylight we made after the cattle. About a mile and a half away we found them luxuriating in green feed up to their knees by splendid big deep water holes in a creek. It was just lovely. We also luxuriated there for a couple of days, and rested. Then I started off to reconnoitre. I pushed through a dense brigalow scrub, and in six miles came out on open country and sheep tracks, and I knew I must be on Cranston's run. I rode on till I struck a creek running North (Mackenzie water), and then just as it began to rain steadily, turned back for our camp. I was very tired and cold, in my shirt sleeves, and it got dark by the time I reached the scrub. I made a big hole in the soft humus, tied my horse to my leg, and pulled a lot of humus over me and went to sleep. I woke about 12 o'clock, very cold, so I thought I'd try and make the camp. There was a good wind blowing, so I took the direction by my compass and started for the camp through the dense brigalow scrub, and actually made it (six miles) in about two hours. I was hoping to turn in and get dry and snug, but found the water running through my tent, and all hands up and in the same plight.

Next day I blazed a line through the scrub, and the men followed with the cattle, and the dray got through all right. We camped on the creek that night, and next day made Cranston's head station, on the Mackenzie. It poured rain all the time, and by this the river was a banker, and no hope of our getting the cattle across. The Cranstons were more than good to us, and said the cattle could stay till

the river was crossable, and they put me up at the home station.

As there seemed no hope of getting away for some weeks, I determined to take a run up to Burton Downs—it was only distant about 130 miles—but the country was now a bog, and all the rivers in flood. Such a trip as I had! I made a bark canoe at Cranston's, and one evening took my saddle and other belongings across in it, and swam my two horses over, ready for a start next morning. However, the mosquitoes were so bad that I slipped into the river, and, swimming back to the homestead, rather startled the inmates by appearing at the door in the "altogether," with water dripping off me. They gave me a blanket, and in the morning, after breakfast, I swam back, caught my horses and made a start. I had two horses, one a lovely "bit of blood," that I had bought from Holt, of Kolonglo. The continued rain had converted the country into a quagmire. There was no track on to the Peak Downs road, and the only way I could get along was to keep on the bank of the creek, and when the bank ran out I had to swim the creek to another bank. This I did six times, carrying my saddle on my head, to keep it dry. Then I reached the road, and made a camp with a Mr. Muirhead, a Victorian. He was making out West with 5,000 sheep, and had got stuck up with the wet. His sheep had footrot, and his wife had died of scurvy, and he, poor fellow, followed her not long after. My pack horse had knocked up by this time, having been constantly bogged, so I had to leave him. I'd have done better had I spelled at Muirhead's till next day, but foolishly I pushed on, hoping to make Logan Downs, a station of Sir Samuel Wilson's, afterwards sold to Donald Wallace, of Carbine fame.

The track after I left the main road had been little used and was awful. Late in the afternoon I struck a wide swamp, knee deep and boggy, and impossible to get round. The reeds were up to my shoulders, the



stench from the yellow swamp intolerable, and there were scores of snakes. Once Loadstone—my horse—got stuck and rolled over, and I got wet up to my neck. When we got through the swamp, Loadstone stood and shook all over, quite done. I just had to camp—no tucker, and wet to the neck, and my matches wet, too. Next day I made Logan Downs early, and the manager, Mr. Carroll, a jovial Irishman, made me welcome. He had no flour, but got me an egg and a pot of tea without sugar. They were out of everything except tea and meat, and no hope of getting anything for weeks. I went on and camped with some teams. They were trying to get to Mackay with wool, and were sledging it along one bale at a time across some miles of “spuey” road. They had been stuck there for a month, and had a poor fellow with them dying of scurvy. I stayed with them that night.

Next day Loadstone caved in, and I had to walk and lead him eight miles to make Frazer’s station on the Isaacs, about forty miles below Burton Downs.

I stayed the night with Frazer, whose brother was the sole survivor of the “Hornet Bank Massacre” by the blacks. The Frazer I stayed with was away from home when the massacre occurred. The brother who escaped got a knock on the head, and the blacks left him for dead—he was only about eight years old. It was the old story. The Frazers let the blacks in, and then were too trusting, and made too free with them, and eventually more and more blacks came in—warrigal blacks. They didn’t know any better, and they massacred the whole family, father, mother, daughters and sons, and the governess, poor girl. They mutilated the bodies horribly, too. Of course they looted the place, and the native police accompanied by the eldest son, followed them up, and wiped out most of them without compunction, and who could say them nay? And who can put much blame on the ignorant Myall blacks?

The massacre of the Wills family some time afterwards was exactly such another case, only that the Wills had been more than good to the blacks. But they also were all massacred. Just the same story! It was quite right to let the blacks in so long as they were not made too free with, and not too many let in at once. This was what was done on the Burnett and other districts with success, and gradually the "let in" blacks became quite safe and very useful. I, of course, did not touch on the massacre the evening I spent with Mr. Frazer, but it was currently believed that he never lost an opportunity of shooting a wild blackfellow as long as he lived.

Mr. Frazer lent me a fine strong white half-bred Arab stallion to go on with. I asked him what he valued the horse at, in case anything happened him. He said £40, and on that understanding I started off early next morning. I had a memorable ride. There was no track. In fact, Frazer told me he did not know of anyone ever having followed the Isaacs up to Burton Downs, but he believed it must be all through scrub, and so I found it. As before when I left Cranston's, the bank of the creek was the only place where I could get a footing at all. Times without number the white horse got bogged, and went down so often that at last when he felt himself sinking he threw himself on his side at once. In one place where I had to cross a little creek he went right down in a quicksand. There was nothing but his head out, yet he struggled out of it. I thought my £40 was gone.

I had never heard of anyone having been up the Isaacs to Burton Downs from Frazer's, and I found it scrub all the way. These scrubs were full of wild blacks.

I got to within seven miles of "home" that night, having taken all day to do thirty-three miles. I camped on a small patch of sound ground. The horse was done, and I let him loose, and he was glad enough

to get a bit of sound ground to stand on. It was too boggy all round for him to go off it—he stood near me all night.

I was not game to light a fire or to try to go to sleep, as I had crossed a big “pad” a few miles before sundown, made by the blacks on the soft ground. I had to swim the Isaacs three times next morning to get to Burton Downs to breakfast, which I did, much to the surprise of my brother and the Raymonds.

I found that after all my trouble to avoid the pleuro it had attacked our little herd of cattle at Burton Downs, and eventually we lost about a third of the Ban Ban cattle from pleuro.

A whole family of Germans that we had at Burton Downs, father, mother, son, and daughter, died of fever and ague. One day at Burton Downs a friend who was travelling into Rockhampton was chaffing us about getting fever and ague. He said, “Look at me! I never have it!” and as we looked he turned green and livid, and in a few minutes was shaking with ague. He must have forgotten to touch wood. I am afraid we all rejoiced, as he had been so very “perky.”

I never had ague, but had a good deal of low fever. I always carried quinine loose in a little pouch, and took a pinch pretty often when fever and ague were about, and I also was careful to breathe through my nose.

One day after crossing a beastly smelling swamp when we reached the camp at Vine Creek, my black-boy, Dick, threw himself off his horse. He was shaking all over. “Cobbon, me cold,” said poor Dick, and it was a hot day. In a few minutes he jumped up and threw off his blanket. “Altogether me burn,” cried Dick, and off he bolted for the creek. I tried to console him by telling him he was “close up like it white fellow having fever and ague,” but Dick could not see it.

A little gin I brought up from Gladstone to Burton

Downs got fever and ague when with us, and she fully believed we had bewitched her, and consequently gave us great abuse.

I only stayed two days at home, and then started back, but this time I took the road, though it was thirty miles longer. I found Loadstone freshened up, and got back to Cranston's all right, picking up my packhorse at Muirhead's.

I found my canoe, "turfed" my traps across in it, and swam my horses over. After a couple of days we crossed our cattle safely over the Mackenzie, and I started them for home in charge of a good man. I then started off myself for Ban Ban, via Rockhampton, to lift 10,000 sheep, Edwards was finding us to put on Burton Downs and Vine Creek. I made a place called Apis Creek on the 3rd March (1864). My experiences there are described in the following article, written by me many years ago, but never published.

## CHAPTER XIX.

"Good-day, Mr. Christie," said one of two miners from the Peak Downs (now Clermont), as he got off his horse at the door of a wayside public house close to Old Roddy MacLennan's Apis Creek Station. "How are you getting on, and how's the missus?"

"Oh, none too bad, none too bad," replied Frank Christie, the landlord of the hotel, a tall, dark, good looking man who looked as if he had gone through some pretty hard experiences. "We can't complain. Are you bound south?"

"Yes, we have made a fair pile, and it's all in them saddle bags on the pack horse; just take them off now, will ye?"

As Christie lifted the bags he said, "My word, you have made a bit more than a fair pile; it's as much as I can lift off the horse."



“Well, just put it by for us for the night where it will be safe, old man.”

Many a lot of gold had Christie had entrusted to him for safe-keeping by diggers returning from the Peak Downs. He was a quiet taciturn man, and the only fault anyone had to find with him was that he drank heavily at times, and when in drink was morose and disagreeable.

The scene of this little occurrence was a wayside inn in North Queensland, at a place called Apis Creek, on the high road from Rockhampton to the Peak Downs goldfield. Some twelve months previously Frank Christie and Mrs. Christie, together with a Mr. Craig and his wife, had arrived at Apis Creek to start business there, and after erecting some suitable buildings, had got to work. The Craigs started a public house, and the Christie's put up a store. They both did a good, quiet little business, and were well liked and respected in the district. The Craigs hailed from South Australia, and were well connected there.

Now I must take my readers back some four years (about 1860) to South Australia. I was then living at Muntham, about fifty miles from the South Australian border, and I had business at the well-known town of Penola—always pronounced Penoola. I was staying at the hotel, kept by that best of hosts, “Paunchy Bowden,” so called because of the noble if not aggressive, front which he possessed.

Going down the street, I rather saw a commotion, and hastening on I saw two young fellows putting side-saddles on two blindfolded colts, while two pretty girls, all ready habited for a ride, stood by. It seemed that a sporting squatter had offered to bet that these two girls would each ride an unbroken colt for ten minutes without a fall, but in a yard. The bet was taken up, and I just arrived in time. The colts had been roped and blindfolded, and were being saddled as I appeared on the scene. In less than no

time the girls were in their saddles, the blindfolds were taken off, and the colts went to market in very good style. Before the ten minutes had expired the colts had had quite enough of it, and the girls, radiant and delighted, dismounted, the horses having first been blindfolded again.

Again I must take you back to 1854, in Victoria, when I was acting as assistant to my friend, J. B. Henderson, a licensed surveyor, in measuring off pre-emptive rights on the Goulburn River. It was when we camped at Kerrisdale on the King Parrot Creek.

We had for a cook a nice old man named Christie, who had certainly seen better days. He let out to me one day that he had been fairly well off at one time at a place called Bona Creek, near Goulburn, in New South Wales, but his wife, who was much younger than he, and a very handsome woman, had run away with a Victorian squatter from near Portland Bay, and taken their only son with her; he told me that he had then taken to drink and gone right down hill. Old Christie left us soon after this, and I never saw him again. Afterwards, when at Muntham in 1857, I heard who the squatter was who had taken Mrs. Christie from her husband, and I also heard that her son Frank had got into bad company and had taken to "soldiering"—or sweating—horses, and later on to horse stealing. His first exploit was in company with two others stealing four horses from Mr. Lochhart Morton, one of the inventors of the drafting gate for sheep. Christie and his mates were followed, taken, tried and committed, but Frank, after some weeks, attacked his guard, snatched his carbine from him and fired it as he fled, whereupon the whole gang of eleven prisoners got clean away. Later on Frank received a sentence of seven years for horse stealing in New South Wales, he having made back, as is so often the case, to his birthplace, Goulburn. He was released after having done about half his sentence. He then started butchering at Lambing Flat,

now Young. His shop was the resort of all the flash young natives about the Flat, and it was shrewdly suspected that most of the stock they killed was got "on the cross." Very soon Christie, being again "wanted" by the police took to the bush, and before long he found himself at the head of a formidable gang of young desperadoes. The gang regularly took to the road, and Christie soon assumed the position of leader, going by the name, so soon to become notorious, of Frank Gardiner and King of the Road.

In 1861 two active members of the New South Wales police force managed, after a desperate resistance (in which all three were badly wounded), to capture and handcuff Gardiner. One of the police, though weak from loss of blood, rode off for assistance, and while he was away, Gardiner, though handcuffed and badly wounded, made a determined effort to escape, but fainted, having lost much blood. When the wounded trooper returned they started off with Gardiner, and as they were taking him along he was rescued by two armed bushrangers. This well-known incident occurred on the Fish River.

Gardiner after this, in company with Gilbert, Hall, O'Malley, and Piesley, became the leader of about the most formidable gang of bushrangers that ever terrorised New South Wales. Peisley did not last long; he was captured, tried, convicted, and hanged, in 1862. On one occasion Hall, Gilbert, and a bushranger, known as the Old Man, were riding three well-known stolen racehorses—Troubadour, Teddington and Harkaway. Troubadour became the property of C. M. Lloyd, of Yamma, and he bore several scars of bullet wounds received while he was being ridden by Ben Hall.

The doings of this gang is ancient history now, but so far as Frank Gardiner was concerned, they terminated in the Great Escort Robbery at the Eugowra rocks in June, 1862.

These remarkable rocks, situated about thirty-five

miles on the Orange side of the main road from Forbes, formed a well-known feature to coach travellers before the railway times. An escort, consisting of Sergeant Conder and several troopers, had in charge in a four-horse coach no less than £14,000 worth of gold and notes.

Just as they reached the Eugowra rocks, at a turn in the road, they found they were blocked by a bullock team drawn across the road. As they pulled up, quite suddenly a volley was poured on them from behind the rocks, and the sergeant and one trooper were badly wounded. Immediately another volley from a fresh lot of bushrangers was discharged at the escort, whereupon the horses bolted into the bush and upset the coach. The police had to retreat as fast as they could, and in a very short time the gold and notes were secured and carried off by the bushrangers in different directions on pack horses.

Gardiner got away with one pack horse, but was so closely pushed by the police that, to save himself, he had to let the pack horse go, and the police, securing the animal, recovered some 1,200 ounces of gold, worth about £4,000. Thus Gardiner lost his share of the plunder. What became of the rest of the gold never transpired, but Mr. W. Percy Faithfull has a very interesting tale to tell. It seems that when in Scotland in 1894 a cottage was pointed out to him, and a very remarkable story told in connection with a Scotchman living in the cottage. The story was that the man emigrated to Australia with a friend in the early days. The two, when travelling looking for work, asked for shelter one night at a hut in the bush. There was only a woman in the hut, and she refused to let the men stop, "For," said she, "the bushrangers are expected any minute, and they might suspect the travellers to be police spies and might ill-use them." While she was speaking, the bushrangers turned up, and the woman hurriedly locked the travellers into a small room. The bushrangers, who



were very hurried, as the police were on their tracks, gave the woman a bag of gold, telling her to "plant" it, and cleared out. The two Scotchmen took the gold from the woman, and went off to Scotland with it. It was said to be worth £10,000. Now there was quite £8,000 worth of Eugowra robbery gold never accounted for. The police in Australia, when told of the matter, came to the conclusion that the Scotchmen had by some means "sprung" the bushrangers' plant, and got away to Scotland with it.

Three of the Escort robbers were tried and convicted, and two of them were hanged. After terrorising the country for a while, in company with Gilbert, Ben Hall, Dunn, O'Malley, and others, Gardiner suddenly vanished, but his mates kept the ball rolling until they were all either shot or hanged.

At the time of Gardiner's disappearance it was noticed that a Mrs. Brown, who was known to be his paramour, had also disappeared. For two years nothing was heard of either, and it began to be thought that they had both got clear away out of Australia, but not so.

One evening, on the 3rd March, 1864, as I rode up to the little wayside inn at Apis Creek, already mentioned, I noticed signs of a commotion. There were several black native police boys and their lieutenant, a Mr. Brown, whom I knew. Close by, sitting down and handcuffed, was Craig, and beside him was his little wife, weeping bitterly.

The lieutenant came over to me, and I said, "What's up?" He came close to me and whispered, "We have got Gardiner, the bushranger." I burst out laughing and said, "You've got your grandmother." "We have made no mistake," said he. "But," I said, pointing to Craig, "that's not Gardiner. I knew that man well, and knew him in South Australia when Gardiner was bushranging." "Oh," he said, "we know that's not Gardiner—we have him up at Apis Creek Station secure with two New South Wales

policemen looking after him, and also his reputed wife, who is really Mrs. Brown, whom he took from her husband when he cleared out from New South Wales. That is his mate."

"Well," I said, "Craig is a respectable man, and never was at anything crooked in his life. I know both him and his wife, and can testify that when Gardiner was bushranging, Craig was living in South Australia." I had a talk with Mrs. Craig, and we satisfied Lieutenant Brown that Craig was in no way implicated with bushranging, and he took the handcuffs off, but said to me:

"Craig is still under arrest and must go to Rockhampton, and you will have to appear on his behalf at the Police Court, and no doubt he will be released."

After I had a chat with the police officer I came to the conclusion that he really had got Gardiner. Two Sydney police, a Sergeant McGlone and a constable named Pye, had the supposed bushranger in safe custody at the Apis Creek homestead, about one and a half miles away.

As already mentioned, the station was owned by one "Roddy McLennan," from whom about eighteen months previously we had bought our station, Burton Downs.

It transpired afterwards that Gardiner, or rather Christie, for he had actually gone back to his own name, and Mrs. Brown—the latter dressed as a boy—had managed to get through into Queensland, where Mrs. Brown again assumed woman's clothes. They had got past Rockhampton, riding, of course, when they happened on the Craigs. They foregathered and made friends, and after some talk, decided that they would start in business together, as we have seen, and they hit on Apis Creek as a good stand, it being on the main road to the Peak Down goldfield. They were liked and were successful, and respected, and I really believe that if he had not been discovered, Christie might easily have attained ere long to the

dignity of a Justice of the Peace. It was a man who had been a fellow prisoner of Gardiner's at Cockatoo, but then a butcher at Rockhampton, who gave Gardiner away. The wonder was that he had not been recognised long before, for there were crowds of diggers passing up and down, to and from the Peak Downs, and Gardiner was well known at Lambing Flat goldfield. One would have thought that it was ten to one that some of these miners would have recognized the "King of the Road."

The fact that many of the miners returning from the Peak Downs used to deposit their gold for safe-keeping with Frank Gardiner, the notorious bush-ranger and outlaw, is a curious one.

Gardiner had such a fighting reputation that when the police, Sergeant McGlone and Trooper Pye, got up to Apis Creek, they were not game to tackle him. They camped about a quarter of a mile away, and one pretended to be ill with dysentery, while the other used to go up to the pub for milk for his sick mate, and was thus able to spy out the land, and see what men were about. Although only Christie and his wife, Craig and his wife, and one old man were to be seen, Gardiner had such a desperate record that they still were afraid to tackle him without more help. They waited quietly till one day up rode Lieutenant Brown, of the Native Police, with some half-dozen black boys. They rode on to the station, and McGlone followed them, and presenting his credentials, called upon the lieutenant, in the Queen's name, to assist in the capture of the outlaw.

The lieutenant, who was a gentleman, and had been an officer in the Queen's service, was quite indignant at being turned, as he said, into a "d——d thief catcher," and did not like the job a little; there was, however, no help for it.

And here I must state that Mrs. Craig was one of the two pretty girls I had seen accomplish such a wonderful feat of horsemanship at Penola four years

before, and Gardiner was none other than Frank Christie, the son of the old man we had as cook at Kerrisdale, in Victoria, in 1854. It was rather a remarkable coincidence.

It was arranged that the black troopers should next day ride past the pub and store singing one of their songs; this would, it was thought, bring all the inmates of the place outside. McGlone and the trooper and lieutenant were to be in close attendance on the blacks.

As was expected, all, Christie included, came out to see the "boys" ride past. Something seemed to awaken Christie's suspicions—he was standing close to McGlone, and he turned to go back to the store, when McGlone threw his arms round him, and both went to the ground, McGlone shouting to the lieutenant, "Mark him, sir, mark him, he's a desperate character," meaning that he was to cover him with his revolver, which he did, and Gardiner was quickly secured and handcuffed.

Next day, in pouring rain, quite a cavalcade of us left Apis Creek bound for Marlborough, en route for Rockhampton, about 110 miles. It rained in torrents all the way. Gardiner was put on a led horse, handcuffed, his ankles tied under the horse. He rode along quite quietly, and as easily as if free. The black boys rode alongside with their carbines ready; the trooper in front, while McGlone, myself, Mrs. Brown, and a young friend of mine, a Mr. Finch, brought up the rear.

McGlone was mounted on a big powerful black horse, which it turned out Gardiner had stolen from Peter Beveridge, of the Lower Murray, in Victoria, a grand horse up to 16 stone, with Beveridge's P B brand on the shoulder, and well known by the name of "Darkie." And this reminds me of a very good *bon-mot* attributed to a Sydney girl who was engaged to the said Peter Beveridge; at a picnic she was asked



to take some wine, but declined, saying, "My beverage is P B."

Finch and I took a great dislike to the detective McGlone (probably hereditary in me, being of border blood), and we asked Mrs. Brown if Darkie would resent a stick under his tail. She said he would assuredly go to market, whereupon for a considerable time strenuous efforts were made to insert a twig under the tail, the only result achieved being that McGlone dropped a square bottle of gin he was carrying for Gardiner. The latter had had a heavy drinking bout just before his capture, and it was thought advisable to give him some stimulant from time to time. The end of it was that I had to carry the gin. I have no doubt I levied toll on the square bottle.

On arrival at Marlborough pub, knowing the landlord, I borrowed some dry clothes for Gardiner, and took them to the police, who stood over him with two revolvers at full cock while he changed. The old spirit had left the bushranger, or no doubt he would have chanced all and made a dash for it. At Marlborough there were a number of miners bound for the Peak Downs, and one of them asked me who the prisoner was. When I told him he said, "I knew Frank Gardiner well, knew him at Lambing Flat." I told the police, who were greatly pleased when, on being let into Gardiner's room, the miner at once identified him.

The next day the troop made Yaamba, it being a sea of mud and water, and still raining. Here Mr. Peak Downs Stewart, a Justice of the Peace, and well-known squatter, who had known "Christie" well at Apis Creek, got very indignant—said he could not be Gardiner, and demanded that, being the nearest magistrate, it was the duty of the police to bring Gardiner up before him. I pointed out to McGlone that as Stewart had already prejudged the case, the police were quite justified in declining to produce

their prisoner; moreover there was doubt as to his identity.

The night we were at Yaamba the little town was full of New Zealand miners, and a pretty noisy lot they were. I tried to induce them to be quiet and let us go to sleep, but they only became more uproarious. I lay low until they quietened down, and then I called out, "It's my turn now," and for a solid hour I kept on at the top of my voice:

*At the battle of the Nile,  
I was there all the while,  
I was there all the while,  
At the battle of the Nile.*

I thought the diggers would have rushed in on us and silenced me, but they didn't. I used to stop every now and then for about a minute, and then start off as hard as ever.

I had been ill with dysentery for a good while, and had not touched any liquor. That evening, "I'll have a brandy hot," said I, "though I fear it is the worst thing I can do." I had no less than three, then Fineh and I stript off all our clothes and sallied off up the town with nothing on but our waterproof coats, no boots—bent on a lark. We got up to the hotel where Peak Downs Stewart was—this was late at night—and found there a black boy camped on the verandah. I said to Fineh, "Cock your pistol, we'll shoot this chap." Fineh elicked with his tongue, just like the click of a pistol being cocked. The black boy, with a yell, dived into Stewart's room. "Mr. Stewart, two fellow shootem me."

Out came Stewart, and from his reputation we expected a row, but to our surprise he was most civil, so after badgering him a bit we retired much astonished, and I never saw him again.

Next morning I felt a lot better, so had a dark brandy hot for breakfast after a swim in the creek,

and here I may state for the benefit of any medical readers, that for several days I had a dark brandy strong and hot at every meal, and at the end of a few days I was well.

Next day the cavalcade proceeded. Finch and I and the native police swam the creek on our horses; the others got over in a boat. At Rockhampton I always put up at the Burnetville Hotel, over the river from the town, but I crossed over with the police and their prisoner in a boat. The horses could not cross, as the river was in flood.

In Rockhampton no one would believe that we had got Gardiner, and they simply laughed me to scorn. However, next day, when brought before the bench, he was duly committed to stand his trial in Sydney. I, of course, attended court to speak for Craig, who, from my evidence, was at once released.

As I was walking down the street with Finch, we heard a young fellow behind us say to his mate, "Do you see that there chap in front of us on the right?" "Yes, what of him?" "Well, that's one of them blooming detectives as took Gardiner, the bush-ranger." "My blooming oath," said the other chap, "Isn't he the dead spit of one?" My friends rubbed it into me for a while, you may be sure.

And now I must mention how I managed to get into rather an awkward position in connection with this affair.

As we were nearing Rockhampton, I was talking to Mrs. Brown, and she said she did not think she would be arrested, and where had she better stay? "Oh," I said, "go to old Mother Ward's hotel; she'll look after you. But," I added, "make no mistake; if McGlone tells you he is not going to arrest you, you may depend that he is only waiting to get his prisoner safely lodged in gaol, and he will put you there, too, so look out."

Imagine my discomfiture next morning at getting a note from Mrs. Brown and a packet. The packet

contained £300 in bank notes, and the note asked me to send the packet to someone in Sydney for her. I was young—possibly a bit chivalrous—anyway, I didn't feel up to giving the woman away, so I sent the packet to a good friend in Sydney—no other than "Billy Clarke," then head clerk to John Binnie and Co., our agents. Afterwards Billy was partner in the well-known firm of Maiden Hill and Clark.

Billy was one of the best amateurs with his fists that we ever had, and a hard hitter, but could play as light as a feather and always in good humour. Many a bout he used to have with Larry Foley. There never was a more true-hearted man in the world than Billy, and never a straighter. But he was very angry, and when shortly after Mrs. Brown made her appearance at the office, and anxiously asked after her parcel, Billy retired to the safe and said, "Here it is, woman, and for God's sake take it away from here." All the time he noticed a detective whom he knew across the street shadowing Mrs. Brown. Much to Billy's disgust, the lady declined to take the notes, and said she only wanted to know that they were safe. However, it was all right, the Court would have given her the money had she kept it on her. This £300 was all that Gardiner had after all his robberies, and no doubt he had made it honestly at Apis Creek.

Frank Gardiner's arrival in Sydney caused quite a sensation there just fifty years ago. Everyone thought he would be hanged, but he had never deliberately committed murder, though it was just a chance that the police who were shot down at the Eugowra Escort robbery weren't killed, and he somehow got off with thirty-two years. He was concerned in the robbery of no less than £20,000, but over £5,000 of the Escort robbery gold was recovered. Gardiner was not charged with any murder, and he was convicted on three counts for robbery under arms.

His conduct in gaol was most exemplary, and there is no doubt he had some influential friends. I myself



knew relations of his mother's who were in a very good position. After doing eight years, Gardiner was released by Sir Hereules Robinson, at the instance of the Ministry of the day, who nearly lost their position, being saved by one vote.

Several other bushrangers were released at the same time, and none of them returned to their old bad life—among them my friend "Blue Cap," of whom more anon. Gardiner had to leave Australia. He went to San Francisco, and kept a saloon there, took to drink, and died.

Mrs. Brown committed suicide in New Zealand. Gardiner was a good-looking man; he had an honest face and good expression, and under different circumstances would more than probably have given a good account of himself. What an account he would have given of himself in this great war had he got among the Anzacs. I am sure he had definitely given up his old dishonest bushranging life when he was arrested; still it was well he was discovered and punished. He had much to answer for; he cast a glamour over bushranging, and the ruin and death of more than one fine young fellow lay at his door.

There is little doubt that Gardiner was given away by the butcher in Rockhampton, who had been in gaol with him. He gave information to Sir C. Cowper, then Colonial Secretary, and received the £500 reward offered for Gardiner's apprehension.

Those stories in *Robbery Under Arms* about the bushrangers running horses at local races are quite true. Toby Ryan, in his reminiscences, mentions how when on his way to Forbes races with Traveller and other racehorses, he stopped at a public house eighteen miles from Forbes, and found out afterwards that Gardiner and his mates had at that very time their racehorses, stabled under the house, it being built on the side of a hill. At the races Gardiner's horse, "Don't You Know," carrying only 6st. 8lbs., was beaten by Ryan's Traveller carrying 8st. 9lbs.,

much to the disgust of the bushrangers. Don't You Know was Gardiner's best horse, and the original of "Rainbow" in *Robbery Under Arms*. He was a beautiful dark bay with a star. It is said that almost all the bushrangers were at these races, disguised, of course, they having three horses running. A man named Higgins trained Gardiner's horses.

Sir Frederick Pottinger got word that the bushrangers intended to be at the Forbes meeting, and pushed them so hard after the races that they got broken up into three parties and never got together again. It was after this that Frank Gardiner got away, taking Mrs. Brown with him.

Gardiner attended the races at Rockhampton when Traveller ran and won, and he spoke to old Toby Ryan on the course, but Ryan did not recognise him. Ryan visited Gardiner when in Darlinghurst Gaol, and Gardiner said to him, "I have met you several times. Once on your way to Forbes with your horses; again at the Forbes races. We all thought Don't You Know would beat Traveller easily. I spoke to you also on the Rockhampton racecourse." When asked if the gang had proposed taking Traveller, he said "Yes, but I had to dissuade them, and after the races the police pressed us so closely there was no chance of our getting him."

One of the episodes of the Ben Hall, Gilbert, and Dunn gang resulted very ingloriously for the gang. The bushrangers had stuck up the Braidwood coach and a number of travellers at the back of a hill about a mile from the Faithfuls' homestead. Out of sight of the bailed-up unfortunates, out on the plain, four of the young Faithfuls came driving along in a brake with a four-in-hand. The two elder boys were taking their two younger brothers to Goulburn on their way back to school. The bushrangers got sight of the brake, and Hall galloped up and ordered George Faithful, who was driving, to bail up. The eldest son had a small rifle and a few cartridges, while

George had a small revolver. George, instead of bailing up, pluckily made a wipe at Ben Hall with his 4-in. hand whip; whereupon Hall snapped his pistol at him, but it missed fire. Then, as William was raising his rifle to shoot, Hall galloped off back to his two mates. The three bushrangers then returned, and opened fire on the boys, who jumped out and took cover behind the brake with no thought of surrendering, returning the bushrangers' fire with their rifle and pistol. Presently one of the bushrangers' bullets struck one of the leaders, and the team bolted off on the plain.

The boys, nothing daunted, endeavoured to get back to the homestead, the bushrangers still firing at them. Gilbert rode up pretty close, but his horse, rearing just as he was firing his revolver, the bullet went through the horse's head. Gilbert bolted behind a post, and he and William Faithful fired at each other simultaneously. Gilbert missed his mark by a few inches, and William Faithful's bullet struck the post behind which Gilbert was standing. Gilbert then got up behind Dunn, and their ammunition being exhausted, the two went back to where they had bailed up the other fellows. Ben Hall followed the boys at a respectful distance, they on foot and he on horseback, but clearing out whenever he saw the boys aiming at him. The boys did not fire again, as they only had a few cartridges left, and they expected Gilbert and Dunn would return. They, however, made the homestead safely, and very proud, you may be sure, of their performance. The brake was recovered, quite undamaged. Mr. Faithful, who sent me an account of the encounter with the gang, says:—

“I have always held the opinion that the training we had in the Parramatta Volunteers whilst at the King's School, was the reason of our successful resistance to the attempted bailing up, and I welcomed the cadet movement as a great factor in the education

of the Australian youth, as it teaches the lads the use of firearms, and instils discipline into them."

I believe the boys declared that no credit was due to them for facing the bushrangers, "for," said they, "we had never dared face our mother had we allowed ourselves to be captured by bushrangers." From early youth they were taught to "play the game," and right well they played it, and of such is "The Kingdom of Anzac."

## CHAPTER XX.

In spite of the continued rains and flooded state of the country, I determined to go on my way, for I was due at Ban Ban to lift the ten thousand sheep as soon as possible. Truth to say, I had done so much swimming of rivers and creeks that I thought nothing of it; indeed, I rather enjoyed the excitement. I had my favourite horse Peter Possum in a paddock on the opposite side of the river to Rockhampton, where I always stayed with a friend who kept the Burnetville Hotel, a robust Scotchman of good family, who had married a very charming and vivacious French woman. I got Peter Possum and made my way to the bank of the Fitzroy. The flood was too great for the punt to be running. As I left the hotel I spied a black belltopper hanging up. On the spur of the moment I put it on. Such a headdress was unknown in Rockhampton or in the North, and I thought it would be a good lark to sport it in Rockhampton. I had made up my mind to swim Possum over the river, but said nothing about this, as I would have been stopped. It was a big swim—with a ten-knot current running—of not far short of half a mile from where I would have to go in to the only place where a horse could land, unless by going a very long way down the river. I left my boots and saddle



with the puntman near the river, and put Possum into the flood, the puntman, who had tried to dissuade me, looking on rather perturbed. At first Possum would not face across and kept circling round and round, but suddenly I saw his eyes fixed on the opposite shore, and off he started. He was a grand swimmer.

As soon as he was well under way I slipped back over his tail and caught hold of it, and away we went. When level with the water it looked a long way to the opposite side. The strong current precluded any danger from alligators or sharks, and anyway they seldom came up so close to the town.

By the time I got into the middle of the river the banks on the other side were covered with people, as having the black belltopper on, Possum, with this black thing sticking out of the water, and following him, presented rather a remarkable appearance. Moreover, three men had that week been drowned in the river, and it was thought that the undertow had taken them down, and not much would have been given for my chance. Possum swam along like a machine, not a bit distressed, straight for the other shore.

When I got pretty close in, my trousers slipped down over my feet, and I could not hit out with my legs, and, as I became a drag on the horse, he at once turned his head on to the current and began to drift, and I could see he would miss the one landing place, so I let him go, and he got along all right again. We were by this time nearly in and close to the Balclutha steamer. I called out to the mate, whom I knew, who was in the bow, "Slack your hawser a bit and let the horse in." "Aye, aye, old man," said the mate, and did what I asked him, and Possum got ashore amid cheers from the crowd that lined the banks.

I was floating down stream just paddling with my hands, and quite safe and right, when I found myself clutched by the collar of my shirt, and, looking

up, I saw a stern face. An old man in a boat with four men rowing, had got hold of me, and said, "Get in." I said, "I'm all right, let go." "No fear," he said, "in you get," and in I had to get. I got him to take me alongside the *Balclutha*, and the mate threw me a rope and I got aboard. I was not game to face the crowd on the bank.

I got some dry clothes, and after a bit went ashore. One magistrate, when I got ashore, threatened to have me arrested for attempting my life, and a great fuss was made over the swim, and I had difficulty in keeping it out of the papers. I was afraid my mother would hear of it. I really think that all Rockhampton turned out to see me cross, and for years I was known as the man who swam the Fitzroy in the big flood.

I really thought no more of it than of walking across the street, and the same day I had a much more dangerous swim, and no one with me. I had two horses paddocked near the town, and they were by this time on an island which was getting submerged, and besides I wanted them. Alligator Creek had cut them off, and it was a raging torrent and a big swim. I swam Possum over, and got my two horses and haltered them. I went in with the three horses, but as they began to swim the led horses got ahead of me, and we got back to the same side. I then took them to where the bank was steep, and forced them over it into deep water. Possum went right over, and when I came up I was among all three horses, and I got a blow on the leg from one, but a blow in the water has little force, and it did no harm. Again the three horses and myself got back to the same side. I had to let the horses go, and then I got across with Possum all right, but I was for a long time in the water. The next day my staunch ally, the mate of the *Balclutha*, took me up in a boat to where my horses were, and I caught one of them and took him across behind the boat.

Some time before this a friend had shown me how to make a boat of a waterproof sheet. Each end of the sheet is rolled up tight and fastened with a saddle strap, then three light saplings used for gunwhales and keel, and there you are.

I have known a man who couldn't swim being saved when stuck on a tree, in a boat improvised in this way. I provided myself with a good waterproof sheet and used it successfully at the first river I had to cross. I used to swim my horses over first, then return and make up my boat, put my saddle and pack-saddle and grub and impedimenta in, and push it over the river. It took a little time, but I kept my saddle and impedimenta dry, which was a great advantage. Wet, heavy saddles knock the life out of horses when travelling, especially over heavy roads. After this I crossed every river or creek in this way.

I pushed along for Gayndah one evening, after dark, after a very heavy day swimming rivers and plunging through boggy country, and found myself once more close to Dalgangal Station, in fact within six miles of it. I rode into what should have been a creek running into the river from the West, but to my surprise it was running the opposite way. Then I realised that the river (the Burnett) was so high as to have obliterated the creek, which was now part of the river. I had tied my boots and coat on my saddle before going in. Possum began to sound for bottom; he was tired, and it was water as far as I could see. I had to let the other horse go, but I followed Possum and soon pulled him up. When I got up to him I saw he was done. I tried to hold up the poor fellow's head for a bit, but had to let go, when he went down like a stone, taking my saddle with him. I could have cried with vexation, for, though it does not look like it, I just loved Peter Possum, and he died at his old home, where I had bought him.

My other horse, Tommy, had vanished, and I thought he, too, was drowned. It was six miles to

Dalgangal. The house was situated on a high bank close to the river, and I made up my mind to make it. I could easily have stayed in a tree till daylight, or I might have swum out again to land, but, being ill with dysentery, I thought if I stayed in a tree, wet and cold all night, it would be about the "dead finish." Besides, when I start for a place I like to get there, so I just kept on down the river. I had put my watch inside the lining of my hat, and my head never went under water. I let myself float along with the current, paddling with my hands, not swimming, and the current bore me up as "in the brave days of old." I did not exert myself; my only trouble was to keep clear of the many logs that were floating down the river. When I felt tired I got to a branch of a tree and rested a bit.

A big haystack floated past me at one time, but I just kept paddling with my hands and went along with the current. I knew that if I kept on I must make Dalgangal. The only thing I was afraid of was that I might pass it in the dark. I was a bit afraid, too, that I might catch hold of a snake or scorpion when I was resting in a tree.

The top of the water was warm, and I was much better in the river getting along than in a tree perishing. Just one time when a big floating log struck me I felt uncomfortable, and I said to myself, "Steady, my boy, steady, or you'll go down."

After a while the sky cleared a bit and I kept a good look out for the Dalgangal house. Sure enough, it loomed up all right, and I got out and made for it very pleased with myself. Some kangaroo dogs rushed out barking but did no harm. When I got to the house a young fellow named Gibson came out and was much astonished when I told him my story. He said, "Peel off, and get into my warm blankets, and I'll shake down elsewhere." I was soon inside the blankets and asleep. In a couple of days the river had fallen 20 ft., and I recovered my saddle and



valise, and also found Tommy. He had got out all right.

I was none the worse for all my swimming—just felt a bit weak in the knees. Thirty-two years afterwards I was breakfasting at the Queensland Club in Brisbane, and after breakfast an elderly man with grey hair came up and spoke to me, and said, “Don’t you recognize me?” I said, “No.” “Why,” he said, “don’t you remember the nine mile swim you did on the Burnett? And getting into my blankets at Dalgangal?” “Why,” I said, “it’s Gibson; but it was six miles, not nine.” He said, “It was six miles by the road, and you came round all the bends in the river, a good nine miles.”

The Queensland Club is one of those clubs where a visitor is made welcome—no frills or starch about it, not in 1896 at any rate.

After swimming the Burnett again I rode on to Ban Ban, getting there by 6th August, 1864. I heard there of the sale of a station on the Darling Downs with 90,000 sheep, 10,000 acres Freehold, for £50,000, on long terms.

On the 20th I started from there for Burton Downs with 10,800 sheep. While at Ban Ban I was glad to hear of Bob Learmonth having won some good steeple-chases with Ingleside. There was nothing very eventful during this trip with sheep, but I was ill most of the time. I followed the track I had opened up with the cattle the year before. By this time it was a beaten road. In places the spear grass was so high and thick I had to burn tracks to get the sheep through. Crossing the Dawson I was shown a place where 700 head of cattle had been swept away and drowned in 1864, and the drovers were for eight days in trees; their legs swelled greatly. For about three weeks I was so ill I could scarcely sit in the saddle, and indeed had to take to the dray on some days.

While on this trip three prisoners escaped from Rockhampton gaol. Mr. Jardine, the police magis-

trate, went after them and fired several shots, but they got away. They made into the bush and stole three horses and saddles and bridles, rode up to a station, stuck it up by holding out their pipe cases, which the frightened people took for pistols. They got firearms and all they wanted there, and then stuck up a lot of places. One day they stuck up a surveyor whose camp we passed. Next day the surveyor shifted camp to within four miles of our camp. The following morning one of the bushrangers, not knowing it was another camp of the same man they had stuck up the day before, was walking up to the tent to bail up the occupant. The surveyor saw the fellow approaching, and, recognizing him, covered him with his revolver, and made him hold up his hands. The surveyor was a very nervous man, and as he had the man covered his hands shook so that the revolver went off and shot the marauder through the heart. The surveyor was tried. Of course it was brought in as justifiable homicide.

John Jardine was the father of these two intrepid boys, one twenty-two, the other twenty, both born in New South Wales, who, starting in October, 1863, from Port Denison (now Bowen) made that memorable trip up Cape York Peninsula to Somerset, where their father, under orders from the Imperial Government, had started a Government Settlement.

The distance to be traversed was from 700 to 800 miles, and the journey presented difficulties sufficient to have deterred the bravest explorer. Much of the country consisted of sheep ranges with deep gullies in between, and most of it covered with dense scrub. There were many deep and rapid rivers to cross, and in the wet season, which set in the month after the start of the expedition, the country becomes a quagmire, and the low-lying ground becomes covered with water for miles.

The boggy state of the country—even 40 years later—was used by the wild blacks to trap the settlers'

cattle. Rushing on the cattle with horrid yells, the blacks caused them to stampede, with the usual result that scores and scores of the poor beasts got bogged, and then fell easy victims to the astute blacks. The loss to the pioneers of the Peninsula from this cause has been very great.

The Jardines well knew that the blacks were very numerous on the Peninsula, and that they were the most savage and warlike of all the Australian aborigines. They had poor Kennedy's ill-fated expedition and his death by these same blacks staring them in the face. Kennedy started from Rockhampton Bay in the East Coast of the Peninsula in 1848 with a good-sized party of white men and one black boy—Jacky Jacky. He hoped to reach Cape York, the extreme end of the Peninsula, by following the East Coast.

Kennedy's sad end after having pluckily almost reached his objective with only Jacky Jacky left with him, is a well-known bit of Australian history, and I am now chronicling the Jardines' trip. Suffieient to say that Kennedy was remorselessly followed by the blacks, who eventually speared him to death, his faithful Jacky escaping in the most wonderful manner—to relate the sad tale.

Undeterred by all the difficulties and dangers that lay before them the Jardines undertook the trip with light hearts, really thinking nothing of it. It turned out a much bigger undertaking than they had anticipated, and but for the four good men who accompanied them and their own indomitable courage, undaunted perseverance, and unsurpassable bushmanship they would never have won through.

They started early in October, 1863, with some 40 horses over 200 head of cattle, and a good supply of rations and ammunition. The party consisted of four whites and some three or four tried black boys and the two leaders.

By January, 1864, the plucky explorers had lost

more than half their horses and many of their cattle; these losses were chiefly from the poison plant. They had lost most of their rations crossing the flooded rivers, and soon their live-stock became still further reduced. Finally they were all without any rations at all, and their cattle all dead. They had to depend on their guns for food, and they had to husband their ammunition all they knew, as the blacks never gave them any rest, but followed them for over 400 miles attacking them at every possible opportunity, and on one occasion killing one of the party, Cowderoy, who, I think, was a Victorian.

Eventually, in February 1864, they reached Somerset in rags, weather-beaten, thin as crows but undaunted and not thinking they had done anything out of the common.

One can well imagine the joy of John Jardine when the ragged, bedraggled little party hove in sight, albeit the much-needed little herd of cattle had succumbed on the way.

It was a wonderful trip, and very few seem ever to have heard of it, though passengers by boats sailing north to Thursday Island always have their attention drawn to Frank Jardine's residence, on a ridge at Somerset, facing the sea. The two brothers were elected Fellows of the Royal Geographical Society. What grand leaders such boys as they would be, "somewhere in France, with Maude in Mesopotamia, at the Lone Pine, or leading our boys charging the Huns on horseback with fixed bayonets, at Romani or Beersheba."

May I live to meet the Jardines again after these many years that have elapsed since.

On 20th July, 1865, I left the sheep and went home to Burton Downs. The sheep arrived soon after. I stayed between Burton Downs and the Hermitage (Vine Creek) till 16th October, when I rode to Rockhampton and back on business. Then I took 5,000 of our sheep to the Hermitage. I had a fine



young Scotchman named Reid with me, learning Colonial experience. He was the right sort for a new country. Once when I was away at Burton Downs, in writing to me he said, "Everything is going on well; in fact, we only want a head to the water cask to make this the most complete station in Northern Queensland." At that time the whole of the improvements on the Hermitage consisted of a small slab hut with a bark roof and earthen floor, and two brush yards.

Also I had an old man named Sadlier and his son shepherding. Sadlier, I ascertained afterwards, was a brother of a former provost of Trinity College, Dublin. He had made an unfortunate marriage, and came down in the world, and his son, though a really nice boy, was just a shepherd. We soon settled down at the Hermitage. We had tents, and made a camp on a nice knoll. It was a pretty little run, but surrounded by scrub. To the West was a good high range dividing us from the Cape Waters. We were about one hundred and fifty miles easterly of what is now Hughenden, then known as "The Flinders," where already pioneers were beginning to take up country, and where we should have taken our sheep, but the end would have been just the same. Success was not possible at that time for pioneers in North Queensland; the conditions were too adverse.

At this time Nat Buchanan, brother of the well-known W. F. Buchanan, of New South Wales (Bluey), had taken up and was managing Bowen Downs, on the Thomson, from which station was made the big cattle steal recorded pretty circumstantially in Rolf Boldrewood's famous *Robbery Under Arms*. The "steal" occurred long after Nat's time. John Ranken was manager then. It was a very wet time when the cattle stealers settled down on the back of the run, put up a stockyard, mustered the cattle and took them to Adelaide, and it's quite true that there was a white imported bull among the cattle they stole.

The man who stole the cattle was tried at Roma, but a Roma jury would not convict him, and, if I do not mistake, he was never convicted.

Nat Buchanan took his wife out to Bowen Downs in 1863. She was the only white woman out there in my time. I remember Nat taking her across the Belyando in a boat made after my fashion out of a waterproof sheet. She wanted to swim, but he would not let her. She was an Armidale girl, and a thorough bushwoman, and good mate for Nat, who was the best bushman I ever met. Twelve months after passing over a piece of country (no track) he could go back and show you the spot he had camped in. He had all the instincts of a blackfellow and the intelligence of a white. From Nat I learned the true pace at which to travel in order to get most out of your horse, and I think least out of yourself, viz., a jog trot of about nearly six miles an hour. You don't rise in the stirrups, you just sit loose in the saddle and sway to the motion of the horse. Nat used to say that any sort of a decent horse will carry you eighty miles at that pace, and I quite bear him out, also it is far easier on a man than to ride at a walk. It is the natural pace of a horse. On my long journey I used to get down now and then during the day and walk or run a mile and lead or drive my horse ahead of me. This relieves both man and horse. It was Nat who took up that magnificent property, "Wave Hill," in the Northern Territory, for his brother, W. F. Buchanan. They used to brand 25,000 calves there every year. It was a hard trip bringing in cattle from Wave Hill, in the Territory, to Narrabri, in New South Wales.

While at the Hermitage, only that I was constantly ill, I would have quite enjoyed the life, as I thought we were doing well. Life there had a certain amount of adventure in it. At the same time there were many drawbacks; the heat was very great, the nights no relief, flies and mosquitoes intolerable, food rough,

and a good deal of fever. What I called the Bel-yando Spue was a most trying ailment. Suddenly water would run from one's mouth, then retching and sickness came on; the extraordinary part of it was that in twenty minutes or often within five minutes one could eat a meal again, possibly with the same result. The Western fellows called it "the Barcoo sickness," the Northern men termed it the "Burdekin vomit." We all thought it peculiar to our own district, but it was prevalent all over the North, and I have seen it in New South Wales also. The ordinary name for it is "water brash," and the medical term is "pyrosis." The only thing we found that helped to prevent it and to relieve it was Worcester sauce, and immense quantities of this were consumed in the North. Once I experimented with bromide of potash and a little whisky, with good effects. When we first got it we thought we had swallowed flies. It felt exactly as if live flies had got inside of us and were crawling about. Of course we knew that this was impossible.

We were without rain at The Hermitage from the end of February, 1864, till 23rd December, 1864, ten months, and for the last few months of the drought we had to shepherd the sheep in the scrubs on the river, and very little they got there. We had the sheep in two flocks. Old Sadlier took one, and Charley, his son, the other. Up to this the blacks had never troubled us. In fact we had not seen any tracks, though we knew there were plenty not far off. One evening, it was the 13th December, 1864, we were having our supper at the Knoll when we saw Charley Sadlier's sheep coming home without him. They came up to camp and lay down. I was very uneasy, but old Sadlier said he thought Charley must have dropped a little mob and gone after them, and would turn up soon, but he never turned up, and I made up my mind that the blacks had killed him. I counted the sheep next morning as soon as I could

see, and found them 368 short. Dick went for the horses; he had to walk eight miles to get them every morning on account of the drought. I went over to where I had two men putting up a hut for me. I told one of them, a fine fellow named Dan, about Charley, and that I felt sure that the blacks had got him. He said he would take Charley's flock if I gave him a rifle, that he was not afraid of blacks, and after breakfast he took the flock out. When Dick returned with the horses we went to look for Charley. About a mile and a half away in the scrub we found the missing sheep, and one had what looked like a spear wound. I sent Dick on to Dan with the 300 sheep while I took a look round.

As I rode through the scrub looking for Charley I suddenly came on some wild blacks. They cleared off at once, but I saw that one of them had a white blanket on his shoulder. Had I been more experienced, I would at once have known that the possession of the blanket indicated "trouble," and there was no doubt that these were some of the blacks that had killed Charley, for I may as well state here that he had been killed, and three months afterwards I found his skeleton picked clean by the native dogs, and beside it lay a little New Testament that I had given him. It was all torn by the dogs. The blacks had evidently crept on Charley, probably when he was asleep, and killed him with a tomahawk. There were two small holes in his skull, one behind each ear.

Although I suspected trouble, still I did not fire at these blacks, but galloped off to a big lagoon to which I had told Dan to take the sheep, and where Dick was to take the 300 sheep we had recovered. When I got there I found Dick with a black up a tree, at whom he was snapping his revolver, but it would not go off. Dick, with tears in his eyes, said to me, "Poor fellow, Charley, there alonga fire." I rode over, and there with the legs consumed in a fire, lay



the body of poor Dan, from whom I had parted full of life a few hours before. I went back and gave my revolver to Dick, who shot the black, and then I returned to poor Dan, or what was left of him. His legs were quite burnt away. We found his head had been battered in. He had evidently lain down to have a drink out of the lagoon, and had been struck on the back of the head with something heavy. He apparently had jumped up and made a hard fight for it, as the ground was all trampled. His rifle had vanished. I do not think that they were going to eat him, for he had his clothes on. Dan had walked right over the tracks of the blacks as he went to drink at the lagoon. They had made quite a big "pad." Any ordinary bushman would have seen the pad, but probably Dan thought they were sheep tracks. The flock was gone, only the 360 sheep remained. I left my revolver with Dick, but we first gathered up a big lot of weapons, and the white blanket was there. The whole thing must have been done very quickly. In a gin's dilly-bag I found half of Lever's novel, *The Daltons*. It turned out that these blacks had robbed a shepherd's hut, and killed two men, which accounted for the white blanket and *The Daltons*.

I sent Dick after the missing flock, while I took the 360 sheep back to the Knoll, and told the four men what had happened, and that there was no doubt Charley had been killed. The men were in an awful funk except young Reid. Dick got the flock all right—there were none short. I went back with Dick to the Lagoon in the evening, but the dead black and the white blanket had been taken away. I rolled up what was left of Dan in a bag, and buried the remains next day at the Knoll. I got only one foot—I couldn't find the other. It had not been burnt, as there was iron on the boot and nothing remained.

Next day no one would take out any sheep except young Reid. I sent Dick for the horses. Then Reid and old Sadlier took out one flock on the plain where

there was not a blade of grass. I gave the other two men horses and rifles, and they took out the second flocks into the scrub. Dick and I went after the blacks. We tracked them into the ranges. There they had set fire to the dry grass and leaves, and we lost the tracks, and at any rate there was no water, so we returned home.

In any case we could not leave the sheep to the tender mercies of the men. Next morning Dick and I took one flock out on foot into the scrub, and the other flock had to go on the plain. I sent one of the men on to Burton Downs for the native police, and for help, and wrote to Port Denison to the Police Magistrate, reporting the murders. I was very "mad," and as the Americans say, felt "real ugly," over Charley's and Dan's deaths. Poor old Sadlier had gone out of his mind.

About a week after an old fellow called "Paddy the Horse" came along looking for a job. He had twenty brood mares, and a stallion and a rifle and revolver. He was a hard case, and had no fear of blacks, so I put him on to shepherd, but we had to look after his mares. Old Paddy only changed his clothes once a year, and washed only on that occasion, and always slept in his clothes. He thought I was stark staring mad, having a bath generally twice a day.

Up to this time none of us had ever fired at a black, nor molested them in any way, and I indeed had had a row with a native police officer because he had "dispersed" blacks below Burton Downs, on the Isaacs. As we were living then a man chums up with his men if they are any good, and I was quite fond of Charley and Dan, and after their deaths I felt quite different about the blacks. I knew, too, that unless the blacks were followed up, none of our lives were safe. I was just breaking my heart to be after them to avenge these murders. About two weeks after they occurred my brother and a fine fel-

low named Bill Hickson came to The Hermitage. Hickson was a grand bushman, and had had many turns with the blacks in other parts. Two days later Lieutenant Uhr and his native police boys reached us, and next day we all started off on our punitive expedition. These fellows tracked the blacks with ease. They put the number down at about twenty from the tracks, including gins. We white men could not see a sign of a track till after we had been a week after them. In one place we were crossing a rocky river, and I asked a Murray black, called Capito, an old fellow, what he was following. He pointed to where a black had spit out something he had been chewing, and sure enough others had also been chewing and spitting.

Our trip was quite a picnic. We did about ten miles a day, tracking all the time. Sometimes, of course, off the scent and delayed. No one watched at night, and if the blacks had been about and been game, they could have easily crept on us in the dark. I asked Uhr if this had ever happened. He said only once, and then the wild blacks were led by two runaway black troopers, and they pretty well wiped out the police camp. The troopers cooked good food for us and most delicious "beggars on the coals," sort of Johnny cakes.

After doing about one hundred miles on the tenth day, as Capito and I were riding in the lead in open scrub country, suddenly he leaned down on his horse and went off as hard as he could, I after him. He had sighted the "myalls." We galloped into them. They were running in all directions. The gins lay down, one was shot by mistake. We shot down two blackfellows and got through them and turned back. A shot from one of our fellows hit my horse in the chest—no harm done. In a few minutes all the blacks, twelve of them, were shot. If one or two tried to fight they had no chance. I had told the troopers to look out for a big fellow with a white

blanket, and when it was all over I went round, and there, sure enough, was the white blanket, and I recognised the face I had seen in the scrub, but instead of a big man, as I thought, he was quite a small man. I do not think one blackfellow got away, and there was no doubt we had got on the fellows who had killed Dan and Charley, for besides our having followed the tracks, there was the white blanket, and in addition to that in another gin's dilly-bag I found the other half of the Lever's novel, *The Daltons*. Good circumstantial evidence.

We sat down, and it seemed very cold blooded that with some of the dead blacks lying close to us, and the gins scowling at us from a little distance off, we ate and enjoyed our pot of tea and our dinner. We all got back to The Hermitage that night, I am afraid quite pleased with having revenged the deaths of not only Charley and Dan, but of several others. Just about this time, on Natal Downs, which almost adjoined us, though fifty miles off, the blacks killed two shepherds, cutting off their faces, and thrusting one foot through the mouths, as mentioned in another instance. I never could find out what was meant by this mutilation. In about six weeks in a radius of about 200 miles round us, twenty-one whites were killed by the blacks. There were never any more murders, I was told, on the Lower Belyando. The blacks never forgot the lesson we taught them.

About six months after this I was out showing The Hermitage to an intending buyer. We got to the Murdering Lagoon, where Dan was killed, and it was dry. I told my friend about the murders, and showed him where Dan had been killed, and there close by was his rifle and the missing foot! My friends said that the sight of poor Dan's foot quite upset any idea my friend might have had of buying. In fact the story got into a Rockhampton paper. I took the rifle home, primed it afresh, put it round a corner of our hut, and having tried a string to the trigger, I pulled



it. The rifle went off and did not burst, though it had been at least six months under the water. A bit later on one of our men was handing a rifle to another who was on horseback. The rifle went off, and blew the man's head off, and about the same time one of our men died from fever and ague. I had to report all these deaths also to Port Denison, and I began to think the police might come round to make enquiries.

Just before I had started from Burton Downs I had bought a donkey from Hickson. He was a fine Spanish ass, bred in Tasmania by the Van Dieman's Land Company, and a handsome animal as donkeys go. He was twenty-five years old, but quite fresh. He had never been ridden. Hickson gave £5 for him in Rockhampton, thinking he would be splendid to pack. He put his pack on him and started away. That night he could not catch the donkey, and he had to camp without any "nap" (blankets). It was frosty, and Hickson, who was by no means an easy-going fellow, was furious. Next night the donkey was still recalcitrant, whereupon Hickson pulled out his revolver and pisted the poor donkey in the head with bullets till he became dazed enough to be caught. The bullets did not go far in, and Mr. Donkey trotted off next day none the worse for his experience. Hickson did not pack him again and sold him to me for £5. I drove him, and afterwards rode him. He did not buck, but had no mouth, and could go where he liked with me, but he was a splendid pack, especially going through scrub, and I could always catch him easily. I picked five bullets out of his head after he became my property. One day he bolted with me in very thick scrub. I tried to shoot him, but could not manage it, and at last he stuck fast in the scrub.

One day Dick and I went after a smoke in the ranges, and rode till we got quite stuck up after dark in a dense scrub. We had to stay there and tie up our horses, and the donkey till morning. I never heard such a howling of native dogs as I heard there

next morning. We soon got out of the scrub, and found a little hole of water in a rock, where we breakfasted. While having breakfast we heard the wild blacks—no doubt those whose smoke we had seen—chopping quite close to us. They were no doubt chopping out their breakfast. Wild blacks are most improvident—it is just hand-to-mouth with them. We saddled up, and tried to get on the blacks, but they were too quick for us. We only got two gins and a little girl. One of the gins was old, but as straight as a pole. The three of them were up two trees in a second, but Dick soon got them down. As we were so constantly in the scrub I had put our pack on the donkey. Being so small, he got through the scrub much better than a horse, and so our pack escaped being torn. The donkey could, and would, kick the eye out of a mosquito, and nothing would do the gins but get right behind him, yet he never lifted a hoof at them.

The little girl scratched her leg coming down the tree, and was greatly pleased when I applied some Holloway's ointment to it. Holloway's ointment and pills were the stock patent medicines then, but of course Blue Pills and quinine were in common use. When we saw the gins first one had a big carpet snake round her neck—the head and tail nearly reached the ground.

When travelling up with the first sheep I one day rode right over a carpet snake lying across the road. I did not then know that these snakes were harmless. I got down, and as the snake was making past a tree, I crept up to the tree with a stick to hit him. The snake, instead of passing the tree, turned sharp round it, and as I was stooping he came round right in front of my face. I think he was as much taken aback as I was. I killed the poor brute, and he measured 11 ft. 6 in.

Curious to say, about twelve months after, quite near the same place, I came on another big carpet

snake. I captured this fellow, and, dragging it into camp, let it go, much to the consternation of the men who did not know it was harmless.

The old gin ran off and jumped into what I thought was a shallow water-hole in a creek near by. I went after her, and she wouldn't come out, so I jumped in and found it was quite deep—she was just treading water. We tried to get these gins to take us on to the others, but after about two hours trotting over ranges we gave it best. A few nights after this, Dick and I were camped in our tent. We always lay with our rifles in our hands. I heard Dick sit up, so I sat up. Then I heard a thud, thud, just like a body of men walking, and Dick and I crawled to the door of the tent all ready for action. Just then we heard the rattle of a hobble chain. It was our horses coming from water, and the mud had muffled the hobbles. Next morning Dick and I tried our rifles, and neither would go off. A mile from camp we came on wild blacks, but they were off in a jiffy.

## CHAPTER XXI.

Some months later I started in for a visit to Burton Downs. I had Dick with me, as usual, and we took the dray, but we had not gone twenty miles before we met a man who gave me a two months' mail. A letter informed me that there had been a financial crisis in Sydney, our agents had gone down, and Burton Downs would have to be sold at once. I rode on to Burton Downs, ninety miles, that day, got a fresh horse, and rode to Waverley, about 172 miles, by 3 o'clock in the morning of the fourth day. I wakened up the hotelkeeper, and asked him if he could sell me a horse that would take me to Rockhampton that day. He said he could. I asked the price. He said,

“Eight pounds.” “An £8 horse won’t carry me 130 miles in one day,” said I. He replied, “The horse is no hack, but he’ll carry you as far as you can ride him.” He went down the paddock and ran up the horse, an ugly old roach-backed chestnut. A little brown filly came into the yard with the horse, and the publican said, “You can ride the filly to Marlborough and lead the chestnut, then you will certainly get through. It took me about nineteen hours to do the 130 miles, including stoppages, and I was much more tired than the old horse, having done 372 miles in four days. I found things were not so bad as represented, and after a day’s spell I started for home again via the Peak Downs. I rode the chestnut seventy miles after twelve o’clock the first day, and he carried me so well that I christened him “Sundown.” He got quite a name in the North.

I returned to Burton Downs in very bad heart, as I could see that there was no hope of our pulling through with our Queensland ventures. Our agents were calling on us to reduce our indebtedness to them, so we sold The Hermitage, with five thousand sheep, to a Mr. Peyton for £5,000. He paid only £1,500 in cash, and gave us bills for the balance. This tided us over a few months, then our agents declined to carry us on. Burton Downs had to be sold. A New South Wales man bought it, with 10,000 sheep, for £10,000, paying £2,500 cash, and giving bills for the balance. The sales left us £3,200 in debt. Raymond’s and my liability came to £800 each. Edwards undertook to see to the determination of his partnership with us. As he owned other properties, and as his agents were also our agents, he informed us that our liability would be debited to him, being our partner. He therefore asked Raymond and me each to give him a bill for the amount of our deficiency, assuring us that it was only a matter of form to satisfy his agents. I told Edwards that he could have my



horses, worth about £120, but he declined this, and I gave him my promissory note for £800.

Poor Peyton, who had purchased The Hermitage, could not meet the first bill, and the agents foreclosed, and sold him off with a similar result to the new purchaser. The purchaser of Burton Downs also fell on bad times. The blacks killed a lot of his sheep and a lot more were lost. The spear grass spread from the ridges to the plains. In two years he also came to grief, and the agents foreclosed. Eventually Edwards got into difficulties with his other properties. He levanted to England, in debt over £20,000 to his backers.

And now comes the cruel part of the whole business as regards myself. Some four years after the sale of Burton Downs, while managing Brookong, I redeemed my indebtedness to Edwards by paying him £400, which I had saved out of my salary. My readers can imagine my disgust on finding shortly afterwards that Edwards had entirely misled me; he had not legally dissolved our partnership. He had used my £400 to levant to England, where he had friends, and where he soon after died, and, to my consternation, I found that Raymond and I, being still partners of Edwards, his agents held us severally liable for the whole of Edward's liability of over £20,000. An explanation of the circumstances resulted in an amicable settlement.

What had happened to us was happening all over North Queensland, and went on till almost every station had become the property of the mortgagees. The latter sold whenever they could get a buyer, even if it were at a loss, and often the mortgagees had to foreclose a second, and at times, a third time before they got clear of their possessions.

The amount of Victorian capital that was lost on the Flinders and in North and West Queensland was enormous. Several men whom I knew well lost large sums of money. Even in my time it was the custom

with financial institutions and merchants (more particularly institutions) to sell a man up with little notice, and put a new man (or mug) on with a little capital to have the dose repeated. The whole system was rotten. A great friend of mine, John Rule, of Aramac, North Queensland, told me one day in George-street, Sydney, that his banker (manager of one of the very leading New South Wales banks) had that day told him that if he did not pay off his indebtedness his place would at once be sold; and yet Rule told me that wool sufficient to liquidate his whole indebtedness was at that very time on its way to London, and the bank held the bills of lading. This now seems almost incredible. Rule got the money from a merchant company in Sydney, but in the end went down.

Rule's partner, Laey, was the father of the Miss Laey who did that wonderful swim of thirty-six hours after the wreck of the *Quetta*, and was saved.

B. D. Morehead, so well known in Queensland, told me a good story of Rule. The latter, after he failed on the Aramac, took the management of the place for B. D. Morehead and Co., and on one occasion when B. D. Morehead was up to inspect for the Company, he said to Rule, "By the way, I have a book with me, I think you would like to read. It is called *Letters from Hell!*" "Oh, thank you," said Rule, "letters from B. D. Morehead and Co. are quite enough for me."

The savings of nine years hard work in Victoria, and of my three years pioneering in Queensland, had thus resulted in the total loss of my savings and of my labour. Still I had gained valuable experience, and had made some good staunch friends, and though my health was considerably impaired, I was young and still hopeful, and did not consider that I had any reason to complain or to be downhearted. To me the "world was still young," and indeed I had great reason for thankfulness, for though I had lost money,



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1 HERBERT POWER  
3 W. HALLIDAY  
5 MR. HEBDEN

2 TOM CROMMELIN  
4 CHARLES HEBDEN  
6 C. M. LLOYD



BURTON DOWNS, 1866



ARTHUR MACARTNEY



A BLACK LADY



labour, and to some extent, health, I had in a most extraordinary manner in 1865, while at The Hermitage, found that which is of a thousandfold greater value than riches, success and health all put together. I had found myself, I had found my own soul, and I had found God. For truly has it been said, "What shall it profit if a man gain the whole world and loses his own soul?"

It came upon me like a flash of lightning. I cannot call to mind anything that had occurred to which I can trace it; but one evening in 1865 as I sat down to write to my mother, there without any influencing environment, whether good or bad, almost by myself, in the wilds of North Queensland, my eyes seemed to be suddenly opened. Up to that day I had been living as had the nations of the world when this awful war burst on them. I had been living just for the present, living to make money, living to get on in the world. A perfectly right and laudable object provided it is subordinated to the higher life, but as with the nations so with me, for me, as for them, there was no higher life. This awful war has, I hope and believe, revived virtue in us, it has turned our thoughts to those great eternal principles of life and duty that we had been in danger of forgetting.

We have become a more serious and more sober people. The war has thrust us in on ourselves and made us think, and out of our thoughtfulness will come a renewal of life. May there be a great wholesale conversion of people and of the world. Shall not the war bring about the Healing of the Nations? It will, it must. The world is about to be born anew. Alas! Alas! that human nature is such that it can only be re-born in groans and travail, in agony and bloody sweat.

To return to myself, in the "twinkling of an eye" I became a new man. It was as if scales had fallen from my eyes. I then and there (it was in 1865) wrote to my mother, "Your prayers have been

answered. I now see, with your eyes, what you have so often tried to get me to believe. I do believe, and know that Christ died for me, and that great sinner as I am, I am saved."

I do not suppose I had been any worse than most men of my age (28 then) in gratifying my appetites and passions. I had been selfish. I had lived entirely as if there was no God, and no future life. I do not remember giving these matters a thought before this time. I no doubt had some good points. For instance, I was loyal and straight, temperate and truthful, and I think kind, and at any rate I had plenty of friends, but I lived the life of most young men, and I was a horrible swearer. Even in North Queensland where the vernacular among gentlemen savoured very much of the men's hut, I was "beyond the odds." From that day I gave up swearing, from that day I led a pure life. This is the proof of the strength of my convictions, and of the wonderful change effected in me in one moment of time by what? I believe by my mother's prayers.

It may have been, and I think it was, that my mother (whom I loved beyond all in the world) was at that very moment thinking intensely of me, and praying for me, as she would herself have said, "on the knees of her soul," and that "telepathically" her thoughts reached me, and worked that wonderful change in me. I say it *may* be, but I firmly believe it *was* thus that I was converted, for converted I was just as surely as Paul was converted.

That is my explanation. I hope if I live a few years longer to put my religious experiences into the form of a small book, for I can't but think that a record of them would help many struggling and doubting souls, and bring them into that fair haven of rest which God in His great love has enabled me to reach after much battling and striving with adverse conditions, after much agony and much travail of soul and mind. Later on when I come to my four

years of clerical life I shall have perforce to go to a considerable extent into my religious experiences, but I do not wish to dwell more on them in these reminiscences than I can't help.

Suffice it to say that at the present stage God gave me strength to be true to my colours. I freely told my friends of the great change that had been wrought in me, and when opportunity offered I urged them to do likewise. I made no secret of it, and spoke of it openly and without reserve. My friends were one and all more than good to me. I met with no chaff, no one told me I was a d——d fool. I met with nothing but kindness and good cheer, and I think this must have been because I was so thoroughly in earnest, and so greatly imbued with the value and truth of what I had found, and that my every-day life was consistent with my profession of faith.

At this time I followed my mother's teaching. She was an Irish Protestant, that is to say an Evangelical of the Evangelicals, and I firmly believed then, and for some eight or nine years afterwards, in the crudest teaching of the Evangelical school—"salvation by the blood of Christ"—that we were all condemned and lost sinners, but that we all might be saved by believing that Christ had died instead of us on the cross, and by showing in our lives and conversation that we did truly believe. I believed, or thought I believed, in a devil, and in that horrible doctrine of eternal punishment.

This "faith" I held for many years. It altered my whole life. It upheld me in temptation and trial; it held me up in trouble and sorrow. It brought me to God and Life, and yet I had to part with it. But I am much happier and much more satisfied, and more truly blessed now in my simple faith in God, Christ and Immortality, unincumbered with unreasonable and immoral dogmas and doctrines entirely incompatible with faith in an All powerful, ever

present, all seeing God of Love and Faith and Justice. On this subject my pen is apt to run away with me, for it is Life to me.

I left off where I had reached another milestone in my life. It was bad enough for my brother and for me, but it was a knock-down blow to poor Raymond, who was not young, and who was married.

I got an offer from Black, manager of Eaglefield, to work for William Sloane & Co., of Melbourne. I was to improve and stock a fine piece of dry downs country they owned on the Peak Downs, called "Tinwald Downs." This was straight into my hand, and I started work at once. I had to break the bad news of our failure to my dear old father, the "Old Governor," whose £700 had gone along with my £700.

After leaving Burton Downs I spent a considerable time on Tinwald Downs. I was there by myself. I still had my faithful black boy, Dick, and had some sheep shepherded on the Suttor, and some well-sinkers at work. There was no water at all in the country, so my first job was to get a well sunk. While sinking the well I had to cart water over twenty miles. Even after heavy rain no water was left, the rain all soaked away into the virgin soil. I succeeded in getting water at about 120 feet; most of the sinking was through rock. I sometimes worked down the well myself.

After I got water in the well I brought the sheep home. On counting them the evening they arrived I found they were three hundred short. The young fellow, Moran, who was in charge of them, said he had counted them all right two camps before delivery. They had come about forty miles. Dick and I rode back next day, one each side, but could find no tracks going off. As the country was all virgin country, and no other sheep on it, it followed that the sheep had been lost before they started over, and that Moran was lying. Dick, a runaway trooper named Yorky, Moran and I started off to where the sheep had been



running to look for the missing ones. It was only about thirty miles through the bush, and we made a camp on a creek that night and started out two and two next day. As Dick and I were looking for the sheep we saw the tracks of two men on foot, but we thought they were tracks of our own men. While we were having dinner in camp I decided to go back and look up those tracks. We picked them up and there were no horse tracks. We followed them, and soon it was evident that we were on the tracks of men lost in the bush, and the nearest station was thirty miles. After a bit we found that they had discarded their clothes, shirts, trousers, hats, boots, and finally a little bag of tea and another of sugar. It is well known that when men become famished with thirst they throw away their clothes. We followed on, and not long before sundown, found the men had turned right round and returned not far from their own tracks, so could not be far away. We coo-ee'd and coo-ee'd, but no reply. Our other men had come on our tracks, and pulled us up, so we split up again and kept coo-eying. When it got dark we made fires, but kept on. Suddenly I thought I heard a cry, and then out of the dark two gaunt naked figures staggered towards us with their hands out, muttering "water, water." They had been lying down, but had heard our voices. We had no water, but fortunately we were only half a mile from our camp on the creek. We put the men on two of our horses, and took them to the camp and watered and fed them. They were too excited to sleep, and most grateful—swore they would work for me for nothing. They said they had left a place about sixty miles away, and had been lost ten days, and been a long time without water; that they had seen several lots of wild blacks who had not molested them. They were too ill-looking old chaps, evidently "old hands," i.e., convicts, named Sully and Sullivan.

Next day we found about thirty of the sheep, and

our men who brought the sheep to camp asked the old chaps to look after them, but they said, "You can blooming well shepherd them yourselves. We won't"—and yet the night before they would work for me all their lives for nothing! As they would have died had we left them, they had perforce to look after the sheep under pain of being left. Before leaving them we gave them rations, and told them how to strike a track that would take them to Avon Downs. Avon Downs was a big station, sixty miles double frontage to one creek. It belonged to Campbell and Chalmers.

While at Tinwald Downs I had one of the well-sinkers lost and three days without water. He was nearly dead when we got him. He couldn't speak. I put him in a tub and poured water over him, and just moistened his lips and mouth at first, and gave him a very little weak brandy and water to drink. When he found his voice, his language was abominable, a volley of curses. It was through his own crass stupidity that he got lost. I reckon that a man working hard, say with an axe, in great heat, can get very bad for water in four or five hours. I have been unable to speak after working for less than five hours with an axe in great heat without a drink. The black-boy and I had been working together, and we wanted to finish our job (making a brush yard.) The water was half a mile away. When we had finished the yard neither of us could speak. We went straight to a water-hole in the Belyando, and walked in clothes and all, and swam and drank and drank and swam till I thought we would "bust."

One day at Tinwald Downs I gave an old ewe (she was dying for want of water) a whole big five-gallon bucket of well water, and she drank it all at one drink. Another day our draught horse, Christmas, drank nearly a whole hogshead of water without taking his head from the cask. I measured the water

drunk by my riding horse one day while at Tinwald Downs. He drank 25 gallons during the day.

In Spring all that Peak Downs country is most beautiful. The wild flowers are numerous, and present a very gay appearance. The formation is all volcanic, and the soil consequently dark and rich. I put it down to carry a sheep to the acre in its natural state.

Although quite by myself, I was quite happy at Tinwald Downs. It was a beautiful piece of country, and I looked forward with much pleasure to working it up into a good going concern. I put up a little hut for myself of round stuff, stopping the breaks with mud. A few sheets of iron roofed it in, and I used another sheet for a bed while I was there. A sheet of corrugated iron makes a much better bed than anyone who has not tried it would suppose. There is a great deal of "give" in the iron, and one's hip fits nicely into a corrugation. Also I cooked for myself while at Tinwald Downs. One day a hawker came by, and when I got home in the evening I found the men and two black boys all drunk. I sacked Dick next day (not in earnest), and Dick was very hurt. "Me been good boy alonga you," said Dick; "you no good to me," and he brought me some little presents I had given him, and said he would not now keep them. Poor old Dick. I was very attached to him, and it would have taken a good deal to have parted us. I rode into Clermont and got two police troopers and a warrant. We followed the hawker for eighty miles, and got him with a lot of grog in his waggon. He had two fine horses, and I hoped he would lose waggon and horses. He was too smart for me, for on the road to Clermont he managed to get his horses away. His waggon and its contents were, however, confiscated. No doubt he recovered his valuable horses. He was fined, but he took it out in gaol.

One night when I was at Eaglefield, during the shearing, Black came to me and said, "Get your

revolver and come with me, and bring a tomahawk." I asked no questions, but came along. Black took me along to the scrub in which was a dray and a big lump of an Irishman camped alongside. Black said, "Pat, we have just come to see what you have got in your dray." "It's none of your business," said Pat, "and I'm not going to let you touch my dray." "We'll soon see about that," said Black, and he got my revolver and then asked me to inspect the contents of the dray. The first thing I struck was a small cask of rum, which I rolled out of the dray. "Just knock in the head," said Black. "Right oh," said I, and in went the head and out went the rum, amid groans and execrations from poor Pat. Next I came on two cases of gin. As I smashed each bottle Pat gave a groan. I destroyed all his grog, and Black told him he was lucky we had not sent for the police, as he would have lost his dray and horses, and been fined into the bargain. We had acted illegally in destroying the grog, but what could Pat do? The shearers thought we had behaved shamefully, and there was nearly a strike over the looting of Pat's grog. However no more grog was brought to Eaglefield or to Tinwald Downs.

## CHAPTER XXII.

On one occasion while at Burton Downs I went to Maryborough and secured two black boys and two gins, Charley, Maria, Rosy and Grophus. I took them to Rockhampton, rigged them all up in boy's clothes, and put them on horses. We all started off for Burton Downs, the four blacks and myself, and a merry start we made. None of the blacks had ever been on a horse. First one would tumble off, and then another, and then yet another, amid roars of laughter. But they never lost heart, and soon learned to ride.



After we had gone about twenty miles my horse fell with me. The blacks were very quiet till I got up all right, then they roared with laughter.

We used to camp almost always on a good big water hole, and, whether for mid-day camp or at night, in two minutes off went the shirts and trousers, and in two seconds the four blacks were diving and swimming in the water-hole. We had a grand trip. I was taking Maria up to go out to Aramac to a blackfellow of Rule's, and she was to be met at Marlborough (the turn off). I anticipated much trouble with Maria, but she went off quite contented, and never even said good-bye. I believe that would not have been proper etiquette. It is very amusing to see two blacks meet after quite a long separation, even brother and sister. They will not go up to each other for some time; they pretend not to see each other and gradually approach as if they were total strangers. Any immediate recognition or demonstration would be quite out of place, and "bad form." I was taking Rosy to Burton Downs to be a "help mate" for my boy Dick.

Shortly after arrival Dick came to me and said, "Rosy baal liked me, she spit at me." "Oh," I said, "Dick, that's all right, you get em waddy (stick) and directly she'll like you." Dick returned after a bit very ruefully, "By golly, Mr. Fetherston, that one cobbon sulky, that one no good, she take em waddy to me," and Dick was rubbing his head where she had got him with the waddy. I asked Rosy what was the matter with Dick. She said, "Baal me like Dick, that fellow too much ugly belonging to Mooroo (nose). Me liken Charley best fellow," and so she became Charley's wife. I said to Dick, "Best fellow no wife, Dick, like me, baal me want em wife, me bachelor." "Yooi" (yes), said Dick, rubbing his head again, "best fellow no wife, best fellow like it you, best fellow bachelor."

The Grophus, as we named the second boy, was a

lad of about sixteen. After he had been twelve months with us he "waxed lusty," and one day he swaggered up to my brother and said, "Suppose baal you get em gin for me, me bolt." And bolt he did, but he returned with a gin in about a month or so. My bold Grophus had made his way to Port Mackay, had killed a blackfellow and taken his gin, and he was very proud of himself.

On one of my trips from Ban Ban to Burton Downs I had brought back the old gin, Maggie, who had started with us with the first lot of sheep. Maggie had made her way back to Ban Ban, and I got her to come back with me for Mrs. Raymond. Maggie was a splendid house servant. I dressed her in shirt and trousers, and she rode up with me, and cooked and looked after the horses for the whole trip.

I said nothing about Maggie on my arrival with apparently a rather small black boy, but ten minutes afterwards, much to everyone's surprise, there appeared on the scene a full-blown gin with a blouse and a crinoline, if you please, and looking twice the size of the boy that had accompanied me. Mrs. Raymond was delighted, and Maggie remained with her till we left Burton Downs. In spite of the trouble I had with the wild blacks I am very fond of the blacks, and almost all trouble with them could have been avoided in North Queensland. If they had been treated judiciously there would have been very little difficulty in dealing with them. They are naturally kindly and friendly, and they quite appreciate kind treatment; but they must not be treated too freely; they must for some considerable time be made to keep their distance, must always be treated with firmness and kept in their place. Of my own experience I have never known station owners to ill-treat the blacks. On the contrary, as with ourselves, I have known station owners to receive a good deal of provocation in the way of having cattle and horses speared without retaliating.

Dr. Wilkins gave me a graphic description of the funeral rites attending the death of an old black chief at Port Mackay. They had the old fellow's body well cooked on a hot fire, and his friends and relatives were eating him. This was not done for the sake of the flesh, but as some sort of religious ceremony. The old fellow had been a great warrior, and the others believed that by eating his flesh they would get some of his fighting power. His old woman was in great grief, and was painted with white daubs and gashed as well. Dr. Wilkins said the old woman would howl and cry, and then take a mouthful of the old man, and howl and yell again, and then have another mouthful.

While I was at Tinwald Downs the blacks killed two shepherds of a neighbour at Avon Downs, and wounded another, so the neighbours were asked to make up a party to follow the blacks. Black, manager of Eaglefield, came over, and Campbell, of Avon Downs, came and brought a man, and his black boy, Wellington. My brother also joined us, and my black boy Dick, and another black boy, the runaway trooper named Yorky, who had dropped in on us one evening tired and hungry.

One day we struck a bit of open country, and on the edge of it saw the remains of a very large camp of blacks. There were numerous skeletons of snakes in the camp, also an imitation of a small yard. The same day we came across an old nest of the brush turkey, the "Tallagatta," but the eggs had either been hatched out or had been taken by the blacks. These brush turkeys are much more like the tame turkey than the so-called wild turkey of the plains. The latter in fact is a "bustard." The Tallagatta build immense mounds of twigs and loose earth, humus in fact, and their eggs are covered up in this and left to hatch out by the heat of the sun.

We soon got on the track of the blacks, a good big mob, too. The first day we did fifteen miles, having

ridden on and tracked up the mob. In their first camp we found where they had been mixing flour, so we reckoned that they had a runaway black trooper with them. We also found a piece of a shirt with blood on it. One day we heard blacks chopping. The black boys and I took off our boots and tried to sneak on them, but could not manage it. Next day we heard a gin ery out, but we could not get on to them. The boys and I rode on five miles and picked up their tracks quite fresh, but it got dark and we had to get back to camp.

We followed the tracks for six or seven days, and in several camps found pieces of shirt with blood on them and traces of flour. None of our black boys were good trackers, and it was evident that although the blacks did not seem to know that we were after them (or they would have dispersed), yet we were not getting any nearer to them. They were on the move and moving as fast as we were.

I proposed that I and the three black boys should ride on ten or twenty miles, without tracking, in the direction in which we had been going. Then we would try to pick up the tracks, and if we got them we would return. This was agreed to. Before we had gone a mile we picked up a single track, and soon after we rode right into the blacks in some open forest country. They were running from all directions for the scrub. Dick shot one fellow, but he got away in the scrub. I managed to cut off one big "buck." I fired all five barrels of my revolver at him, while I was galloping along close to him, and I could have sworn every bullet must have hit him. At last he bailed up like an old man kangaroo. He looked splendid. Of course he was stark naked, a fine big man, with his hair flying out from his head, and his eyes flashing. He was whirling a paddy melon stick over his head and apparently looking at me. I had one shot left in a single-barrelled pistol, and I took a steady aim at him over my arm, Dick shouting at me,



“Look out, directly that fellow throw him.” As he threw the stick I fired. Instead of throwing the paddy melon stick at me he threw it at Dick and struck him on the arm as he raised it to save his head, and the buck fell down dead, shot through the heart. We followed on after the others, but saw no more of the mob. We gathered up a lot of nullah-nullahs and spears, boomerangs and things. We took some away, and went back to camp and reported ourselves. We all agreed that we did not want to shoot any more of them. We had shown the blacks that they could not kill our men with impunity, and that was enough.

Black and I went away together and camped just after dark. It got very black, and it looked as if we were about to have a heavy storm. I did as I always used to do in Northern Queensland (in the bush). I took off all my clothes, rolled them up tight, put them under my saddle, and waited for the storm. I advised Black, who was a staid married man, to do the same, but for a good while he held out. It got blacker and blacker, and looked like a deluge, and at last he peeled off and followed my lead. We sat there “like dismal dummies” for about an hour, and the storm cleared off without a drop of rain. I chaffed Black, and raised a good laugh against him with Mrs. Black when next I was at Eaglefield. Black entered political life later on, and was Minister for Lands.

The black question has formed matter of debate the world over. I can’t but think that the whites had a perfect right to take possession of this great Continent, sparsely peopled as it was with a decadent race of savages, but little removed now from mere animals. True, the Australian aboriginals are adaptable; they can learn a great deal. They can learn to read and write; to shear and sew; and no doubt can learn many trades; but they have fallen below any possibility of recovery. I think there is no doubt that had the whites never discovered and taken pos-

session of Australia the blacks would never have risen any higher, and they would in time most surely have died out.

The blacks could not be called a nation; they are only a coterie of tribes, so disconnected that a black found out of his own particular district was always killed, and in most cases had his kidney fat taken out. I remember one instance where a blackfellow recovered after his kindey fat had been removed.

The advent of the white man has greatly hastened the end of the blacks, for they easily succumb to the diseases introduced by the whites. In addition the blacks soon acquired all the vices of the whites, and took to smoking and alcohol, and of late years in North Queensland to opium. All these things have helped to carry them off.

The number of blacks actually killed by the whites cannot amount to much as compared to the loss from disease. I use the word killed, the blacks themselves would call it murder, and in many cases the "killing" was murder. I do not call the killing of whites by the blacks murder; the blacks did not know any better, poor things, and in many instances they had great provocation.

It must be remembered that these people are savages, and that much of their life was given to hunting for food. They followed the trail of their prey and sneaked on it, and rejoiced in the blow of the paddy melon stick or that of the spear that secured their prey to them. To a wild black, the sneaking on a shepherd or sleeping white man, and dealing him his death blow, would be on a par with knocking over a kangaroo or a wallaby. The blacks are, moreover, creatures of impulse, and killing comes natural to them.

There are, as we all know, two sides to every story. My own feelings towards the blacks, as we have seen, underwent a radical change after they killed our two faithful shepherds on the Belyando, and I can quite

understand the feelings of cattle men who have suffered heavily by the damage done to their cattle by the wild blacks. In the Northern Territory cattle owners have suffered severely from the blacks. It is said the losses of cattle caused by the blacks in the Northern Territory run into over 4000 a year, and that there are always from fifty to one hundred blacks in the gaols of Wyndham and Derby for spearing cattle. From what Frank Hann, a pioneer of North Queensland, who hailed from Victoria, has told me, the blacks of the Northern Territory are much more warlike and aggressive than the North Queensland blacks, except those of Cape York Peninsula. The cattle owners of the Peninsula suffer severe losses from the blacks disturbing their cattle. In the wet season there the country gets fearfully boggy, and the cattle, frightened and driven by the blacks, stampede, get down in the quagmires, and hundreds perish. The blacks, of course, in this way come in for cheap beef. There have been fine lives lost in the "Territory" through the blacks.

On a good many occasions wild blacks who have stolen sheep have been known to break the legs of the sheep so they could keep them and eat them at their leisure. At Mt. Surprise, on the Burdekin, as late as 1868, they killed some shepherds and stole a number of sheep, and broke the forelegs of some 400. They have been known to do the same with horses on the "Peninsula."

On the other hand it must always be remembered when sitting in judgment on the black question, that there is no getting away from the fact that we were trespassers, and in black jurisprudence, a black trespasser from another tribe was invariably killed—death was the acknowledged penalty. Much more so then from the blacks' point of view must a white trespasser have been considered as having incurred the penalty of death. When some of these whites, in addition to being trespassers, hunted the blacks

down with members of another black tribe, shooting them without mercy, is it any wonder that they retaliated?

The very same blacks who would impulsively succour a white man lost in the bush, would, under other circumstances, sneak on him and kill him. Then the atrocious treatment of the blacks by the native police, and I fear also by some of the pastoralists themselves, must naturally have aroused all their worst passions. An impassioned harangue from some of the malicious old gins, and the young bucks would be aflame and ripe for killing and looting.

Of my own personal knowledge I do not know of any cases of station owners having shot blacks except under great provocation, and when it came to either shooting some of the blacks or of vacating the country. We ourselves once or twice found spear marks on one or two of our cattle, and once cuts, evidently made by stoke of a boomerang, on two of our horses. None were killed, and these animals had strayed off our run into the scrub, into what might have been called the blacks' country. We took no notice, for we (rightly) put it down to the work of some of the boys or young blacks. We were careful also not to mention the matter to the native police, for we knew that the latter would at once have followed up the blacks, and shot some of them.

Some of our neighbours under similar circumstances acted as we had. I have no doubt that other station owners under similar circumstances would have apprised the native police of what the blacks had done, with the usual result.

The system pursued by the black police in North Queensland was barbarous, cruel, and iniquitous, and I think now that all we who objected to the system should at that time have memorialized the Government and insisted on a better, juster, and more humane method being adopted. (Of late years the



Government of Queensland have gone into the opposite extreme.)

The aborigines of Australia are naturally kindly, cheerful, good-hearted and honest, and if they had been humanely and justly dealt with from the start, there need never have been massacres of either whites or blacks. It is a remarkable fact that in cases where whites have been lost in the bush they have seldom been molested by the blacks. Those two old villains whom I found dying of thirst on Avon Downs form an instance.

The blacks have been useful to the whites; Australian pioneers are much indebted to them. Where would the cattle men of North Queensland and of the Territory be but for the help of the blacks?

What would their wives and daughters have done without the services of the lubras and the gins, good faithful souls, careful and loving nurses for the white children, good servants, loyal and true, and all the time full of fun and cheer?

I had a shepherd while in Queensland who told me the story of Morell (or Murrell), who was for some fifteen years with the blacks. He was the only survivor from a wreck; the blacks found him, and were very good to him, but would not let him go from them. Finally, as the country got more settled, he made his escape. My informant and his hut-keeper were with a flock of sheep. One evening, just about dusk, as they were having a pot of tea, they saw a naked blackfellow, as they thought, climbing over the sheepyard fence. They got a gun and levelled it at the man, who threw up his hands and called out, "Don't shoot me, don't shoot me; I'm a true born British object." Object he was, sure enough. The poor fellow had forgotten a lot of his English, but, anticipating escape, he had kept these words in his mind, only he substituted "object" for "subject." Murrell soon recovered his language, and

he was given a Government billet in Port Denison, which he filled satisfactorily up to his death.

Who has not heard of Wallace Macdougall? He was well known in Queensland and New South Wales in the early sixties. He was a squatter, a very handsome, tall, well-made man of good family, and more than a little bit "ratty."

I heard of him first at the old Royal in Sydney when I was going up to Queensland in 1861; he had had a bit in, and had taken up the dining-table cloth and pulled the corners together and emptied it into the street. When I made inquiries I was told many amusing yarns about him. He hired a hansom one day, and put a lot of band boxes in it full of paper. After he had gone along a bit he set fire to the boxes and got out. Also for a bet he walked down George-street dressed as a bishop, with two bulldogs.

He was a marvellous shot with pistol or rifle. He thought nothing of putting a bullet through a man's hat as he entered a room. At Parramatta, in a hotel there, I was shown holes made by bullets from Wallace Macdougall's pistols. A hawker had pulled up at his station—I think it was on the Condamine. Wallace was on the go, and insisted on the hawker joining him. The hawker refused, whereupon Macdougall backed the man's waggon over a steep bank into the river.

Once when I was in Port Denison (North Queensland, now Bowen), at the same hotel with Macdougall, there were no potatoes for dinner. I complained, and Macdougall said, "We'll soon remedy that." He walked off down the street, bareheaded, to another hotel, and into the dining-room, where the people were at dinner. Spying a fine dish of potatoes on the table, he coolly appropriated the dish and walked back to our hotel with them.

Another time he landed at Port Denison with a horse from Sydney. When he got to the hotel there was no hay. Wallace, nothing daunted, ripped up

the mattress of his bed and shook out the straw to his horse.

But the culminating performance of my extraordinary friend occurred on his own station. His cook, a very nice woman, was about to be married to one of his stockmen. The day was fixed, a big spread was all ready, so was the bride, and so was the parson. The bridegroom failed to appear, and never did appear. After waiting for some time, Macdougall said to the parson, "I can't see this nice woman disappointed; I'll marry her myself if she will have me." Sure enough they were married, and a good true wife she proved to him.

After I left Queensland I never heard of him, and as that is fifty years ago, and, as he was an older man then than I, I can only conclude that long since he has been gathered to his fathers. A right good fellow he was for all his pranks.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

In the end of April, 1866, Messrs. William Sloane and Co. asked me to go to Melbourne to discuss various matters with them. I was delighted with the prospect of seeing my own people and many friends again, and I badly wanted a change. I had had a good deal of low fever, and I had never recovered from my long bout of dysentery, so I greatly welcomed the prospect of a rest in a good climate, and comfort. I had got so used to camping out, and to sleeping in my clothes, that really I think I used to sleep better in my clothes on the ground than in a bed, and as for sheets, I utterly despised such luxuries. I remember one time going to Sydney on the old *Eagle* steamer (a beastly little craft, overrun with cockroaches and rats, and stinking of bilge-

water), being much amused at a passenger who complained to the steward that he had no sheets. I got up and called up several bushmen whom I knew, and took them round to see the man who could not sleep without sheets!

On my way to Rockhampton I stayed a night at Gracemere with my good friends the Archers, whose name was a household word in the North for hospitality, and for all that is good.

These seven brothers, Norwegians by birth, had a station on the Burnett called Eidsvold. In 1853 (the year I arrived in Victoria) they started off North to take up country. As they were after a cattle run they worked along not a great distance out from the coast, till they struck a fine sheet of water, which they named Gracemere Lake. They also reached a big river, which they named the Fitzroy, after Sir Charles Fitzroy, then Governor of New South Wales. They settled down on Gracemere Lake, and there, after over sixty years, some of them, or some of their sons, still reside. I knew them all, but I knew William, the eldest, and Archie best. The latter became member for the district, and did good work for his adopted country. I stayed a good many times at Gracemere, on my many journeys. The Archers kept open house, and as many as forty callers have been put up at Gracemere in one night. Travellers made themselves so much at home there that many used to come and go, having their dinner, bed and breakfast, and turning the horses out into the paddocks, without even interviewing the hospitable owners. At last William Archer "enacted" that no traveller was to put up at Gracemere without giving his name to the owner. The night I stayed at Gracemere, in 1866, no less than thirty sat down to dinner.

I sold my horses in Rockhampton, and said good-bye to my true and good friend, George Ranken, later to become well known in New South Wales as



“Capricornus,” an authority on land matters and an ardent reformer, and with whom I later on did a good deal of work in connection with the Pastoral, Commercial and Agricultural Association of New South Wales.

I got to Sydney by the 9th May, 1866, and put up at the old Royal. I sailed again on the 12th on the s.s. *Alexander*, getting into Melbourne on the evening of the 14th, after a four years' absence. Having failed to make good in Queensland, I did not feel in too good heart, but the great joy of meeting my beloved mother made up for a great deal. Our happiness in meeting was greatly enhanced by our being so entirely at one in our religious convictions. Next day I settled up some business with my friends, Sloane and Co., and I found they were prepared to do a great deal for me in the way of managing a large Queensland property for them. My prospects seemed to be looking up, as from Sydney I had received a very good offer to take the management of a large property in Western Queensland called “Northampton Downs,” afterwards the property of Sir Francis Murphy and Sons, with a salary after a while of £500 a year.

Next day, while still in doubt as to which offer I should accept, I met my old friend Herbert Power, who, linking his arm in mine, asked me all about my prospects (we had corresponded while I was in Queensland). I told him how pleased I was with the offer I had had. He said, “You don't look at all well or strong, why return to Queensland? Why not get a good billet in that grand Riverina country in New South Wales, in which so many Victorians are buying stations?” He went on to say, “I know of the very place for you; a manager is wanted for Brookong, a large unimproved station. The owner is a constituent of Dalgety, Blackwood and Co., and James Blackwood will have a good deal to say in

the choice of a manager. Make up your mind to go for it, and I'll take you to see Blackwood this afternoon."

I was "full up" of North Queensland; my health had suffered as well as my pocket, so I decided to apply for the Riverina billet. My application was favourably received. The same day I met another old friend who also advised me to go for the management of a Riverina station, and said he, "I know of the very place for you." I laughed, and said, "I rather think I have already applied for that place." Then I told him about Brookong. "Never mind," he said, "we will doublebank Mr. Blackwood. Come along, I'm to meet him at a 'glass-blowing' exhibition in a few minutes." Accordingly I again interviewed Mr. Blackwood.

Next day Herbert Power asked me to go to the races with him, and when I told him that I had eschewed races for conscience sake, he said, "Why, man, you must be mad. All the same it comes in rather opportunely, for Mr. Blackwood told me he was afraid you were too fond of racing to suit Mr. Hebden, the managing partner in Brookong." Next I interviewed Mr. Hebden, a very gentlemanly and elderly man, well experienced in station management. Mr. Hebden put me through my facings, and quite rightly seemed to think I had not had enough experience. Among other things he said, "I want some rams for the station; I suppose you feel capable of selecting them?" I said, "No, I do not; but I'll undertake to get you good rams." Then he said, "Brookong is a large unimproved property; do you feel capable of undertaking so important a position?" As bold as brass I confidently said, "Yes, I do." Half an hour afterwards I was actually on my way to tell Mr. Blackwood that my experience, or I might have said my inexperience, did not justify me in accepting the position. However, I said to myself, I can but fail, and I'd tackle it. Nothing

venture, nothing have. I really think it was my confidence in myself that induced Mr. Hebden to give me the management, for I got word a little later on that I had received the appointment, and that I would have to "take the reins" with as little delay as possible. I was naturally greatly elated over my success. Although the salary at Brookong was only £300 a year, I thought it much better than £500 a year in North Queensland.

While waiting for Mr. Hebden's decision, I was one afternoon walking along Swanston-street from the railway station with a cousin, when she said to me, "Did you notice that girl who just passed us?" I said, "No." She said, "That was the pretty Miss Murchison." I looked round and the "pretty girl," evidently expecting someone, had stopped and turned round, and I had a good look at her. "Why," I said, "I am sure I knew that girl when she was a little kiddie. I'll look her up." I soon got the Murchisons' address, and right glad I was to renew my acquaintance with my good and kind friends after a lapse of a good many years. The family by this time was reduced to Captain and Mrs. Murchison, and the little girl, with whom I used to have great rows, and who used to brush my hair with the hearth broom in their hospitable old Kerrisdale home on the King Parrot Creek.

Miss Murchison and I became great friends. From the first it was more than friendship on my part, but not being in a position to even think of marrying, I kept my own counsel for many years; in fact it was not till after seven or eight years that I made bold to declare my love, and it was not till the 16th November, 1876, that Miss Murchison rewarded my constancy and did me the honour to become my wife.

As soon as it was settled that I was to go to Brookong, I went up to Hamilton to spend a couple of weeks with my own people. June is a lovely time of the year in Western Victoria, cold and crisp, and

I thoroughly enjoyed my visit after my four years in Queensland. I took a run over to my old Towri Muntham, but could only spend one day there. While I was at Hamilton my great friend, Dr. T. Manly Wyly, was married to Emily, daughter of Stephen Henty. Within twelve months he lost her, and within another twelve months he followed her.

During my absence in Queensland the young squatters about Hamilton had got a pack of hounds together. They had perforce to run a drag, but for all that these hounds provided some capital sport. A Hamilton resident, a Mr. Maddison, who had married a Miss Medly, a splendid horsewoman, used to run the drag, and a merry dance he used to lead the "gay throng, who a-hunting would go." It takes a plucky man to run a drag over a stiff country, but Maddison's heart never failed him.

There was a meet of the hounds a few days after I returned to Hamilton, and my sister and I were most anxious to have a run, but, alas! we had no horses. However, I quietly took out my father's little hack, "Professor," a son of the noted "Wild Mare," and tried him, and he took to jumping fences like a duck to the water. Then I tried a three-year-old filly of my brother's, and she shaped fairly well. Next we had to get the consent of the "Old Governor," and there we were. As Professor had shaped better than the filly, I put my sister on him, and I rode the filly next day to the hounds. We had a very pretty run, finishing close to the town. Professor never made a mistake, and carried my sister gallantly, and was right up with the best of them at the finish, and my mare, though she gave me two falls, performed very creditably.

Rather a curious incident happened over this run. My sister had lost her veil, and I went back over our tracks to look for it, riding, of course, in the opposite direction to which we had come. During the run the filly had carried me over a four-railed slip-



rail, and going back I sent her at the same rails from the opposite side. She slipped on her hind legs as she tried to rise at the jump, and sat down on her tail, and as we were going fast she shot through the rails in that position, dislodging the three lower rails, and going under the top rail. She got up all right after getting through with me on her back. She had taken me over and under the same rail.

Another curious thing happened to me one day near Casterton. I put a colt I was riding at a big long, and when he rose in the air over the log I found that it was a big fork formed by a limb which I could not see till up in the air. It was not possible for the horse to clear the two. He seemed to give himself a twist, and landed right in the fork, and there he and I were stuck fast about four feet from the ground. We were jammed so tight that neither of us could move. Some of my friends came back, and one on each side of me pulled and pulled till they extricated me, leaving my long boots behind, while the colt dropped down and was pulled out from below the log.

My sister and I had several good runs with our improvised hunters, and Professor became a rattling good fencer. His mother one day jumped a fence six feet high in a leading rein.

My fortnight at home was all too short for me after my four years' pioneering, but I was anxious to enter on my new duties and my time was up. It had been arranged for me to spend two or three days at Mr. Richard Blackwood's fine Hartwood property, situated between Deniliquin and Jerilderie, so I pulled up there on my way to Brookong.

I had met Mr. Blackwood at his station, Woodlands, on the Wimmera, when I was at Muntham. Hartwood was almost the first Riverina station to be fenced in for sheep, and I wanted to get all the information I could with regard to wire fencing, and as to how sheep got on turned out in paddocks. Broo-

kong was unfenced, and as the owners proposed to fence in portion of it, it was important that I should acquire all possible information on the subject.

Hartwood was then just recovering from a severe drought, and there was only a little green pick; yet the ewes and lambs were doing well, and I was quite satisfied that paddocking sheep was no longer an experiment, but *un fait accompli*. I was delighted, and of course impatient to get to Brookong to carry on the same good work there of fencing and turning out sheep. Mr. Blackwood was a clever, shrewd man—no better station manager in Riverina. He was most kind, and posted me thoroughly in all matters pertaining to wire fencing. We became staunch friends, and remained so during his lifetime.

Mrs. Blackwood was a daughter of Sir Robert Officer, of Tasmania, a clever woman and a worthy helpmate of one of the finest and best men it has been my privilege to call friend.

Mr. Blackwood lent me a good horse, and I started away next morning, the 22nd June, 1866, being my twenty-ninth birthday, to enter on my new duties. I was entering on another stage of the "battle of life," for a battle it is, and a battle I have found it right up to now, as I write, in my eightieth year. Muntham was my first start when only nineteen. I gained a good deal of experience and saved and made £700 while I was there, so although I would have done much better for myself had I at that time gone on a large well-managed sheep station, I do not consider that my six years there were lost time. Queensland was my second start, and my four years there, as we have seen, left me with a nasty debt of £800 round my neck. Now I was making my third start, and was hopeful that four or five years' experience in improving and working up a fine big property like Brookong would, if I were successful, put me in a good position for a further start. My friends had all met me in the kindest possible way on my return

from Queensland, after having gone down there, as every one who had gone to Queensland when I did had also gone down. I could hardly be blamed for not having succeeded.

I was full of energy and go, and very pleased indeed at the possibilities which lay before me. In the improvement and management of such a large and fine property I could see room for me to "win my spurs." It would be entirely my own fault if I did not prove myself to be a good and capable manager. Casting aside all vain regret as to past failure—indeed it did not trouble me at all—I entered on my new life with zest and enthusiasm, determined to succeed.

It was, of course, a little galling to think that I still owed Edwards £800, but it was not at all a pressing debt; in fact, I did not think Edwards was at all right in maintaining the claim, as he had told me I never would be asked to pay it; but there it was, and I intended to pay it when able.

I had a seventy-five mile ride before me, so I made an early start. I passed through first-class country all the way, good plains that could carry about two sheep to three acres and fatten them. The little rain that had fallen had made a short pick for the sheep, just enough to keep them going. I called at Cocketgedong, where an old Victorian friend, a Mr. Hardy, from the Muddy Creek (now Yea), gave me lunch.

Adjoining Cocketgedong, to the South, lay Nowranie Station, then owned by the late Hugh Glass, of Victoria, a well-known speculator in stations and stock. He speculated beyond his depth, and failed for a large amount. Nowranie was one of the first cattle stations in Riverina that was fenced in.

Another property adjoining Cocketgedong was Coonong, then, and still, the property of Sir Samuel McCaughey.

It was dark by the time I reached Brookong, and after my 75-mile ride I was glad enough to sit down

to have a pot of tea with the manager, whom I was about to displace. A new house was just being completed, but they were still living in an old slab building with a bark roof, built right on the very edge of the Brookong Creek.

About twelve o'clock that night rain came down in torrents, and I thought it a good omen, as the country had been suffering from a severe drought, there having been only just enough rain to make a slight shoot in the grass, giving temporary relief. I was patting myself on the back at what was evidently a complete break-up, when I heard the manager call out to the overseer, "Mr. Dill, Mr. Dill!" "Yes, what's the matter?" "Do you hear the rain? It will kill all the lambs." "For heaven's sake, man," said Dill, "go to sleep and be thankful the drought is over."

The manager was an out-and-out pessimist, and I take it that was the chief reason he never "made good." He was always expecting the worst to happen, and what you expect you will generally get. Expect and look for disaster, you are courting and inviting disaster, and it will come; expect and look for success and you will most likely succeed. There are other factors, of course, but I am, thank God, an optimist, and quite at one with the fellow—

*Who fell ten stories high,  
And as he passed each window bar  
Called out, "All right so far."*

It was quite true that heavy rain would kill a good many lambs under the old shepherding system, but the pessimistic manager overlooked the fact that without rain none of the lambs would survive. Next day it was evident to me that things were all in a muddle. The place seemed to be short-handed; no feed for the horses, consequently they were poor and



weak, making it difficult to get rations out to the shepherds.

Mr. Hebden had told me that if I liked I could arrange with the departing manager to remain for a month, but having a first-class assistant in Mr. Dill, a young energetic North of Ireland man, a good bushman and an indefatigable worker, I felt sure that the sooner I took the reins the sooner we would get out of the state of muddle we were in. There was also on the place another North of Ireland man—a very fine fellow—one John Hemphill, who then and after was a great help to me. Mr. Henry Osborne, who took up Brookong, hailed from County Tyrone, in the North of Ireland.

Although the heavy fall of rain we had had was a great thing for me just as I took charge of Brookong, yet it made matters very unpleasant and difficult for a few weeks. The area of Brookong was 315,000 acres. Twenty-five thousand shepherded ewes, lambing, as we termed it, “by hand,” on scanty feed, and with dirty wet yards, meant much anxiety and work. In addition we had 21,000 dry sheep, scattered over the immense area, some of them twenty-five miles away from the head station on scrubby country. The shepherds were constantly losing sheep, and had got so used to it that it was looked on as a matter of course, and they had become very careless. Dingoes were numerous, and made sad havoc among lost sheep. Mr. Dill’s and John Hemphill’s whole time was spent in looking for lost sheep, making it extremely difficult to get other very necessary work done. New sheep yards were greatly required. The dogs were too bad to enable the sheep to be camped. What with the lambing and the dirty yards, and the lost sheep and poor horses, I was sometimes at my wits’ end to get along and avoid loss, and loss at the start I felt would be fatal to me. I had to show that in spite of my inexperience I could “take

hold'' of a big proposition like Brookong and make a success of it.

The second day I was at Brookong I found an old map of the run, and from it I put together a pretty good map for myself. In this I got Mr. Dill to mark down as nearly as he could the position of the sheep stations—there were about twenty-five of them. These represented twenty-five shepherds and some five or six hut-keepers. The 25,000 ewes then lambing represented about forty more men, so that with the overseer, ration carrier, groom and horse-driver, etc., there could not have been much under eighty hands on the place, but in ordinary times about half that number for, say, 50,000 sheep.

As Mr. Dill and the manager, whom I was about to dispossess, were too busy to show me over the run, I managed, with the aid of my map and a compass, to find my way on my own to all the sheep stations.

One afternoon I came to an old shepherd—another North of Ireland man—with his sheep in the yard at four o'clock in the afternoon. He had no idea that I was the new manager, and I did not enlighten him then, though I did later on.

In Mr. Hebden I had to deal with a man thoroughly experienced in the management of sheep. A most particular man, too, not only as to the general management, but as to the smallest detail. In fact, an exacting man, and one who never hesitated to find fault if he considered fault had been committed, but who always acted as a gentleman and as a man, and who was just, straight and honourable, and withal of a very kindly nature. He was quite shrewd enough, I am sure, to see that I had had very little experience in the management of sheep or in general station management or in the erection of improvements. As a matter of fact, my chief experience of sheep consisted of driving stock to new country in Queensland, and I had had no experience at all in effecting improvements. I think Mr. Hebden saw

that I had plenty of go in me, and that I was not a fool. He had no doubt liked the little he had seen of me, and probably thought that I would be glad to learn my business under his experienced direction, and that being young he would be able to mould me, and in fact break me in to his own ideas and ways of station management.

I could not have learnt under a better man, though I squirmed a good deal and rebelled not a little when found fault with. The old gentleman did not spare me. More than once I wrote and asked him if it would not be better to let me go, and get another manager; but he always disarmed me by telling me that his criticisms were for my own good quite as much as in his own interest. Although he never gave me a word of praise to my face, he always spoke highly of me to his friends, who fortunately passed it on to me. Mr. Hebden and his family and I became staunch friends, and I know that I am much indebted to him for the training (irksome as it was) that I underwent during the six years I managed Brookong.

A few months after I went to Brookong Mr. Hebden engaged a professional to class the ewes, and enjoined me to watch the classing carefully, and to learn all I could. Next year he told me to class the ewes myself. I said I scarcely felt up to it. Mr. Hebden said, "That's my look out. You will, I am sure, learn, and you will be learning at my expense." When he looked over my work he expressed satisfaction, and I classed the ewes from that time on. I was intensely interested in sheep and wool, and as I went into my work with my whole heart and mind and energy, I got so well up in sheep that before I had been three years at Brookong I was asked to act as one of the sheep judges at the Wagga and other shows.

Brookong was taken up by old Henry Osborne in 1847. The proper name is Booragong—that is what

the blacks called it. The workingmen invariably call it Bluegong. Even in 1847, Sandy Davidson was settled and living at Bullenbong, adjoining Brookong on the east, and Mrs. Davidson told me she well remembered the Osbornes' sheep passing Bullenbong to take up Brookong in 1847. She also told me that when Henry Osborne was about to take up Brookong he ascended the only hill in the district to have a look round. As he looked out over the plains stretching out west some miles below him, he called out, "There's land enough and galore for me." Hence the hill has gone by the name of the Galore ever since. Galore is Irish, and means plenty.

Henry Osborne was possessed of those money-making proclivities which are characteristic of so many men hailing from the North of Ireland—the Black North, as the Southerners call it. There is a strong Scotch element in the North of Ireland folk which accounts for this. The North of Ireland accent is so like the Scotch accent that many Australians confuse the two. Like the Scotch, the North of Irelanders are good business men, shrewd and thrifty. Almost, if not all, the North of Ireland men who have come to Australia have become wealthy and successful, to wit, the Wilsons, the McCaugheys, McGills, McGaws, and others. The North of Ireland men are the very reverse of the typical Irishman from further South, the careless, thriftless Celt, but withal genial and generous, and good-hearted to a degree. With all his faults, the world would lose much without the Celtic element.

Henry Osborne brought enough capital with him to Australia to constitute him, from the point of view of those early days, quite a man of wealth, and he turned it to such good use that he was said to have died worth half a million. He had eight sons; four of them died in the prime of life, nevertheless the number of his grandsons at date is legion. Pat. H. Osborne, of Currandooley, near Lake George,



now also deceased, was the eldest of the sons, a fine hospitable man. I never met him or any of the Osbornes till years after I gave up the management of Brookong. He married a daughter of General Atkinson, and was an active man. He rode from Melbourne to Brookong many years ago, a distance of 300 miles, in four days.

Henry Osborne first settled in the Illawarra district of New South Wales on a free grant of land from the Imperial Government. No doubt he added to this by purchase. By Orders in Council in 1847 provision was made for the granting of leases of Crown lands up to fourteen years with the right of pre-emption. This was a tremendous concession and advantage to squatters, who heretofore had been from "hand to mouth" with no security of tenure, and consequently not in a position to improve their holdings or put the land to good use. It was the very best thing that could have been enacted for the advance and good of the country, inasmuch that it encouraged settlement.

Henry Osborne was shrewd enough to grasp the opportunity, and promptly moved westward and secured a splendid area of about three-quarters of a million acres, of which about one-third consisted of open plains country, only requiring water to enable sheep to be depastured. These plains were traversed by the Urangeline Creek, a watercourse eminently adapted for the conservation of water, as there was little fall in the country, and it only required a few comparatively inexpensive dams to make the creek a continuous sheet of water from end to end. On the North side of this big run the Brookong Creek afforded good sites for dams, and over the whole area sites could be got for tanks and dams. No underground water has up to date been discovered on Brookong.

This large area of country comprised three runs, afterwards known as Berry Jerry, fronting the Mur-

rumbridgee, of about 150,000 acres, sold to John Leitch in 1873; Brookong, on the north side of the Urangeline Creek, of 315,000 acres; and Urangeline, of 192,000 acres, on the south side of the Creek, and sold to Robert Rand about 1864.

Henry Osborne bred some splendid horses, fine big upstanding animals, with plenty of substance and breeding, on a station near Gundagai.

When I took charge of Brookong it contained 315,000 acres, of which 70,000 acres were plains, some 50,000 acres open forest, and the balance heavily timbered box and pine country, and more or less scrubby. The black wattle and pine gradually spread under stocking, and country at one time open forest soon became a scrub. There were a great many wild horses on Brookong when I went there, probably about 1,500; also some hundreds of wild cattle. At that time there were only 46,000 sheep on the 315,000 acres, yet these sheep seemed to occupy the whole area, when in hand—that is when shepherded. After being fenced, this same area, without any further improvements, carried 96,000 sheep, and carried them better than it carried the 46,000 sheep “in hand.” Later on, when ring-barked, and subdivided into moderately-sized paddocks, and a good deal more water provided, Brookong carried for a while 300,000 sheep. This was after William Halliday took it in hand.

During the 1866 drought 20,000 sheep out of the 46,000 had to be sent away on the road, and they had only just returned when I arrived on the scene. Brookong and Urangeline were noted for their fat wethers. These always walked to Melbourne, and nearly always topped the market.

Within three months of my having taken charge I sent to Melbourne 2,000 fat wethers, estimated to go 60 lbs., and they topped the market at 20/-. Our flocks ran from 3,000 sheep on the plains, to 1,500 in the scrub. The old shepherds used only to water their fat sheep every second day.

The Brookong flock in 1866 was chiefly Macansh bred (Rambovillet blood), fine large frames, but they cut under 5 lbs. of wool, yet ours was one of the best flocks in the district! Before I left, in 1871, I had got the weight up to 6½ lbs., and I thought I had done well, but now any flock averaging under 10 lbs. is little thought of, and some flocks average up to 11½ lbs., and even up to 12 lbs. of good clean wool. In those days washing the wool on the sheep's back was in vogue, and I had to erect a sheep wash, with hot water soak as quickly as I could. Gradually sheep owners found out what a mistake they had been making, and about 1877-1878 washing the sheep before shearing was quite discarded.

As we have said, North of Ireland men were much in vogue with Henry Osborne, and for years one "Archie Irvine" was manager of Brookong. After the severe drought of 1869, Archie told Pat Osborne that I had ruined Brookong, and that unless he provided tons and tons of grass seed, and had it sown on Brookong, the place would never recover. For all that I have the greatest respect, and indeed admiration, for old Archie Irvine, long since departed this life. As soon as rain came the grass on Brookong was not only as good as ever, but much thicker, and the herbage much more luxuriant. I have had the very same thing said to me in the Castlereagh district, with the same result.

I am convinced that to make country good, and to get the best result comparatively, small paddocks are required, and paddock by paddock at certain intervals should be eaten right out, and then spelled when rain comes. It stands to reason, unless this is done, stock pick out, and eat out all the best grasses, and the worst weeds, roly poly for instance, flourish apace and are never eaten out. Understocking, if not done judiciously, is almost as bad as overstocking.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

Soon after taking charge at Brookong, Mr. Hebden sent me up enough wire to enclose a paddock of 5,000 acres; this was at that time looked upon as a small paddock. I was not long getting it erected. Economy was the order of the day, and I put up sixteen-foot panels and five wires. The wires were braced with lighter wire, a very bad plan, as we afterwards found out. My ideal fence now is a six-wire fence, posts thirty-three feet apart, and five strong hardwood battens or droppers between. For sheep I put an extra wire, and when there are cattle a barb wire. Another consignment of wire enabled me to enclose about twelve miles of the frontage at little cost; this formed a good big paddock of some 24,000 acres. I urged Mr. Hebden to send me enough wire to enclose the whole area, and subdivide it into large paddocks, but I believe the Osbornes still looked upon fencing as an experiment, and would not hear of turning out sheep in the scrub while the wild dogs were bad. The dogs were our great trouble. We had cattle stations on three sides of us, and cattle men did not poison, or attempt to get rid of the wild dogs.

I have mentioned that, when I first went to Brookong, lost sheep were a matter of almost daily occurrence, and that the dogs scattered and killed these lost sheep. The shepherds had got careless, and looked upon losing sheep as a thing that had to be. I asked Mr. Dill to send in to me the first man who lost sheep, and to put another man with his flock. The old fellow, upon whom I had my eye, because the first time I went to his hut I had found his sheep in the yard at four o'clock in the afternoon, lost three hundred sheep, and Dill sent him in. He said, "Mr. Dill has sent me to you. I suppose you are going to settle with me." "Oh, yes," I said, "I will



settle with you, but you have lost three hundred sheep. When you find the sheep I'll settle with you." "Oh," he said, "so you refuse to settle with me?" "Not at all," I replied, "I am quite prepared to settle with you as soon as you find the sheep." Off he went, and a week afterwards I got a letter from a solicitor in Albury, addressed to Hebden and Osborne, complaining of the shameful treatment an old servant had received at the hands of the new manager, and notifying them that unless the wages were paid at once legal proceedings would be taken. I at once wrote to the solicitor thanking him for having told me of the whereabouts of a shepherd who had absconded from my hired service, and that I would get a warrant out for him. I heard nothing further from the solicitor. About a month afterwards I was passing through a neighbour's run, and saw a flock of sheep camped. I rode over, and sure enough saw a good many of our sheep with them. I asked the shepherd how long he had had them, and he said about a month. All but five of the missing sheep were there. The old shepherd heard I had got the sheep, and came to be settled with. I deducted the value of the five sheep and settled. Then there was a great hullabaloo. Several of the old shepherds, good men, came to me and said they would not be responsible, for, if a man did justice to his sheep and gave them a good spread on the scrub, occasional loss was almost certain, and, with the dogs so bad, some of the lost sheep were sure to be killed. I pacified the old chaps, and assured them I knew a good shepherd when I had one, and they need have no fear. There were very few lost sheep after this.

I got very tired of having some of the sheep paddocked and some shepherded. It really made more work than when all were shepherded, and I urged Mr. Hebden to send me more wire. He sent me enough to enclose several more paddocks, and on making it up I found that I had sufficient to enclose all

of the run that was not fenced with a ring fence. A good many miles of boundary were enclosed with a two-rail cattle fence, and this only required three wires to be added to make it sheep-proof. I took the bull by the horns, and without consulting my principals, set to work as expeditiously as I could, and it was not very long before I had the whole place fenced, and all the sheep turned out. One of my paddocks contained 138,000 acres, all scrub, and another 40,000. The remainder was in more moderately sized paddocks. A drought had set in (1869), and I turned 25,000 lambing ewes into the 138,000 acres scrub paddock, and to my surprise got 70 per cent. of lambs from sheep that had most of them been previously shepherded. This was a great success, so I scored, and no fault was found with my action in fencing the whole area.

The day I got the ring fence round Brookong, and the 315,000 acres enclosed, and all the sheep turned out was a gala day with me, and it was accomplished within two years of my having taken charge. My great trouble was the dogs. Just when I had one paddock ready to take sheep five wild dogs were seen on it. I waited for a week, but could not get the dogs, so I turned the sheep into the paddock. A few were killed, but with them I poisoned the dogs.

We had a splendid chap named Dick Lynch, who used to get the dogs wholesale. We declared that the smell of old Dick going round the boundary kept the dogs away. Dick was a bit like my old "Paddy the Horse," the old shepherd on the Belyando, who only changed his clothes once a year, and that was the only time he ever washed.

About 1868 Mr. Hebden asked me to take his son Charles on the station to get station experience. I was much opposed to this, for as I pointed out to Mr. Hebden, it might easily lead to a rupture of the good relations that existed between us—by this time I was looked on as a successful manager. Mr. Hebden

admitted the point I had made, but said it would have to be.

Charley was seventeen when he came to me. He was a most lovable lad, capable, too, and a worker. He never for one moment presumed on his position as a son of one of the owners of Brookong. We took to each other from the first, and soon became fast friends, and fast friends we remained all through his life, nor do I consider that his death, which occurred in 1915, terminated our friendship.

On Mr. Dill's leaving me, Charley became overseer, and when in 1872 I resigned the management of Brookong, to enter the ministry, old Mr. Hebden was greatly pleased when I strongly recommended Charley as my successor. He was duly appointed, and filled the position admirably till the property, with 96,000 sheep, was sold to William Halliday. After a while at Gogeldrie on the Murrumbidgee, Charley trekked right out to the Paroo to Wanaaring, and there he put in many years. The "Never Never" (for really the Paroo may be considered to be the Never Never) always had a fascination for Charley, in spite of chronic drought, heat, flies, and mosquitoes. He bred some good horses at Wanaaring, and interested himself greatly in the local races. It was said that at one meeting at Wanaaring pretty well all the horses belonged to Hebden, he having loaned horses all round to anyone wanting to have a go for the prizes. After a while he started quite a string of racehorses at Randwick, and was fairly successful, on one occasion winning no less than three races in one day. He affected cross country horses; could he have imbibed this from me? And he secured some good stakes with these three good leppers—Hallmark, Tyrone and Briarberry—all bred by himself. He was a true sportsman, and very popular. To know that a horse was Hebden's was to know he was going out to win. Charley was a typical Riverina backblock squatter—tall, lean and sunburnt,

The cutting up of large estates has not tended to the production of men of the stamp of the old-time squatter, men of the stamp of my best of friends, Charlie Hebden.

The work I had to do at Brookong, as also that of Mr. Dill, the overseer, was extremely heavy, and we both of us were, I think, foolish in undertaking as much as we did. We both of us rode on an average 12,000 miles a year. Take my own work. Here was an area of 315,000 acres, of which two-thirds was scrub, and for the first two years I had the shepherds to look after as well as the fencing to erect. To count the shepherds' flocks, either Mr. Dill or I had to ride from ten to twenty-six miles and back in the early morning or late in the evening. We seldom got home till after dark, and breakfast was in the winter at half-past six o'clock, and in summer any time after daylight. We had no back station—all the work was done from the head station—no tracks. I had no bookkeeper, only a ration carrier—one Bob Johnston, whom we called "storekeeper." He just weighed out the store things, and put them down, I had to keep all the books.

When old Bob had his cart loaded, and all ready for a start, he always lit his pipe before getting under way, and the old horse he drove got so used to this that he would not start until he heard the match struck.

There were great numbers of wild horses on Brookong. As our subdivision fences were only of five wires, these brumbies used to damage them a great deal. Occasionally some of our young horses got away with the wild ones, and in trying to recover them as likely as not we would cripple a good horse. There must have been quite 1,500 wild horses and 400 wild cattle on the place when I took charge.

We had no fast horses among the station hacks fit to tackle brumbies, and, even if we had had the horses we had no time for that sort of work.



I shot a great many of them one time and another with a big colt revolver. I could get them easily at a hundred yards. One day I got a brumby mare at 200 yards right through the heart, and another day at over a quarter of a mile I fired into a mob of brumbies, and when they started away one was very lame. After a few strides I saw that his leg was broken, and galloped up and put an end to him. My bullet had hit him on the fetlock, and as he galloped away the bone broke.

A small lot of brumbies had got into a scrubby paddock of about 1,200 acres adjoining the homestead, but on the North side of the creek. One day, after a long gallop, I ran five of these horses over the wire fence into the next paddock. The rest of the horses—four—broke back into their own paddock. I followed the five out on the plains, and on trying to head them I forgot all about a five-wire division fence. I was riding a very hard-pulling little black horse called Billy, and when I saw the fence it was too late to even try to pull up. We took it at full gallop. Billy quivered on the top wire, and then slipped along it, balanced till my foot struck a post, and we both rolled over unhurt. I put Billy back over the bent wire and ran the horses into a corner, and over the same fence into the next paddock in which there was no water. I left them there for six days, and even then it took me some time to run them down and shoot them, though they had been six days without water after a long gallop. A wild bull went through the whole summer in the same paddock without water, and was quite fresh at the end of it, although he was pretty full of revolver bullets. In the end we shot him with a rifle.

We shot all the brumbies that were left in the paddock joining the homestead, except one. The paddock was nearly all scrub, and we could not manage either to shoot or run in the one horse left, a grey, common-bred colt. This fellow always beat us. At

last Mr. Dill and I determined we would get him. We had no fast horses, so we had to make up our minds to run him down. Dill and I, and three or four of the men, ran the beggar turn about for a whole day without success. When we mustered up in the evening one of the men was missing, and his horse turned up without his rider. We returned to the scrub and rode about, shouting for several hours, but could not find the missing man. Next day all hands rode over the 1,200-acre paddock till 12 o'clock, and could not find our man. I was greatly perturbed about him; he was a nice, quiet, decent chap, and a good boundary rider. The paddock was, as I have said, adjoining the homestead, so we went home for dinner. I am a believer in prayer, and I prayed very fervently that I might find that man. When I started out to look for him again, it just seemed to me as if I was being led along, and sure enough I rode straight to where the poor fellow lay on the ground almost on the edge of the scrub, and it was remarkable how we had missed him. As I approached what I thought was a dead man, I called out, "Poor fellow, I am afraid it's all up with you." At once he raised his head, and when I reached him and examined him, I was found he was quite uninjured, except that he had received severe concussion of the brain. He had lain there unconscious for about twenty-four hours. In going between the two trees he had struck one with his head. I could see the mark on the bark. I put him on my horse and he rode home. He did not get right for a month, but eventually quite recovered.

It was this man's £30 cheque that the Blue Cap gang stole afterwards out of my cash-box. With regard to finding him, of course most people will say, "a coincidence," but I am certain I was lead to the man. Where I found him, actually within sight of the homestead, was the last place I would have thought of looking for him.

The following lines fully express my ideas on prayer:—

*It may be true,  
That while we walk the troublous tossing sea,  
That when we see the o'ertopping waves advance,  
And when we feel our feet beneath us sink,  
There are those who walk beside us and the cry  
That rises so spontaneously to the lips,  
The "Help us or we perish" is not nought  
An evanescent spectrum of disease.  
It may be that in deed and not in fancy  
A hand that is not ours upstays our steps,  
A voice that is not ours commands the waves,  
O thou of little faith, why didst thou doubt?  
At any rate  
That there are beings above us I believe,  
And when we lift up holy hands in prayer  
I will not say they will not give us aid.*

One day John Leitch, of Berry Jerry, the best scrub-rider on the Murrumbidgee, and a fine fellow, was coming through Brookong with a mob of Berry Jerry horses for Melbourne. He had lost two good horses in the Galore scrub on a former occasion, and he and one of his stockmen, being well mounted, went off each with a halter to see if they could get them. They did not get the two that were lost, but they returned within an hour each with a wild horse haltered. They turned them into the mob. Whey they got to Brookong, Leitch's "catch" took a big drink at the creek and lay down and died. The stockman took his, a fine half-bred draught mare, to Melbourne, and sold her for £35. At the time I thought this a good performance, but since then my nephew, Jack MacKenzie, son of the Farquhar MacKenzie mentioned in Captain Murchison's memoirs, told me that he and his brother Hector ran down and haltered no less than 1,200 wild horses in the Gippsland ranges, steep, heavily-timbered mountain country. They had

fast well-bred horses, and well fed. If your horse is fast enough to run right up to a wild horse in almost a quarter or half a mile, the feat of running it down is not a very difficult one for an expert horseman. A wild horse is very easily cowed; these two brothers used to lasso their horses and tie them to a tree, and go on and get some more.

It is a curious fact that wild horses can be run down much more easily in steep rocky mountains than in level forest country. In the former wild horses can't travel fast, and not being accustomed to fast work they are not only more easily winded, but get all abroad when tackled by a determined horsemen on a well-bred, fast, corn-fed horse. In the level forest country the brumbies gallop off like mad, the moment they see or hear a horseman; consequently they are always in good wind and in good running condition, and it is a much more difficult matter to run up to them than in the steep ranges. At Brookong we reckoned we had to gallop forty miles to run down wild horses.

Their performance is the best I have ever heard of, but they thought nothing of it, and never talked about it. I got it out of them quite by accident. With men like these is it any wonder that our boys have distinguished themselves in action. Again and again I say—

*God bless them for their big soft hearts,  
And the brave, brave grins they wear.*

In the drought of 1869 all the water in our big 138,000 acres Galore paddock dried up except a little in Green's Gunyah dam, where the township of Lockhart is now situated, and a little in one other tank a few miles away. I was very anxious to get this water fenced off so that I could trap all the wild horses and cattle, but could not get Mr. Hebden's consent. I then told some Urana men, named Tweedie (fine fel-



lows) that if they would fence off the waterholes they could have all the horses they could trap for their trouble. The Tweedies set to work and fenced off the water. Green Gunyah took about three-quarters of a mile, and the other water about half a mile of fencing. A strong yard was erected at one end of the Green Gunyah enclosure and a gateway left. The fencing did not prevent the sheep from watering, but no large stock could water without coming through the gateway. The brumbies soon found the way into the water, and for a few nights the Tweedies let them come in and out as they liked. Then the Tweedies camped some distance away, and at night one of them sat on the ground behind one of the posts of the one gateway leading into the enclosure, and, as the horses tried to get back after having had a drink, he threw sticks at them, frightening them back. At daylight the rails were put up and the bag inspected. At the end of two weeks there were about 900 head of horses in the yard. It was a great sight. The horses used to stampede sometimes, and if one of them fell it never got up again, being trampled to death. During the first week a good many were killed in this way, or had to be shot. One day I got carried away in a stampede, and if my horse had fallen it would have been all up with me. I felt very uncomfortable until I managed to pull my horse down the bank of the creek, and thus get out of the rush.

When all the horses had been trapped, word was sent to all the neighbours. All the branded horses, numbering over 300, were drafted out, and 26 horsemen took them safely to the Urana pound, about thirty miles away, not one being lost. All the wild horses on the run, except one, were trapped—that one, a pure white stallion, used to jump into the enclosure at night and jump out again. At the end of ten days the Tweedies came to me and said they would have to throw up the job. They had lost half of their own horses—it was a drought—they could

get no hay, and they said they would have to let the horses go. Finally I agreed with them to pay them money out of pocket, and that I should take over the horses.

After the branded horses were taken away there were about 500 head left. I put them in the stockyard and tried to draft off the best, but it was impossible to separate them. I then got my rifle and shot about 350 of the culls one afternoon, and paid the Tweedies to drag the dead bodies away a bit. The main coach to Wagga ran pretty close to the yard, and I got into great trouble over the terrible stench that arose, but I could not even get labour to skin the horses, and save the hair from the tails and manes, so could not get them burnt. When I had finished shooting most of the horses my shoulder was quite black from the recoil of the rifle. At times a bullet would go through three horses at once. A bullet went right through one mare, in at one side and out at the other about four inches below the spine, and she was none the worse for it.

Half a dozen of us took the remaining wild horses down to the head station, 12 miles, without any trouble, and after a few days we branded them, transformed the stallions, and after tailing them for three weeks I sent them to Corowa, where they realised nine shillings a head, being less than the cost of tailing and droving.

There were some good looking horses amongst them, but as a rule real brumbies turn out badly. They are inbred and badly inbred, and have no stamina. When I was shooting the culls a teamster asked me to let him have a big half-draught horse. I told him the horse was too old, but as he was anxious to have it, I let him take it. He roped it, and when it was being pulled up it dashed at one of the dead horses and savagely caught a leg in its mouth. When I looked at the horse's mouth, the teeth were broken.

He must have been twenty years old. A bullet soon ended his career.

I bought two fine-looking branded horses out of them from our neighbour, Jackson, of Boree Creek, both unbroken. One a strong bay I broke in—he was about eight years old and very savage. He used at first to run right at me with his mouth open, but I Rareyed him, and soon got him quiet. I called him Bravo. The other was a very handsome, coal-black, well-bred horse. Jackson said he must have been ten years old. He was very quiet and quite gentle, and made a good hack. All he ever did was to run along with his head almost on the ground, striking at the bit, but he soon gave this up.

I was riding him one day out on the run, and the bit dropped out of his mouth. I was going pretty fast, and there was a five-wire fence in front of us. I put my arms round his neck and dropped off on the ground and rolled over all right. He never offered to kick me, and galloped away. He jumped the wire fence like a bird. I got him again. Another horse I at one time had run in out of the wild horses at Brookong, was bucking with me one day, and suddenly stopped, threw up his head and caught me so heavily in the mouth as to knock out a tooth, knocking me out of the saddle at the same time. The brute kicked me as he went away, and I never saw him again. I named him "Bertrand," after a Sydney dentist who was condemned for murdering a patient, but who got off with a life sentence, and was afterwards liberated.

We got rid of about 200 wild cattle at the yards in which we trapped the horses. It was a splendid clearance. The wild cattle and horses must have consumed the grass of 12,000 sheep, for they picked the very best and trampled a lot more. Moreover, they broke the fences, and sometimes a quiet horse escaped among them.

I was greatly pleased over the capture of the brutes at such a small cost, too.

While I was at Brookong we had as Commissioner of Lands Mr. Crommelin, a man of a very different stamp to the Land Appraisers so graphically depicted by my friend Tighe Barton in his most interesting and racy reminiscences. And here I must protest against my friend's sweeping condemnation of these appraisers. I quite well know the men to whom Mr. Barton alludes. One of them, when appraising the value of a selection of mine, gave me a great many hints that he would like to have a pair of horses I was driving, but I was not going to bribe the brute, and took my chance of having the land put up. As a matter of fact, it was not put up. The other was valuing some of my neighbour's (Murphy's) land, and he asked him to sell him a horse he had taken a fancy to, but my neighbour never "dropped" to what the fellow was aiming at, and the appraiser went away without the horse. When I drew Murphy's attention to what the fellow had been up to, he felt inclined to kick himself. I am afraid, had he known what the appraiser was driving at, he would have let him have the horse!

These men should never have been employed by the Government; they were known to be shady characters. All this happened thirty years ago, and they are the only two appraisers I have ever known of that kidney.

Tom Crommelin, Commissioner of Crown Lands in New South Wales, was a *Bayard sans peur et sans reproche*, a high-bred English gentleman of the old type—capable, courteous, and overflowing with the milk of human kindness. He was respected and loved by all who knew him; generous and large-handed to a degree; very fond of horses, indeed devoted to them, and before coming to Australia, being well off, he indulged his sporting proclivities, and not being content with keeping a good string of hunters, he unfor-



tunately went on the turf. He was a famous horseman, and owned some good horses, and won some good races. One of his racehorses was the well-known mare "The Widow." One of his exploits was accomplishing a water jump of some thirty feet to win a wager for a friend. Crommelin got another friend to be at the landing side of the water jump, dressed in hunting costume and with a pack of hounds. As Crommelin, also in hunting costume, started his horse—Nonsense—for the jump, his friend gave a view hallo and galloped off with the hounds, and Crommelin, giving another hallo, sent his horse at the water at a merry pace and got over with a little to spare, winning the bet for his friend. I wish I could remember some of the many yarns told me by the dear old man of his exploits in "silk and scarlet."

Whenever Tom Crommelin arrived at a station, and there were children to the fore, solemnly and courteously the old gentleman would approach the lady of the house or the governess, as the case might be, and assuring her that it was his birthday, asked if the children might have a holiday. Of course his request was never refused, but after a while it leaked out that the old gentleman's birthday always occurred when he visited a station where there were children.

One winter, it must have been 1870, I drove to Faed's Butherwah Station to meet him, with four horses in my little buggy, in order to bring him to Brookong. The Urangeline Creek was very high and rising, and I had to cross it to get to Faed's. I found it quite high enough, and told Mr. Crommelin to lose no time. In order to raise the seat so as to be out of the water I borrowed a bag of potatoes from Faed, and this I put on the seat, and the buggy cushion on top of it, also Mr. Crommelin's luggage, so we were well cocked up in the air. The creek had risen meanwhile and the horses had to swim, but the heavy bag of potatoes and our weight kept the buggy on the bottom, and the water did not come over the potatoes,

so we got over dry. When he saw the horses swimming and a few little things out of the buggy going floating down the stream, the old fellow looked at me so comically, but never saying a word, that I roared with laughter. Mr. Crommelin thought it a great joke.

He quite enjoyed having a drive next day with four horses, two of them never having been in before, but he refused to shoot at a wild turkey from behind them. Mr. Crommelin's headquarters were in Albury, and everyone loved him there, too.

Some years afterwards when I was working as a parson in Albury I used to visit a poor dying German, and I found he was lying on a hard mattress. I mentioned this in Crommelin's hearing, and he asked me to take him to see the sick man that evening. I went to the hotel for him, and he came out with a mattress on his back. He had taken it off his own bed and carried it to the poor German and insisted on him using it. This was an index to Crommelin's character.

I can always see the dear old man as if standing beside me with a whimsical look on the sweet old face. I did love him, and do love him, and what's more I know he loved me.

## CHAPTER XXV.

I think it was about 1870 that it was decided to give the then Governor of New South Wales, the Earl of Belmore, a trip through the country which would give him a good idea of the bush, and of bush life.

Lady Belmore and Miss Gladstone, her sister, were to accompany him. A committee was formed at Wagga to arrange their route from Wagga on to Deniliquin, and I was asked to put up the Governor

and party, from Saturday until Monday, at Brookong. I replied that it would give me much pleasure, but that as I was only a manager, the Governor would have to take us just as we were. I could not make any arrangements involving expense. The committee replied that the Governor wished particularly to see how people lived in the bush, and that he much deprecated any fuss being made by way of entertaining him, and that they were sure he would thoroughly enjoy a quiet two days in a bush home. I therefore made no more preparations for them than I would have made for some friends of the owners coming to pay us a visit. My sister was fortunately staying with me. I met the party about ten miles from Brookong with four of MacKinnon's grey horses, all ready harnessed, and put them into the Governor's trap, and left the coachman to come on in my buggy. The road, just a narrow bush track, was badly cut up and very heavy, so much to the Earl's surprise I pulled off into the bush, which was timbered and scrubby. He seemed to think it rather *infra dig* when I had now and then to call to him to duck his head to avoid the branches. However, he did as General Birdwood did when being shown through the trenches one day at Gallipoli by an Australian, who hastily called out, "Duck, Birdie, duck." "And what did you do?" said the General, to whom Birdwood was telling the story. "Why, I ducked," said "Birdie."

We were travelling pretty fast, and had got out of the scrub when I turned round and said to Lady Belmore, "I hope I am not going too fast." "Not a bit," said she, incautiously. "You can go faster if you like." The Earl said nothing, but looked a good deal as I let the horses spiel out at a hard gallop. The road was now good. We soon left the rest of the party—police and all—out of sight, and kept the pace well up right into the Brookong garden through a very narrow gateway. Lady Belmore and Miss Gladstone were delighted, but I think the Earl was

not quite so much pleased; anyway I am quite sure he did not like to be told to duck his head.

They were all just as nice as could be, no side or frills, and they seemed very pleased at being left to do just as they liked, and no fuss made about them. Lady Belmore had no maid, which was a blessing, and the aide-de-camp was an awfully nice fellow, a Captain Beresford, a connection of mine he said. We had a very rough couple in the kitchen. We used to call the woman "the donkey engine," in reference to the fairy-like tread and explosive mode of expressing herself. I had warned her to call Lady Belmore "my lady," but the "donkey engine" said to me shortly after the arrival of the party, "Drat the woman, I'll call her Mrs. Belmore." And Mrs. Belmore it was, much to Lady Belmore's and Miss Gladstone's amusement. Miss Gladstone later on married a very nice New England squatter, Dumaresq.

Lady Belmore was very handsome. The whole party made themselves quite at home, and evidently enjoyed their visit. The first night, at dinner, we had macaroni cheese, and the "donkey engine" sent it in cold, greatly to the amusement of my sister and myself, but our guests were, I think, rather devoid of a sense of humour, for they never smiled over it. And now just here I have got an opportunity of slipping in my macaroni cheese story.

A very fine old Irish squire, who also had a very fine old Irish butler, had to dinner one day a jumped-up parvenu neighbour. In due course macaroni cheese was served, and as the old butler passed the cheese to the parvenu, the latter called out, "Shuggar." The old butler scorned to reply. After a bit the man again called out "Shuggar." Greatly scandalized and incensed, the old butler bent down and hissed into the luckless man's ears, "'Tis mustard they ates with that, and bedamt to you."

I am sorry I can't remember the place where this happened about seventy years ago in Ireland.



My guests were glad to rest quietly on Sunday, and just stroll about or read. The only subjects that I could get the Earl to talk about were calves and tile draining. I knew a little about calves, and he was interested to hear that I had branded as many as 340 in one day, and that on big cattle stations as many as ten thousand calves were branded in a year. If it had been fifty years later I could have said twenty-five thousand, for they branded that number one year at W. F. Buchanan's big Wave Hill Station in the Northern Territory. On tile draining the Earl had it all his own way.

As it was out of the question asking the "donkey engine" to wait at table, I borrowed from a neighbour a man who said he had been a valet. This chap did not do so badly; he was deft and handy, but gave me nothing to eat, and hovered about the Earl with "Will your Lordship try a potato?" "Will your Ladyship try this or that?" So that my sister and I had hard work to keep our faces. In fact, between the "donkey engine" and the valet we enjoyed ourselves immensely.

Sunday night it rained all night, and in the morning the Brookong Creek was in flood and our four horses had got across. Before the creek came down Mr. Dill whipped into the creek, swam his horse over, and drove our four greys back over it. With the water dripping off them, they were harnessed up and put into the trap, much to the surprise of the Governor, who had witnessed the whole performance, and said to me, "Well, that is something to remember."

His drive was something to remember, too, for I heard some years afterwards that he gave his friends in England a graphic account of his visit to Brookong.

We had eighteen miles of heavy mud and water to splash through to get to Urana, and we did it under the two hours. James Cochrane met us at Urana, and took the party out to his beautiful home,

"Widgiewa," afterwards sold to J. S. Horsfall, and by him sold to one of the Falkiners. Cochrane entertained the Governor right royally for two days, and gave a kangaroo hunt, and all sorts of good living. I am afraid I annoyed my old friend Cochrane not a little at Urana, when he asked me, "What shall I call the Earl?" "Oh," I said, "he's a first rate fellow, and so long as you don't call him too late for his dinner you may call him anything you like!" Cochrane did not forgive me for a long time, and got home on me later by telling his friends that after one of my many falls I arrived at some function in a flour bag!

There was a story current that on the occasion of Sir John Young's visiting "Widgiewa"—old Jimmy Wilson being then manager and host—Wilson, whose soubriquet was "Ursa Major," hesitated as to how he would address Sir John, and finally floundered on "Your holiness."

After I delivered up the Governor and party at Urana, I had six horses to take back to Brookong, and only my own little buggy to put them in. It was a little old tray buggy Charley Lloyd had sold to me as being about done. I ran it for four years, patched up with green hide, clothes line and wire, so that it became quite a bye-word in the district. I arrived at the Yanco with it one evening. Joe Weir came home late, after we had all gone to bed, and saw a strange buggy in the yard. He was wondering who had come, but when he looked at the buggy he said at once, "Greenhide and clothes line—Fetherston's here!"

I had once to take a pair of horses over to Weir, so I made up six and put them in the little old buggy. My brother came with me. I had no breeching and no brake. The six horses, if they chose, could have gone anywhere at any pace they liked with us, but they went along gallantly. About six miles from the

Yanco the rim came off one wheel and we ran along for a short distance on the spokes. We were near a fence, so took a piece of wire out of it, and fixed up the wheel, and reached our destination all right. Joe Weir that evening, on his way home, called at an old ram shepherd's. He asked the shepherd, "Did you see Mr. Fetherston go by to-day?" "I don't know who it was," said the old man, "but I saw a bluggy lunatic go by with a mob of horses, and he had something tied to them."

The next day we took our six-in-hand to Yamma to give the Lloyds a treat. We found Roddie Murchison, of Yathong, there with a four-in-hand in a buggy. The following day we started off, and going along the road we came rather suddenly on a swaggie. When he saw two buggies and ten horses he stared at us open-mouthed. "Must be a bluggy circus," we heard him say.

I did a lot of scrub driving while at Brookong, and still more while at Goorianawa. I could take a buggy and four horses through scrub no one could have got through with a pair, for you want strength to pull through scrub. You have to pull a lot of it down with the horses and buggy. In pine scrub I have often had the hind wheels lifted right off the ground by the recoil of a big pine sapling, and have had to cut the saplings before I could get on.

I have often lost sight of my leaders in scrub. In scrub driving you must never hesitate. Often when approaching a tight place I used to look away till I reached it; then there was no time to hesitate. I just had to go for the best opening. I always drove with long traces. I have never use bars; had I used bars I'd have had ten times as many smashes. With long traces fastened well back to rings in the wheeler's traces you can turn as sharp as you like without any risk of a broken pole, and if your team should get away with you you can always pull your

leaders one way and your wheelers the other, and they must stop. Some of them will probably fall, and that stops the lot.

As I had given up races, to me the event of the year while at Brookong was the annual show at Wagga Wagga. We had no show stock at Brookong, but my friend Godfrey Mackinnon, of North Goonambil, on the Billabong, was a great fancier of good stock. He went in for good sheep, good cattle, good dogs, good fowls, and good horses. Godfrey and I became staunch friends. He was not what you could call a horsey man; he was not a crack horseman, and just a fair driver, but he greatly loved to ride and drive good cattle. He had several beautiful hacks, and a number of handsome high-class harness horses.

The latter used to get a bit too much for Godfrey, would not stand at gates for him, nor yet always start off well, so he used to send them over to me to work and train. In a month or two I used to get the horses perfectly quiet at gates, and at starting, but as soon as I sent them back they were as bad as ever.

I have never had any trouble with horses at gates; the great thing is not to let them start the moment you get into the buggy, or, worse still, when you put your foot on the step. Never let your horses start till you are settled in your seat, and until you tell them to start.

At show time I always had some of Godfrey's horses in hand. For one show I made up a very unique team, consisting of four grey horses hitched in rather an unusual fashion. I had a fine dapple grey in the shafts, then two handsome greys ahead of the shaft horse, and ahead of them all I had in the lead one of the most beautiful and perfect horses I have ever seen—old Gambler, who, on this occasion, took first prize as best lady's hack, first prize as best gentleman's hack, as well as first prize as best tandem leader. My shaft horse took first prize as best



single-harness horse, and the other two greys got first prize as buggy pair.

It was a very pretty team and was much admired, and was so handy that I could have driven it anywhere that a pair of horses could have gone. I drove Gambler without blinkers, and he behaved like the gentleman he was. As I had six reins to handle, and four very spirited horses attached to a light single buggy, without a brake, it must have been evident that the horses were well trained.

I called this get-up the "Diamond Team," but with my friends it went by the name of the "Bedlam Team." I had nothing to drive in but a low, light old one-seated buggy, with no brake, and after three days in the stable the team took some holding going home. I was by myself, and was in the dark over half of the fifty-six miles. One part of the road was cut through scrub, and I found it hard to keep the track in the dark, but it was still more hard to get back to the track when I got off it, for by the time the buggy was off the road old Gambler was ever so far in the bush, and the same thing happened when getting back on the track. However, we made home all right in a little over five hours.

After one show I did the same distance, less four miles, in four hours with three of the team. At the end of fifty-two miles one of my wheels had got on fire, and got fast stuck. I had to leave the buggy, and ride the last four miles bareback.

The night before taking the Bedlam Team to the show, Tom Shaw, who was one of the sheep judges, came to Brookong (by invitation), I having promised to drive him to the show. Tom Shaw was a man who took good care of himself, and his agreeing to sit behind the Bedlam Team seemed out of the question. My friends offered to bet odds against my getting him to go with me. However, I lay low, and in the morning the buggy drew up with a beautiful tandem

hitched to it, Gambler as leader, and away we went nice and quietly, Shaw greatly pleased. About six miles on at a gate we overtook one of my chaps leading the other two horses. I said to Shaw, "There are two of MacKinnon's horses going to the show. They are very quiet. If I join them to our team it will save the man going to Wagga, and he is wanted at home. You will not mind if we join them to our team?" By this time Shaw had got "set," as the cricketers have it, and he made no objection and off we went. The horses travelled beautifully, and Shaw said he never enjoyed a drive so much in his life.

On another occasion I had arranged to drive Godfrey to one Wagga show in his own buggy, and four of his horses. Unfortunately, one of the good four greys had gone lame, and we had to replace him in the team with a much inferior animal. We stayed at Pomingalarna, a few miles out of Wagga, for the night. A Mr. Paul, who was married to a very charming wife, put us up for the night. Over night I asked him if he had a grey harness horse that would match ours, so that I could take the inferior animal out of the team, as she quite spoiled it. He said he had the very horse for us, and in the morning he showed us a fine upstanding grey horse, just what we wanted. Paul said the horse was rather flash, but that, he knew, did not matter to me. However, as I was driving Mackinnon's buggy with him for a passenger, I said I would try the new horse with one other before starting off with the team. Pomingalarna is situated on a hill. I put the new horse in with one of ours and drove him a couple of miles. He pulled very hard, and when I returned I said I would not take him unless I could get a bit with a curb to it. Unfortunately we found a curb bit, and we put the new horse, whom we had christened Paul, off-side in the pole, and started off

down the hill. We had no brake. Paul tried to bolt at once, and when I checked him on the curb he lashed out, and in a second the whole four were off, Paul lashing out viciously. We got down the hill, but with the horses galloping furiously. The buggy, which had a heavy hood on it, began to sway so that we could scarcely remain in. Mackinnon said, "Can't I help you?" I said, "It will be all over in a few minutes," and as I spoke the upper part of the buggy in one of the sways parted from the lower and turned over, and we with it. The horses ran different sides of a tree a little further on, and that stopped the wheelers. The leaders went off, but were caught, and none of the horses was injured. I got off with a scraped face, but Mackinnon was a fairly heavy man, and fell heavily on his back, and was a bit hurt. Frank Murphy, of Clear Hills, was behind us with a nice pair of greys; he was a good sport. We caught our own three horses, put one of Murphy's with them, and drove the four into Wagga. As we drove into the yard some of our friends came out and said, "Well, Godfrey, the odds about your getting here without an accident were about even, but here you are all right." When they saw my face, and Godfrey limping, the truth had to come out, but really it was quite a pretty little incident, and gave Godfrey something to talk about for a while.

At this same show there were two young Englishmen who had a station near Wagga. The name of one was Rasch; the other belonged to the good old English family of "Pine Coffin." The name of the firm, "Rasch and Pine Coffin," was certainly rather remarkable.

Godfrey MacKinnon's elder brother, Charles, was a well-known personality in Riverina, and being a Highlander, was naturally irascible. On one occasion he was crossing a mob of cattle over the Murrumbidgee when in flood—no bridges or punts in those days.

When the cattle got into the middle of the river they began to ring. The stockman swam his horse in after them to stop them; if the cattle continued to ring it meant loss. When cattle are ringing, whether on land or in water, you must, in order to stop them, head them in the direction they are ringing. The stockman did the opposite to this, and when Charley saw what he was doing he knelt down and fervently prayed, "Oh, Lord, drown the beggar; drown him, drown him, but save the horse."

In 1868 an event that created much interest in the sporting world came off at Wagga Wagga. This was the historic Ten-mile Race.

The idea originated with my old friend Rawdon Greene, or, as he himself pronounced it, "Wawden Gweene."

As I then had conscientious scruples as to attending races, I, much to my regret then and ever since, missed seeing this most interesting event.

The prize was £300; weights, twelve stone with allowances. The first five horses were in splendid condition, and were well ridden, and came in not much distressed. One of them was H. T. Bowler's "Australian," ridden by that first-class old-time jockey, Billy Yeomans, who is still to the fore growing wheat somewhere in the Grenfell district; Richard Grosvenor rode his own horse, "Comet," into second place; William Bowen only managed to get third place with that constant and fast mare, "Riverina." (As showing the quality of the "Ten-mile" horses, it is worth mentioning that Riverina had run third in the Melbourne Cup in Tory Boy's year.) These three horses finished close together. Camel, with that good old sportsman, James Gormly, in the saddle, and Jerry Sneak, ridden by another good local sportsman, were well in it. Gormly had won twenty-two races with Camel, and in discussing this



race he stated that Camel was fresh and frisky half an hour afterwards.

In addition to Australian, Bowler had his half-sister, Welcome, entered. Both were put into strong work for the race, and after a bit it was found that after seven miles the mare could beat Australian. Unfortunately she was given too much of it, and an eleven-mile gallop upset her, and Australian had to uphold his owner's hopes in the long race.

The pace was good all the way. Yeomans steadied his mount for the first four miles, keeping well behind; then he challenged Comet and Riverina, finally winning comfortably; but it was no run-away race. Besides Australian, two other stallions ran in the race—Troilus, and a horse of J. E. Warb's called Cotherstone, ridden by his owner. Cotherstone not only ran last, but was greatly distressed, though he took nearly half an hour to run the ten miles. Ten miles in thirty minutes is not much of a performance for a racehorse in racing condition. A first-class trotter would have covered the distance in less time.

I myself, as mentioned in my Muntham experiences, rode a horse only five days off the grass, and an outlaw at that, twenty-two miles in an hour and seventeen minutes. I left Portland at five o'clock one evening, reached the second river, twenty-two miles, and was home at Muntham at a little after one o'clock in the morning, seventy-seven miles, on the same horse.

The Ten-mile race was run in twenty-three minutes and thirty-five seconds, or at the rate of two minutes twenty-one seconds to the mile. When it is remembered that at about that time six minutes was not considered bad time for three miles, the time taken in running the Ten Mile must be considered as most creditable to the horses engaged in it. A good deal of exception was taken to racing horses for such a long distance; it was considered by many to be cruel, and the race was never repeated. Only two of the

horses, Troilus and Cotherstone, were greatly distressed, but these horses could not have been in good condition, and should never have been started.

This race reminds me of some interesting incidents related to me by Mr. Thomas Bond, of Yarum, near Lockhart. Mr. Bond is a son of Mr. E. R. Bond, mentioned in my Morgan reminiscences. Mr. Bond and Mr. H. J. Bowler, of Milla Milla, near Germantown (now Holbrook), were great rivals on the turf. On one occasion Mr. Bond won the two principal races at Germantown with a horse called Casteneer. Mr. Bowler did not relish being beaten on his own ground, as it were. There was a good deal of wordy warfare over the respective merits of these horses between Mr. Bowler and Mr. Bond. Eventually a match was made for £100 a-side between a horse of Mr. Bond's and a horse of Mr. Bowler's, once round the course, and catch weights. Mr. Bowler had the lightest weight jockey in the district, a six-stone boy, and no doubt he thought that catch weights would give him some advantage. Mr. Bond knew quite well about Bowler's light weight, but, like Brer Fox, he lay low. When they had saddled up, Mr. Bond put his son Thomas (my informant) into the saddle, and with a two-pound saddle he brought down the scale at three stone twelve pounds, the boy being between seven and eight years old and a grand little horseman. He weighed just three stone ten pounds.

Mr. Bond's troubles then commenced, for the crowd said it was little short of murder to start so small a boy to ride a good big horse in a race, and they threatened to pull him off. "Eventually I was allowed to ride," said Tom Bond, "and after the flag fell, and we got going, Father used to cut across the course from point to point, shouting out instructions to me, which, needless to say, I never heard. I was leading into the straight, and had the race well in hand when a big new chum Irishman, who was work-

ing for us, lost his head and rushed out into the middle of the straight, waving his hands in the air, with his hat in one of them. My horse shied a bit, but a couple of chops of the whip straightened him, and passing the Irishman I won the race amidst the greatest excitement I have ever seen."

Mr. Bowler was very wild at being beaten, and declared if he had to go to Melbourne he'd get a horse to beat Bond.

At the next Wagga meeting, the year of the Ten-mile Race, Bond's Casteneer won the Town Plate, and, standing on the scales, Mr. Bond said to Mr. Bowler, "What do you think of that?" "Oh, a fluke," said Bowler. The following year Casteneer, having been sold to Peter Macalister, of Wagga, again won the Town Plate, whereupon Mr. Bond called for three cheers for the horse that fluked the Town Plate. However, both these men were good sports and raced for the sport, not for the money. As instancing this, on one occasion a horse of Mr. Bond's fell in a steeplechase, and although Mr. Bowler had a horse in the race, he galloped after Bond's horse, caught him and put his rider on again.

Mr. Tom Bond is wonderfully good at training horses in saddle and harness, and in performing tricks. When I was valuing for the State Land Tax, he was driving me one day in a sulky with a very fast trotting mare. We were bowling along gaily at all out fourteen miles an hour, when without warning he dropped the reins on the mare's back. In a moment the mare stopped dead, and had Mr. Bond not steadied me, I'd have gone out over the splashboard. That was his way of stopping the mare!

At the present time he has a horse called Laddie. This horse won for five years at Loekhart as a lady's hack, beating Sydney winners, and has won numerous other prizes in saddle and harness. "Laddie is a

wonderfully clever performer," says Mr. Bond. "He will count any number he is asked; he will tell the number of days in a week, weeks in a month, and months in a year. He will answer any question by nodding his head for 'yes,' and shaking it for 'no.' He will go into any stall either head first or tail first, will turn in the stall, and go into any other stall, head or tail first. He will bring out all his harness, piece by piece. He will get a halter or anything I send him for, and give it to anyone I direct him to. I can blindfold him and hide my whip, hat or coat, not far off, and he will find them and bring them to me. When he is standing in the stable I can open the door and call him out, and let anyone shut the door and fasten it with the usual fastening. He will pull the bolt back, open the door, and get my whip or anything I tell him to get, and bring it to me, and he will walk over to the sulky and back in between the shafts ready to be yoked. I can send him across the street at Lockhart to get my overcoat, and he will get it, and then help me on with it when he brings it."

C. M. Lloyd, of Yamma, was judge in the Ten Mile Race. He was one of my oldest and dearest friends. Shortly after I went to Brookong I got a letter from my old employers in Queensland, William Sloane and Co., asking me to inspect for them a property called Yamma, occupied by a Mr. Young. I was delighted to do so, and found Yamma to be very good country, and reported accordingly. This visit was only one of many through the bush from Brookong to Widgiewa, and on to Yamma through Yarrabee. While at Brookong, and afterwards when working as a bush parson in the district, I saw a great deal of the Lloyds, and some of my very happiest days have been spent at Yamma. One visit I paid to Yamma when I was a parson rather amused us all. A very nice friend of Lloyd's was up for a



change from Sydney, and he being delicate, Mrs. Lloyd prescribed whisky and milk for him before breakfast. I always liked having short family prayers when I could have them without worrying people, also a short service on Sunday. I spent three or four days at Yamma at this time, including a Sunday. When the Sydney guest was saying good-bye he warmly thanked Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd for their kind hospitality, but he added, "I must say I have never had so much prayer and whisky in my life." I may state that Mr. Lloyd was one of the most temperate of men.

One evening at Yamma, I was sitting waiting for dinner, when I heard a shout and a yell. I had an interesting book and took no notice. Just then Mrs. Lloyd appeared on the scene most irate with me. "There you are sitting quietly, and do you know that Mr. Sugden has just trod right on a snake, and it has got away?" I said I hoped he had not hurt the snake, but that did not mend matters. Mr. Sugden when returning from a shower bath in his bare feet had plumped right on the reptile. They scored off me after all, for Mr. Snake had got in behind the lining of my bedroom, and, although we could hear him rustling, we could not get at him.

A few days afterwards, Mrs. Lloyd was in the kitchen, which had a ceiling of hessian covered with paper. Some heavy body could be seen passing over the ceiling, and it was thought to be a possum. A shear blade was fastened to a long stick, the ceiling lining was cut through, and down dropped a huge snake, no doubt my friend. He was at once despatched.

Sometimes the Lloyds used to pay me a visit at Brookong, much to the delight of us all. On one occasion I took Mrs. Lloyd out for a drive with an impromptu four-in-hand—two horses in the lead that had not been driven before; but this I kept to my-

self. On one trip I had to go through some thick pine scrub (there was no track). Mrs. Lloyd suddenly clapped her hands. "It's just lovely," she said. "Why, I can't see the leaders." Charley said he couldn't stand this sort of thing, and further scrub drives were interdicted.

Mr. Lloyd was a great favourite not only with his brother squatters and his own employees, but all over the district, so much so that although land was being selected freely, Yamma was left severely alone to a late date. There was "Scotty Turnbull," who wanted land, and someone told him he could get just what he wanted at Yamma. "What!" said Scotty, "me select on Mr. Lloyd. No blooming fear; I'd cut my blooming head off first."

Charley Lloyd's first blood horse was old Troubadour, who still bore the marks of bullet wounds received when he was the favourite (stolen) hack of Ben Hall, the bushranger.

With the purchase of The Diver in 1873, Mr. Lloyd committed himself to what turned out to be a very successful racing career. When in Melbourne he met that great racing authority, W. F. Dakin. On looking over the stud-book with him, Dakin put his finger on a Maribyrnong colt and said, "Wherever that colt is, if he is sound, he is a racehorse."

Mr. Lloyd was so impressed that he determined to find the horse and buy him. He did find him, and found that under the name of Dolphin he had won some up-country races. He bought him, but had to give the (for then) stiff price of six hundred guineas, but Mr. Lloyd looked to having got a Cup winner. He changed the horse's name to The Diver, and if The Diver had had a man on his back he could not have lost the Melbourne Cup of 1874. He was ridden by a stable boy who knocked up and could not ride the horse home, and he came in third all abroad.

There was a lot of money on The Diver; every

boundary rider in Riverina and every friend of Mr. Lloyd's had something on him.

Haricot won the Cup, but The Diver, with Billy Yeomans up, turned the tables on Haricot in the Wagga Cup soon after.

The best horse Lloyd ever owned was Swiveller, by Snowdon, out of Little Nell. Swiveller was a great horse, and could stay all day, and he finished his racing career as sound as when he started it. He won twenty-two races.

There never were two straighter men on the turf than my two good and true friends, C. M. Lloyd and Charley Hebden. Lloyd retired; he found he was too heavily handicapped. Such men will take no points, as do so many; the odds are against them, and they retire.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

In 1867 or 1868, when attending what I think was the first show held at Jerilderie, well known as the scene of one of the Kelly gang bushranging exploits, Joe Weir, who was then managing the Yanko Station for Samuel Wilson (later on Sir Samuel), asked me to go down to a bend on the Colombo to look at some rams that were for sale. We both summed up these rams as not at all what was wanted. They had good frames, but the wool was just what we did not like; the quality it was to which we chiefly objected. The wool was so coarse that we concluded there must be a long wool cross in the rams we were looking at. Moreover it was open and faulty on top of the rump. The belly wool was light and a bit wasty, and there was not much wool on the points. At that time those among us who fancied ourselves as judges of sheep, went for sheep well covered all over with wool of

high quality, belly wool as good as anywhere else, and wool to the toes. The highest class Tasmanian sheep of the Sir Thomas type, and the Cox and Havilah Mudgee sheep, were our standard. Consequently these rams on the bend of the creek were condemned by all the best judges at that Jerilderie show. They were the property of G. Peppin and Sons, of Wanganella. Had we known that later on the sales of Peppin-bred stud sheep off Boonooke would for twenty years aggregate not far short of half a million sterling, some of us experts (!) would have no doubt altered our opinions.

There is no doubt at all that large numbers of strong woolled ewes, carrying heavy fleeces of long stapled wool, were introduced into Riverina from South Australia in the early sixties. I know that strong woolled ewes were then purchased by the owners of Bundure station, for I saw them and put them down as having a touch of the Lincoln in them. The Desaillys, too, I know got over a lot of strong woolled South Australian ewes. We always understood (in 1866) that the Peppins started their flock on strong woolled South Australian ewes, and I feel sure that our supposition was correct.

I suppose it will be accounted heresy, and my Falkiner friends will feel inclined to jump on me, when I say that I have no doubt there is a strain of Lincoln blood in the Peppin sheep. To my mind this is a great advantage, and accounts for the large frames and good constitutions, as also for the length of staple and brightness and colour of the wool.

All the South Australian sheep that I have seen have, in my opinion, a touch of Lincoln in them, and further, so have, I think, all those flocks in New South Wales that are famous for big frames, together with quantity of robust, lengthy, bright wool.

It is well known that there are two strains of blood in the Peppin sheep—to wit, the Rambouillet blood—sired by that splendid imported ram, Emperor,



and the American blood, sired by that fine ram, Old Grimes.

After Wanganella and Boonooke were sold in 1878, F. S. Falkiner, who bought Boonooke, evidently in classing his sheep, followed the Old Grimes strain, while Austin and Millear followed on the Rambouillet type. The result appeared very plainly. The Boonooke sheep became better covered than the Wanganellas and carried a denser fleece of wool, but not so lengthy in staple nor so bright. (I speak of twelve year ago.)

The Wanganella type have barer heads, and barer points, and not nearly so much belly wool; the wool is also stronger. I carried a piece of wool off a Wanganella stud ewe in my pocket book for years, and everyone to whom I showed the sample put it down as crossbred wool.

I know of two other high-class flocks which I am sure have a touch of Lincoln blood.

Then there is Calga. A few years ago this was one of the grandest flocks in New South Wales—whopping big sheep, carrying heavy fleeces of robust wool. Calga at one time carried all crossbred sheep, but the ewes got too fat to breed, and the owner, Jim Murphy, had to give up the longwools. Murphy sold to the Ryders, my neighbours. One year Charley Ryder asked me to have a look at 1500 young ewes he had picked out for a special flock.

“Why, Charley,” said I, “they are all cross-breds.”

“What could I do,” replied Charley. “Are there any ewes there that I could have rejected?”

I said, “Not one. They are the finest lot of flock ewes I have ever seen.”

In my opinion the *raison d’etre* of the success of all these flocks is that there is a touch—never mind how little—of Lincoln blood in them, and I look upon it as a decided factor for good, and by good I mean profit.

Can it be possible that some of the female ancestors of these big Rambouillet sheep, of which Emperor was a type, had been making love some time or other to a gentleman sheep with long wool?

Passing from "crossbreds" to men "on the cross." About twelve months before I took charge of Brookong the notorious bushranger Morgan met his end.

Morgan was a monster, the most blood-thirsty and brutal bushranger on record in New South Wales. The man, except on one occasion, always played a lone hand; he knew that he was an outlaw with a big price on his head, dead or alive, and uncertain from hour to hour when he might be shot down. Ordinary bushrangers had sympathisers, and "bush telegraphs" (people who informed them of the whereabouts of the police), but Morgan had no friends—the brutal and unprovoked murders he had committed caused him to be execrated by everyone. He should have been a Prussian; his was a career of frightfulness. He aimed at striking terror into the hearts of people generally, so that they would be afraid to give any information as to his movements, and for the most part he succeeded. Shepherds and others who used to come across him kept their own counsel, and as he had no mates he reigned unscathed for a considerable length of time. He was a splendid horseman and a dead shot, and he never gave a chance. It was while Archie Irvine was managing Brookong that Morgan terrorized the whole countryside, his chief haunts being in the Brookong scrub.

If Morgan was a determined man, old Archie Irvine was much more so. Archie hailed from the black North of Ireland. The Osbornes were very clannish, and all the hands employed by them hailed from the North of Ireland. Morgan had no terror for old Archie Irvine. He told his shepherds to tell Morgan that he challenged him to stick up Brookong, that he was ready for him any time he liked to come.

And Archie quite meant it—it was not bluff. To one of the younger Osbornes, who was acting as overseer, the old man said, “Look here, if Morgan comes and you do not stand up to him, you are the first one I’ll shoot.”

An old Brookong shepherd described Irvine to me as a most determined man. “The owld chap,” said he, “had talons on him like an aigle, and if he once had got them on Morgan’s throat he’d have torn it out of him. Morgan was ‘galad’ (frightened) of the old man.” I asked the shepherd if he had ever seen Morgan. “Av course I seen him,” said he, “but it’s not likely I’d be telling anyone.”

Mr. Dill, who was a great friend of Irvine’s, and also was the only one who could get Archie away from the drink when the fit was on him, described Archie Irvine to me as a very powerful man, quite unusually strong. He was very quick with his fists, and, in fact, an athlete. Mr. Dill told me he saw Irvine when he was fifty-five, jump backwards and forwards over a stick held in each hand, and at that age he could put through most of the young men on the station at jumping or vaulting.

On one occasion Irvine was riding home from Wagga. Evidently he had been watched, for shortly after passing the Brookong boundary two armed men rode up, one each side of him, and he saw a third on ahead, on foot, and armed with a gun. In a second old Archie struck out with both hands, catching the two fellows in the face. They both fired, as did the man with the gun, but Irvine got away unharmed. Yet he was superstitious, for one night, late, passing an old grave, he saw beside it what he took to be a ghost. He forthwith put spurs to his horse and got away. It was believed that the “ghost” was Morgan.

During Morgan’s reign of terror old Irvine always carried two loaded revolvers. At meals one was on

the table, the other in his belt. Just the same when counting sheep; he would lay one revolver on a post beside him, and told the overseer and others that if Morgan turned up, and they saw him and did not warn him (Irvine), his first shot would be at the man who failed to warn him. Morgan never was game to stick up Brookong or to tackle Archie Irvine.

Another man in that district who stood up to Morgan, and indeed acted exactly as did Archie Irvine, was James McLaurin, of Yarra Yarra. He was one of the early pioneers, having landed in Sydney in 1837. Becoming disgusted with the cruel way in which the convict servants were treated, McLaurin pushed out and got to the Murray. Then, while employed by a large cattle man, one Edward Hume, he made two trips to South Australia with cattle. On one of these trips McLaurin discovered the Edwards River, called after Edward Hume. Later on he took up country near Deniliquin, now Morocco—and Hume gave him cattle to stock it.

With the discovery of gold came a great rise in cattle values. The price rose from £1 before the gold discovery to £25 afterwards. McLaurin and his brothers became large cattle owners, and did well. Later on, when pleuro broke out, and inoculation was unknown, they had £30,000 worth of cattle destroyed by the Government, and they somehow received but little compensation. Next James McLaurin opened a flour mill in Albury, which later on he exchanged in some way for Yarra Yarra Station, where he put together 90,000 acres of magnificent land. This land is still in the possession of the McLaurin family. The late Gordon McLaurin, one of the sons, several times represented his district in Parliament.

James McLaurin was many times threatened by Morgan, but, arming himself with a rifle and revolver, and in addition an old sword, he defied the outlaw. He also kept someone constantly on guard, and it



was not McLaurin's fault that he and Morgan never met to try conclusions.

As an instance of Morgan's brutality, take the Round Hill episode. Morgan bailed up the station, and had got all he wanted. All the people on the station were mustered, and were standing on the verandah of the store. As Morgan rode away, somehow his own revolver went off. Thinking someone had fired at him he at once fired into the crowd, breaking the leg of a young fellow named Heriot. When it was pointed out to him that it was his own revolver that had gone off, Morgan professed regret, and told one of the men to get a horse and go for Dr. Stitt, a neighbouring squatter. As the man was riding away, Morgan rode after him and shot him through the back, saying, "You b——, you are going for the police." He then helped the wounded man back to Round Hill Homestead, but he died next day. Morgan sat up all night with the two wounded men. That no one was game to go off for the police, or for help all that night, is an illustration of the funk Morgan's brutality had established. Two days after this Morgan came on Sergt. McGinnity and a trooper. Riding up behind them, he shot through the back the Sergeant, who dropped off his horse dead, while the trooper made off and got away. Morgan had become like a wild animal.

It was in a Brookong scrub that Henry Baylis, the plucky police magistrate of Wagga Wagga, was so badly wounded by Morgan. The police had got information as to Morgan's whereabouts, and Baylis went off with them to capture the outlaw. They found Morgan's camp all right in thick scrub back from the Urangeline Creek. The ashes of the fire were quite warm, and there were two lots of blankets in the tent. The police party waited till after dark, at some distance from the tent, but no Morgan appeared. Then light rain began to fall. The night became pitch dark, and can it be believed that the

whole party of four got into the tent out of the rain, eagerly waiting, with their arms at full cock, for the arrival of Morgan! Suddenly they heard a stick crackle, and Baylis rushed out, revolver in hand. At once he was fired at, and at once he returned the fire, but fell badly wounded. Morgan, who on this occasion had a mate, cleared out, and it was too dark to attempt to follow him.

Next morning Morgan and his mate rode up to a shepherd's hut on the Urangeline Creek, and when the man came out Morgan shot him through the body, saying, "That will teach you to put the police on me." The man didn't die, and he told the police who came up, soon after, that Morgan had a mate with him who appeared to be in a bad way. The mate was never seen again, and it was believed that Morgan had shot him to get rid of him.

As a matter of fact, Morgan confessed to young Heriot, the night he sat up with him at Round Hill, that the man was dying, and in great pain, and that he shot him to put him out of his misery. He said he had buried him in the scrub, and that he had put a piece of sapling up over his grave to mark the spot. There is no doubt that it was the mate with whom Baylis had exchanged shots, each nearly killing his man.

Baylis suffered from his wound to his dying day, and after many years was voted a considerable sum in compensation.

Still another man who made a most determined effort to capture Morgan was E. M. Bond, pastoralist on the King River, in Victoria. One day word came to Mr. Bond that Morgan was about. Bond at once got the assistance of two of his neighbours, and some of their men, and they hurriedly started out to try and capture the bushranger. Unfortunately they could only muster one double-barrelled gun. One barrel was loaded with shot, the other with ball. Mr. Bond carried the gun for a time, then handed it

over to Evan Evans, who was with him. After a bit Bond sighted Morgan, but, being unarmed, just kept him in sight till Evans came up. When he came up, Bond wanted him to fire at Morgan with the object of "winging" him, but Evans objected, saying it was against the law. "Oh, damn the law," said Bond, and by this time Morgan had heard them approach, and had faced round. He parleyed with his pursuers for a bit, but, as night was coming on, Bond brought matters to a conclusion by snatching the gun from Evans and calling on Morgan to surrender. Morgan failed to throw up his hands, and Bond fired. Morgan jumped into the air as if hard hit, but on landing bounded off like a deer. However, if the bushranger was fleet, Bond, his pursuer, was fleeter, and had almost come up with him when he twisted his foot and sprained his ankle. Despite the pain, he still rushed on after the flying bushranger, and when he had once more almost reached him he again twisted his ankle, and had to abandon the chase. Though in great pain, and with his ankle swollen, to use his own words, "as big as his head," he mounted a horse and continued to scour the country, without success, for the quarry that had twice escaped him.

From that day till three years later, when he saw Morgan lying dead, Mr. Bond said he constantly prayed to meet Morgan again face to face and man to man, and have it out with him, never going out unarmed, and never sitting down to a meal without a revolver on a chair beside him. Morgan made no secret as to his having returned to Victoria expressly to shoot Bond. He told some contractors that he would rather have Bond's life than £500.

Morgan met his deserts in April, 1865, at Ewen McPherson's Peechelba Station, on the Victorian side of the Murray. Morgan took the Peechelba folks unawares, and had all the men portion bailed up in a room in a few minutes. He kept the whole place bailed up all night. Meantime a housemaid, a very

smart, plucky girl, had managed to elude Morgan long enough to tell one of the station hands what had happened.

In the morning Morgan marched McPherson and some others in front of him to the stockyard in order that the outlaw might pick a horse. As they made their way to the yard a man named Quinlan, who had been concealed from view, and had been watching for a chance, suddenly fired at Morgan from behind, and the miscreant dropped, shot through the spine. Morgan lived only a couple of hours, and just as the Huns term it cowardly to ram a submarine, Morgan declared he had not been given a fair chance, and that it was cowardly to take him unawares and shoot him from behind. When he lay dead at Peechelba, his old foe, Mr. Bond, rode over to view him, and on turning up his shirt he saw the wound on his arm where he had shot him three years previously.

*Hunted, and haunted, and hounded,  
Outlawed from human kin;  
Bound with the self-forged fetters  
Of a long career of sin.  
Hands that are red with slaughter,  
Feet that are sunk in crime—  
A harvest of tares and thistles  
For the pending scythe of Time.*

JENNINGS CARMICHAEL.

A Mr. Black, overseer at an adjoining station to Brookong, had a very fine blood mare, and she had a very fine colt foal. This colt's father had sired some good jumping horses, and I had got my eye on the colt. Eventually when he was two years old, and broken in, I bought him for £25. He was a great raking fellow, and stood, even at that age, at over sixteen hands, so I called him Chang, after the Chinese giant. He turned out a great lepper. I



could trot him up to any gate in the wire fences at Brookong, and he would pop over as if he liked it, which he did. He never turned his head with me, and never fell either. When I had decided to leave Brookong, and enter the ministry, I decided to sell Chang, and I rode him down to Melbourne. I stayed at Deniliquin Station, Alec. Landale's place, on my way down. I had been telling Landale what a good fencer I was riding, so next morning, when I mounted, Landale said, "Let's see him jump." The horse had only just been saddled, and I turned him round, and, with only a few yards' run, he took me into a yard over a fence five feet high. "That'll do," said Landale, "he can jump."

I stayed at Kamarooka, Charley Kelly's place, also, and the colt carried me in and out of his outside garden paling fence. Charley offered me £75 for him, but I wanted £100, and besides I had promised Dr. Fitzgerald the refusal of him. I put him in Fitz.'s stable, and stayed at the little doctor's the night I got to Melbourne. Next morning the Doctor and I and his Irish groom went down to St. Kilda, and I showed the Doctor what the colt—now three years old—could do over fences, and he at once gave me £100 for him. He changed his name to Colossus, he hunted, and also raced him, but he had not pace enough. However, he turned out a grand hunter, and the Doctor never grudged having paid £100 for him.

I put in a remarkably good day's work once at Brookong. We mustered two paddocks, one a scrubby one; we put 30,000 sheep through the race—drafting and redrafting—we had only two gates in those days—and I myself rode forty miles. I earned my tucker that day at any rate, and most likely I did not get to bed till late, settling accounts with men. I have often, when returning home in the evening, lain down under a tree and had a half-hour's rest, for I knew I would not get much when I got home.

I was never an out of the way good sheep counter. I have never been able to count except in twos. The best counters count sheep just as they come, say two, then three, then five, and so on. The quickest sheep counter I ever saw was an old German I have mentioned up in Queensland. I remember counting a paddock of 15,000 weaners in an hour and five minutes, in twos. I am sure that old German would have counted them in half the time.

I had a few falls while at Brookong over wire fences, but these were accidental. I was laying out a new fence, and it got late. I galloped away with a flag to mark the line, and the fence I was making for was much nearer than I expected. I galloped into and over the fence before I knew where I was, and of course, got a heavy fall, cutting my nose on the wire, but how that occurred I could not make out. Another night, coming home in the dark, I cantered right into and over a six-wire horse paddock fence, my horse rolled on me, and my head got under me. I thought I had broken my neck. It was a long time before I could get on my horse, he was half-stunned too.

Some odd incidents occurred one time and another to me. I was driving fast down a gravelly hill close to the Galore, with a pair in a buggy, when, to my surprise, I saw a wheel running down the hill in front of me. I pulled up, and only then did the axle go to the ground. The nut had come off, and my off-front wheel had followed suit. I went back and found the nut and put the wheel on again all right. It certainly was odd.

I ran in two brumbies one day; I offered to bet that I would ride one and lead the other ten miles next day, but I was not taken up. I did ride one and lead the other round the horse paddock next day. Brumbies are easily tamed.

One evening I was watching at a dam on the Uran-geline Creek for wild horses to come to water, hoping

to get a shot. I had my rifle. A little after dusk a solitary horse came in, and as it stood on the bank after having had a drink, I fired, and the horse fell over apparently dead. As I got up to it I found to my disgust it was a broken-in mare with a pulled tail, too. The poor thing was quite quiet. My bullet had gone through her neck, and had touched the spinal cord and had, what the American Indians call, creased her. I made a halter of my stock whip and led her home, and when the wound was healed I found her owner and let him have her. I never told him how I had captured the mare.

All the time I was at Brookong I had service at the home station every Sunday evening, and I avoided Sunday work as much as I possibly could. I well remember one Sunday. I had the last of some hay out, and I felt greatly tempted to get it in; the men would have tackled it at once. However, I did not move it, and that evening at service it just happened that in the chapter I read occurred the following:—"And on the Sabbath day they rested according to the Commandment." (Luke 23: 56.) It at once struck me how very foolish I would have looked had I got the men to get the hay in.

One shearing I was very anxious to see a balance lever wool press which Blackwood had at Hartwood. We finished shearing a day before Hartwood, and Hartwood was cutting out at 12 o'clock next day, so I had 75 miles to ride by 12 o'clock to see the press at work. I took two horses and led one half way, left the one I was riding and got to Hartwood at 12 o'clock by my time, then found I was exactly an hour fast, so we had been shearing for weeks an hour fast.

I had a sharp ride into Wagga one morning, 56 miles to breakfast, 9 o'clock. I had two horses.

It was in this year that some of the boundary riders on the stations in timbered country had to go round the fences on foot; the ground would not carry a horse. On Brookong, in ordinary wet seasons, the

wheel traffic always went over the red soil, but in this year the red soil became a quagmire, and drivers had to take to the black soil. The growth of grass was enormous. Three hundred wethers got bogged in some low ground on one of our plain paddocks. The grass was so high that they were not seen, and they all died. When found months afterwards, the clay had dried round them, and there they were as fast as if they had been bricked in.

Just at the time of one of Mr. Hebden's periodical yearly visits heavy rain had fallen, and the country was pretty well under water. He had come by coach from Deniliquin, indeed from Echuca, a long journey. The morning he got to Brookong the coach had got stuck in the middle of a big watercourse. There were only Mr. Hebden and a servant girl on board. The driver took the horses out, and told his passengers they would have to ride on one of the horses barebacked. Hr. Hebden explained to the girl that she would have to straddle the saddle. "Oh," said the girl, "I'll ride spraddle legs or any other way so long as I get out!"

## CHAPTER XXVII.

In 1868 a gang of bushrangers took possession of the Upper Murrumbidgee from below Narandera to Wagga, and above Wagga into the Tumut district. The gang consisted of four young desperadoes—Dick the Devil, the Doctor, Blue Cap, and a young chap named Druce. As is usually the case, they had all been in trouble about horses, and were wanted by the police before they "took to the bush." They stuck up pretty well all the stations in the above district, but, beyond exchanging their horses and taking clothes and any money they could lay their hands on, they behaved quite decently, and did no-



thing brutal. On several occasions, it is true, they got the ladies on stations they had stuck up to play and sing for them, but their request was made quite politely, and I know some of the ladies made quite a joke of it.

It was said that they compelled one truculent squatter below Narandera, Waller, of Kooba, to cook mutton chops for them, but this gentleman indignantly denied this; and later on Waller got home on the bushrangers, for he and the police attacked them so fiercely that the bushrangers had to leave all their horses but one, and their rifles, and swim the river in order to get away. I could never make out why they were not followed; but it was late in the day when they swam the river.

We had prepared for a possible attack at Brookong by planting some firearms, a rifle and two revolvers and a shot gun, but heard that the police had captured two of the bushrangers, the Doctor and Dick the Devil, and that the gang was broken up, so our planted firearms were taken out, excepting one rifle, which was forgotten, behind a picture.

We had some rain one day, and I considered that the sheep were too damp to shear, although the shearers were most anxious to go at them. In those days the trouble was not to get the shearers to shear sheep they thought might be wet, but to prevent them from shearing sheep that they knew were wet and that they wanted to persuade us were dry.

It is really an extraordinary thing this "wet sheep" business of late years—almost incomprehensible—but it is no use making a fuss about it. If you put the shearers into court there are always ten men to swear the sheep were wet against about two to swear they were dry. No manager in his senses will try to shear wet wool, apart from the great danger involved should it take fire; wool if pressed damp will discolour and become depreciated in value.

As we were not shearing I took advantage of the

spare time to ride over to a neighbouring shed, that of Bobby Rand, and to my disgust I found they were shearing, as the shower had missed them. Robert Rand, who died some years ago worth nearly a million, leaving no will, was my neighbour at Brookong for the six years I managed there, and a right good neighbour he was—always stood his share of any joint fencing, or any repairs, and joint claims on the boundary—and was always jolly and cheery. He was “near,” without doubt, but he was a man of his word, and a just man. By the way, that yarn about Morgan making Mr. Rand dance on the table while Mr. Rose, the manager, played the concertina, is an invention, but it’s perfectly true that he compelled Mr. Rand to promise he would issue double rations to all his outstations under a threat of being shot, and this was regularly carried out. The story goes that the ration cart had just left the store when the news came that Morgan had been shot at Peechelba, whereupon a messenger was despatched post haste after the cart, and the extra rations were brought back!

As I rode up to the Brookong homestead on my return from Bobby Rand’s, I saw quite a crowd of men in front of the store, which was situated at the back of the house, and like almost all old Australian homesteads, it was approached from the back. Seeing the crowd, I said to myself, the shearers have heard that Rand is shearing, and they have rolled up. As a matter of fact, the sheep washers had struck and rolled up, and, as it turned out, at a very inopportune time, for Blue Cap and two mates had at the same time stuck the place up. This I did not know, and as I rode up I noticed that the crowd opened out a bit, and a man kneeling on the ground covered me with a rifle, and called out, “Stand.” He was not thirty yards away. I wheeled round, quickly lay down flat on the mare, and went for all I knew. The man fired, but I did not even hear the whistle of the bullet, and got away. Of course I knew that the place was

stuck up, and by the time I got to the home paddock fence (about a quarter of a mile), I came to the conclusion that it was "up to me" to go back. I could do nothing by going on—the nearest police station (Urana) was eighteen miles away, and I reckoned it was my place to return and protect the station, and the people on it, so far as I could. As I rode back to the house, a young fellow with a poncho on met me about half-way and turned back with me. He did not offer to bail me up. I said to him, "Are you fellows bushrangers?" "We are," he said. "And who may you be?" "I'm Blue Cap," he replied, with quite an air. "Oh," I said, "I thought your gang was broken up—anyway, I'm sure we do not want you over this way. I wish you had kept on the other side of the river (the Murrumbidgee)." "Oh," he said, "that b—— Waller drove us off the Murrumbidgee, and I have picked up a fresh mate, a chap named Hammond. It was him fired at you." "Well," I said, "he can't hit a haystack. I was not thirty yards off when he fired." "Ah, well, you see," said Blue Cap, "those rifles throw high at close quarters."

We rode up to the store together quite "friendly like." Blue Cap never offered to bail me up. He did not present a pistol at me, and if I had had a pistol on me I could have got the drop on him, and have secured him. I had carried a little brass Sharp's repeater in my waistcoat pocket up to within a few days of the bailing up, but, as luck would have it, had discarded it.

I tied up my mare, walked over to the fellow who had fired at me and said, "What sort of a fellow are you to fire at a man for nothing, like that?" He said, "You should have studd." I said, "It's about time to clear when you see a rifle aimed at you." "You should have studd," he said again.

The third bushranger was standing with a crowd of men in front of him, a rifle leaning against him, and a cocked revolver in his hand. I walked up to him,

and had a good look at him, and counted his firearms. As I turned to walk away, he said, "Stop, you can't go. I'll shoot you, if you don't stand." I guessed he would not fire, so just said, "I'm all right, I'm not up to anything," and went on into the store, where I found Blue Cap and Hammond—one was trying on clothes, the other watching—revolver in hand. I had some chat with them across the counter. Blue Cap said, "I suppose you will follow us." I said, "I don't know. I'm busy shearing, but I'll put the police on you." Blue Cap laughed. "Oh," he said, "we don't care a damn for the police, but mind you, we'll be on the watch, and if you go after the police, we'll follow you and shoot you." "It's a bargain," I said "If you can catch me, you can shoot me."

When the three bushrangers rode up to Brookong, John Dill, who was the overseer, was going down to the woolshed, and they called out to him, "Hi, young man." He thought they were some flash young shearers, and took no notice, but they soon undeceived him. One of them galloped up to him, and putting a pistol to his head, told him to come along. I may say that John Dill, Robert Curtis, the storekeeper, and a man named Hemphill, a fine fellow, made up the whole of those on whom I could depend for help if an opportunity should occur to handle the bushrangers. The sheep washers had come up in a body on strike, and their leader openly fraternized with the bushrangers.

One armed man will quite suffice to hold up fifty ordinary men, and after all is it to be wondered at? Someone is pretty certain to get shot, and it may be any one, and what have they to gain?

The rangers then went on to the store with John Dill, and one of them, lounging over the counter, said to Curtis, the storekeeper, "We have come to bail you up, young man." Curtis took no notice, thinking it was just flashness, and seeing a tomahawk lying on the floor, he stooped to pick it up and put it in its



place. In a moment he found a revolver at his head, and a voice said, "Drop that quick, or I'll shoot." Curtis then realised that he was "stuck up."

They asked him to produce any firearms he had, and he brought out his favourite shot gun, down the barrel of which they made him pour water. Then they said to John Dill, "You have a revolving rifle here; we want it." He replied, "You can't get it." Blue Cap put his revolver at Dill's head and said, "You get it, or I'll shoot you." "Shoot away," said Dill, and there that little episode ended.

They then broke into my office, and rifled the cash box of a few pounds in cash and a cheque belonging to one of the men, for about £30, which he had asked me to keep for him.

As any men came up to the store they were bailed up, and one of the robbers kept all the men in front of him. He had his rifle leaning against him, and his revolver stuck out in front, cocked. I counted on the three bushrangers' arms capable of discharging fifty-two shots.

By this time I had appeared on the scene. After a bit Blue Cap said to me, "On these occasions we always shout for all hands. Let us have some liquor." Throughout Blue Cap was spokesman, and was quite civil, in fact, he evidently had adopted the Claude-duval style. I told him that the storekeeper would give him some grog, so he went to him. He returned in a few minutes with some rum, and smelling it, said, "I'm sure you have something better than that." "Oh, yes," I said, "there's brandy." So he was supplied with some, and then he came to me with bottle and glass, and said, "We always commence with the boss first." "Well," I said, "this boss won't have any." "Oh, no offence, no offence," he said. Some of the men had a nip, some declined. All the "on strike" sheep washers had more than one nip, and the leader slapped Blue Cap on the back, and

said he was one of the right sort—that was the way to make the blurry squatters sit up.

Then Blue Cap and Hammond went back to the store to get some clothes, and one kept guard while the other tried on clothes. While there I took out my watch, and Blue Cap said, "We can take that watch." I took it off and threw it to him, and said "Take it." "Oh, no," he said, "we have plenty, it's no good to us, keep it." I felt inclined to throw it at his head.

Then he said to me, "Will you come down to the horse yard and show me the best of the horses?" I replied, "You know them well enough. You'll take that big bay horse with the white hind foot"—a beautiful horse and well bred, but he was a little lame, and I told them so, but they took him. Then Blue Cap said, "We'll take that little mare you were riding; you never rode a bad one, and she scooted pretty swift down to the gate just now. You have a chestnut racing mare here by Troubadour, the old horse Ben Hall used to ride."

One time Hall, Gilbert, and a bushranger known as "The Old Man," were riding three noted race-horses, Troubadour, and two others.

I said, "Yes, but you can't have her." "Oh, can't we, indeed, how's that?" "Well," I said, "she does not belong to me, and I'll not let her go." "Oh, we'll see about that; who does she belong to?" "She belongs to Mr. C. M. Lloyd, of Yamma." "Oh, if she belongs to Mr. Lloyd, we'll not touch her!"

It turned out that Hammond had been working at Yamma, and having been sick there, was so well looked after that he was grateful, and so the little racing mare was left. It was pretty good of these chaps, for a racing mare was straight into their hands, and they could have returned her. I used to chaff Charley Lloyd and Mrs. Lloyd about their friends the bushrangers.

I had a good chat to Blue Cap by himself, and advised him to drop it. I said, "You separate and go

on the square, and you'll probably get away. You know how it will all end. You'll be shot or hanged. Remember the end of all the men who took to the bush, Gilbert, Ben Hall and O'Meally were shot, so were Bourke and Morgan. Peisley, Manns and Dunn were hanged, Frank Gardiner got thirty-two years. All were either shot, hanged, or gaoled, and all died poor."

"I know," he said. "They died like dogs. I expect to do the same; it's too late for us now, we have fired on the police, and our lives are forfeit—we'll see it out."

They cleared out about six o'clock, and as they were leaving I heard one say, "We'll go to Mahonga and shoot old Bobby Rand." As soon as they were gone I caught a good mare and slipped out at the back of the place, made a bit of a detour, and galloped down fourteen miles to Faed's station, Butherwah. I warned those there, and went on post haste four miles further to Urana. The police there were out "after the bushrangers." I wired to Wagga and Albury and other places, and went back to Faed's and had some supper. I found that they had two shot guns and two old single-barrelled duelling pistols. I told them what the rangers had said about Bobby Rand, and suggested we should go across to Mahonga, about twenty miles, and see what we could do, and that we would probably be in time to save Mr. Rand; but they were not "taking any." I am afraid I was rather angry. I had been stuck up on a big station with a hundred men, and I had been fired at, and felt horribly humiliated. I never felt so small in my life, and it still rankles. I got one of the pistols from Faed, and cleared out.

I didn't tell them that I intended having a go on my own. My idea was that I might sneak on the bushrangers, and perhaps cut them off from their horses, and if I could get a pot shot at them, as they

did at me, I was determined to take it if I could. I felt as the Yankees say, "real ugly."

It was now quite dark. I rode along till I hit the road going from Urangeline to Mahonga, struck a match, and found there were no tracks, so then I made back to Urangeline and sneaked up to the place. No sign of any bushrangers. I went in and wakened Mr. Rose, the manager. He had heard nothing of the men. I said, "Have you a revolver?" He said, "Yes." "Well," I said, "up you get and come along with me." "No jolly fear," he said. "Well, lend me the revolver." "No, I won't," he said, "you are a d——d fool. By your own account those chaps treated you right well, and did no harm; go home and go to bed. If you follow those chaps and they get you, they will certainly shoot you, and small blame to them, and then they'd go back to Brookong and burn the place down. Go home, man, it's the best thing you can do for your employers and yourself."

I called him all the names I could think of, but he only laughed, so off I went. About a mile and a half back on the track to Brookong was a hut, called, curiously enough, the Flash Hut. As I got close to it the moon was just rising, and I had just time to see horses hurry up to the hut, when a voice called out, "Who's there?" and at once a shot rang out and a bullet whistled. I made off, and five or more shots were fired. I lay down flat on my mare and went zig-zagging, and as fast as she could go. This time I heard the bullets. I made for the creek and crossed just below a dam called the Four Mile Dam. The whole creek is dammed, and the water generally reached from one dam to the next. I rode on home, but sat up till morning, in case the rascals paid us another visit.

Next day the Urana police rode up, and I went with them to the Flash Hut. The man living there was evidently either a sympathiser of the bushrangers or more likely was afraid to speak, for he stoutly



denied that anyone had been at his hut, and stuck to it that I was absolutely mistaken. No mounted men had been there, not shooting had occurred! We went on up the creek to Wallandool, but heard nothing of our men. We were riding along in the dark, and making for Piney Range (now Walbundrie), when we noticed a small fire some distance off the road in thick scrub. Three of us dismounted, and, creeping along cautiously from different directions, we suddenly rushed in on the fire, and there was a harmless old swaggie having his pot of tea! The odd part of it was that the old fellow was not in the least put out by the policemen and myself so suddenly rushing on him, with revolvers in our hands. He never even got up off the ground. I believe he had seen our men, but, of course, he swore he had not.

We rode on, and just at daylight we rode up to Piney Range pub. As we approached we could just make out the barrel of a rifle pointed at us through a window shutter, and a voice called on us to stand. Of course we knew it was not the bushrangers. They would have started firing.

It turned out that it was the publican, who said he had heard of the Brookong sticking-up, and thought we had come to bail him up. The police went on, and I returned home to my shearing.

A few days afterwards one of our boundary riders told me that my little mare with the saddle and bridle on her was floating in the Four Mile Dam—dead of course. I said, "That's all right, there's one of the bushrangers there, too." So we watched the dam, and sure enough a few days later the body of my friend Mr. Hammond floated up to the surface, in rather a gruesome condition, so much so that a cheque of mine that I found in his pocket took a lot of airing before it could be handled.

There was an inquest on the body, and, curiously enough, there was another inquest at the head station the same day on a man who died from snake bite.

My brother-in-law, William Rawlins, of Yathong, happened along and "sat on the bodies."

The snake bite death was rather a strange one. A man arrived at Brookong one evening with a big brown snake in a kerosene tin. He said he was a snake charmer. Next morning he let the snake bite him, and all he did was to scarify the back of his neck. The man was evidently mad. Nothing was said to me till about three o'clock in the afternoon, when one of the shearers told me about it, and said he thought the man was dying. I went down, and, sure enough, the man was in a bad way; his teeth were locked. I could get nothing down his throat, and he died towards morning. The sergeant of police, who, needless to say, was an Irishman, recorded the verdict "that the deceased died from the effect of a bite of a snake of unsound mind."

To return to the bushrangers. So far as I could make out, when they saw me approaching the hut, they thought at first that the police were on them. About half a mile above where I crossed there was an old dam broken in the middle, and from the bank it looked as if the dam was all right, and that it extended across the creek. Whether all the bushrangers galloped into the water or not I never found out, but at any rate Hammond did, and met his deserts, as indeed did all of them, for Blue Cap was taken some months afterwards near Gundagai, as he was riding along the road on my bay horse. A trooper in plain clothes was coming along in the opposite direction, and recognising Blue Cap and the horse, he had Blue Cap covered as he rode up, and he captured him. Blue Cap got ten years in 1868, but was let out the same time as was Gardiner. The other man was taken up somewhere in the Riverina backblocks, after wounding a policeman in the head. He got a death sentence, but this was commuted to fifteen years; he was let out in 1874.

There never was a bushranger but came to a bad

end, and there was a lull in bushranging until the Kelly gang took to the bush. The end of their career at Glenrowan followed, by the capture of Power, may be said to have terminated bushranging in Australia. These and other matters are graphically narrated in Mr. Inspector Sadleir's *Recollections of a Victorian Police Officer*, also in *White's Australian Bush-rangers*.

The following spirited verses are by the poet Barcroft Boake, whose body was, on the 10th May, 1892, found hanging by the lash of a stock whip from the branch of a tree at Long Bay, Middle Harbour, Sydney.

Barcroft Boake has left us some fine poems, many of them, as has been well said, "breathe with the breath of genius," notably so one entitled *Where the Dead Men Lie*.

*Out on the wastes of the Never Never,  
That's where the dead men lie!  
There where the heat waves dance for ever!  
That's where the dead men lie!  
That's where the Earth's loved sons are keeping,  
Endless tryst; not the west wind sweeping,  
Feverish pinions can wake their sleeping  
Out where the dead men lie!*

Boake was a great admirer of Lindsay Gordon's poetry, and, like Gordon, he was subject to fits of depression. In one of these fits he took his own life.

These verses, *Fetherstonhaugh*, and those entitled *Jack Corrigan*, were found in Boake's coat pocket as he hung on the tree, together with a note in pencil to hand the verses to Mr. Archibald, of the *Bulletin*, in which paper they duly appeared.

## FETHERSTONHAUGH.

*Brookong station lay half asleep,  
Dozed in the Western waning glare,  
'Twas before the run was stocked with sheep,  
And only cattle depastured there,  
As the Blue Cap mob reined up at the door,  
And loudly saluted Fetherstonhaugh.*

*"My saintly preacher," the leader cried,  
"I stand no nonsense, as you're aware,  
I've a word for you if you'll step outside,  
Just drop that pistol and have a care.  
I'll trouble you, too, for the key of the store,  
For we're short of tucker, friend Fetherston-  
haugh!"*

*The muscular Christian showed no fear,  
Though he handled the key with but small delay;  
He never answered the ruffian's jeer,  
Except by a look which seemed to say:  
"Beware, my friend! and think before  
You raise the devil in Fetherstonhaugh!"*

*Two hours after he reined his horse,  
Up in Urana, and straightway went  
To the barracks; the trooper was gone, of course,  
Blindly nosing a week-old scent,  
Away in the scrub round Mount Galore,  
"Confound the fellow!" quoth Fetherstonhaugh.*

*"Will any man of you come with me,  
And give this Blue Cap a dressing down?"  
They all regarded him silently,  
As he turned his horse with a scornful frown.  
"You're curs, the lot of you, to the core,  
I'll go by myself!" said Fetherstonhaugh.*



*The scrub was thick on Urangeline,  
As he followed the tracks that twisted through  
The box and dogwood and scented pine  
(One of their horses had cast a shoe),  
Steeped from his youth in forest lore,  
He could track like a nigger, could Fetherston-  
haugh.*

*He paused as he saw the thread of smoke  
From the outlaw camp, and he marked the sound  
Of a hobble-check as it sharply broke  
The silence that held the scrub land bound,  
There were their horses, two, three, four!  
"It's a risk, but I'll chance it!" quoth Fetherston-  
haugh.*

*He loosed the first, and it walked away;  
But his comrades' silence could not be bought,  
For he raised his head with a sudden neigh,  
And plainly showed that he'd not be caught,  
As a bullet sang from a rifle bore,  
"It's time to be moving!" quoth Fetherstonhaugh.*

*The brittle pine as they broke away  
Crackled like ice on a winter's pond.  
The strokes fell fast on the cones that lay  
Buried beneath the withered fronds  
That softly carpeted the sandy floor,  
Swept two on the tracks of Fetherstonhaugh.*

*They struck the pad that the stock had made,  
A dustily red well-beaten track.  
The leader opened a fusilade,  
Whose target was Fetherstonhaugh's back,  
But his luck was out; not a bullet tore  
As much as a shred from Fetherstonhaugh.*

*Rattle them, rattle them, fast on the pad,  
Where the sloping shades fell dusk and dim!  
The manager's heart beat high and glad,  
For he knew that the creek was a mighty swim,  
Already he heard a smothered oath,  
"They're done like a dinner!" quoth Fetherston-  
haugh.*

*It was almost dark as they neared the dam,  
He struck the crossing as true as a hair,  
For the space of a second the pony swam!  
Then shook himself in the chill night air.  
In a pine tree shade on the further shore,  
With his pistol cocked, stood Fetherstonhaugh.*

*A splash! an oath! and a rearing horse!  
A thread snapped short in the fateful loom,  
The tide unaltered swept on its course,  
Though a fellow creature had met his doom,  
Pale and trembling and struck with awe,  
Blue Cap stood opposite Fetherstonhaugh.*

*While the creek rolled muddily on between,  
The eddies played with the drowned man's hat,  
The stars peeped out in the summer sheen;  
A night bird chirruped across the flat.  
Quoth Blue Cap, "I owe you a heavy score,  
And I'll live to repay it, Fetherstonhaugh!"*

*But he never did, for he ran his race  
Before he had time to fulfill his oath.  
I can't think how, but in any case  
He was hung or drowned, or it may be both,  
But whichever it was, he came no more  
To trouble the peace of Fetherstonhaugh.*

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

My mare fell with me one night at the Brookong horse paddock gate, and I broke my nose, and a very painful break it was. I rode up to Wagga next day (fifty-five miles), and Dr. Robinson pulled my nose with one hand and pushed it straight with the other and set it for me. I had to ride to Deniliquin shortly after—112 miles. Just before getting into the town my horse stumbled, and I jerked my head. I was walking up the street when I met my cousin, Dick Fetherstonhaugh, then living at Cobram with his cousin, Fred Wolseley. Dick Burst out laughing when he met me, and said, "Whatever have you been doing to yourself; why your nose is as round as a hoop?" and sure enough it was. I went to Dr. Noyes, who pulled my nose, pushed it, straightened and fixed it up again. I went to Deniliquin to attend as a witness on a court case. A well-known man—a publican, John Taylor—was accused of stealing a lamb, and I was called to attest as to whether the lamb could have been sired by a Vermont sire. I could not attest anything of the sort, and indeed quoted the old saw, "It's a wise child knows its own father." The accused got off. That afternoon I rode to the Yanko on my way home. Joe Weir was down a shaft at the wool press in the wool room. I looked down and said, "I have broken my nose, but I have had it fixed up all right." "Fixed up, have you?" said Weir. "Why, man, it's all over your face." He summoned Scotty Turnbull, the well-known groom at the Yanko, and sent me off to Jerilderie in a buggy to see Dr. Stewart, a retired naval surgeon, who, in due course, took *his* turn at pulling and pushing my unfortunate nose, and got *his* fee out of my equally unfortunate pocket. Next day I returned to Brookong, and when I met my sister, said, "Well, I'm back, and have had

two doctors at my nose, but Dr. Stewart has made a really good job of it this time." "Good job?" ejaculated my sister. "Why your nose is worse than ever; the sooner you go to Wagga and see Dr. Robinson the better." I said, "Cart ropes won't drag me to any more doctors." I set to work, got some cardboard and some glue, and sat down before a looking glass. Then, after the manner of the several doctors, I pulled my nose with one hand and pushed it into place with the other; then, having soaked the cardboard in glue, I bent it and clapped it on my repaired nose. The cardboard stiffened, and I consider I made a good job of it. I could easily add another chapter to Laurence Sterne's chapter on noses in that inimitable book *Tristram Shandy*.

In recounting my experience with my broken nose in connection with my trip to Deniliquin, I mentioned a man named Taylor, who kept the Royal Hotel at Deniliquin. Taylor was a very smart man, a real hustler; he had any amount of go and initiative, but, unfortunately, he was just a bit too smart. On the occasion of a big flood in the Edwards he posted off to Tocumwal on the Murray, bought an old punt, floated it down the Murray, towed it up the Edwards to Deniliquin, and made a good thing out of the venture.

He had his hotel lighted with gas in 1866; the gas he made on the premises out of the refuse (chiefly) from the hotel.

An old centenarian, one William Denny, who died in 1916 at Walhallow Station, on the Liverpool Plains, in his 104th year, told me a curious story about this same Taylor. Old Denny, who was "on the wallaby,"\* had been doing some work for Taylor, and Taylor had bested him, so the old man was very sore, and he took to the road again. The night he left Deniliquin he got to a little farm with a cottage on it, and no one living in it. It looked like rain, so Denny got in through a window and camped

\*Travelling looking for work.



in the cottage. In the middle of the night he heard the noise of a dray coming up; it pulled up close to the cottage. Denny wondered what was up; he got out quietly and watched. There were two men with the dray and one was Taylor. The two men dug a big hole in the garden, and Denny began to wonder if they had murdered someone. After they had dug the hole they took a lot of things out of the dray, chiefly plate, and buried it, covered the hole, and went away. Denny reckoned that they had committed a robbery, and it was in fact a robbery, but it was his creditors Taylor was robbing.

Taylor immediately after went insolvent, but the plate was discovered, and Taylor got several years for fraudulent insolvency, and my old friend Denny chuckled. I did not intend to introduce Denny till later on in my *Reminiscences*, but I may as well give all I know of his history now, for it is very interesting.

When I was valuing for the State Land Tax in 1902 my good friend, F. J. Croaker, manager of Walhallow Station, on the Liverpool Plains, took me to see an old man named William Denny, who had applied for the old age pension, he then being in his ninetieth year.

There was some difficulty as to his continuity of residence in New South Wales, and it was thought that a conversation with the old man might enable me to satisfy the authorities as to Denny's *bona fides*. Shortly afterwards Mr. Croaker succeeded in getting the pension for him, and indeed if any man in the State was entitled to a pension old Denny was, as his history will show.

I saw Denny again at intervals and we became very friendly. I always greatly enjoyed a good long chat with him. He had a wonderful memory, was replete with anecdote, and had a fund of dry humour. Most of his life had been spent in New South Wales.

My last interview with Denny was in 1915; he was

then in his 103rd year. He was very much alive indeed; his mind quite alert, and no hesitation in his speech. His bright twinkling eyes beamed with fun and mischief; no one would have taken him to have been over eighty. He enunciated his words perfectly, and to hear him talking out of your sight you would not have known he was fifty. He could talk for a couple of hours without showing signs of fatigue, and he was the best of good company.

In 1909, when in his 97th year, Denny slipped on the rocks when crossing the Mooki River, and fractured the neck of the thigh bone. He had to go on crutches to the end of his life, which occurred in January, 1916, in his 104th year.

The accident had no effect on Denny's never-failing good spirits; he always looked on the bright side of life, and made the best of it. His keen sense of humour must have been a great source of strength to him. Said he, "If I had not broken my thigh I'd be trying to shear yet. Did you know Ronald, of Nebea? Well, I shored for him when I was seventy-three. I did a bit of shearing in Victoria in the early days. I shored for Andrew Chirnside; that mountain, Mt. William, is called after me. It's truth I'm telling you. Oh, you have been there? Well, over the range, you know, lies the Victoria Valley. A chap—well, we'll call him Cotter—used to come over from the Valley to duff Andrew's cattle; he had been an old Derwenter; his earmark was to cut off both ears. There were three chaps sent over from the Derwent (Van Diemen's Land) together to Victoria; this man Cotter, Tulip Wright, and Teddy Halfpenny.

"Why, Denny," I said, "I remember Tulip Wright. He kept a public house between Lancefield and Melbourne. He had a garden full of tulips. When a little girl my wife picked up a cheque for £78 in front of the pub."

Said Denny, "Do you know Sam McCaughey?"

"I know him well," said I, "but he is now Sir Samuel McCaughey."

"Never mind the Sir," said Denny. "I shore for him two or three years, and I'd never ask to shear for a better man. We used to sign on for 17/6 a hundred, but he used to pay us up to 25/- a hundred, according to the cut we gave him."

"And how were *you* paid, Denny?"

"I got the 25/-, and though I shore fewer sheep I lost nothing by it. Anyway, a man thinks more of himself when he's getting his cheque if he thinks he has given the cove a good cut for his money. Sam McCaughey," said Denny, "is an evenhanded man and a good worker himself. Why, I did hear that he and Joe McGaw, him that was super at the Yanko for Sam Wilson, and afterwards owned Burrabogie, on the Murrumbidgee, that these two worked as hard as any two navvies on a big piece of pick and shovel work on the Wimmera, in Victoria, for the Wilsons."

During my last interview with the old man in 1915 I said to him, "Denny, I'd like you to give me a sketch of your life and let me make notes of what you tell me. One of these days I mean to write up my reminiscences, and I'd like to have you in them." Denny was quite pleased, and what he told me was spread over several interviews. I took notes and wrote them up immediately after I left Denny, so that all through this narrative I give Denny's actual words.

"I was born," he said, "on the Hawkesbury on the 13th May, 1812, at a place called Wilberforce, called after that fine man who played so great a part in the emancipation of the slaves. I am an only son. My father was in the army, in the 88th Rifles, the Connaught Rangers, and he attained his captaincy. He made three trips to Australia with convicts; one in 1807, another in 1809, and before his last trip, which was in 1811, he got married to an Irish girl. He was one of the veterans (pronounced Viteran by

Denny). After his last trip he got a grant of land at Wilberforce. This settlement on the Hawkesbury was known as the Viteran's Flat."

Denny was unlike the typical tall wiry Hawkesbury native. He was short and thick set, had been a very strong man, and had never been ill in all his long life. He once dislocated his shoulder, and went to the Liverpool Asylum, where Dr. Beattie fixed him up, and was very good to him, but the Asylum inmates were, Denny said, "a tough lot, and a dirty lot, too."

"I have lived under five Kings and one Queen—George the Third, George the Fourth, William, Queen Victoria, and her two sons, Edward the Seventh, God bless him, and the present King. Edward the Seventh was born in 1841, and the Princess Royal, her that married the German Emperor, was born a year before that in 1840. Begad," said old Denny, with a merry twinkle in his eye, "the old Queen lost no time in giving the English people plenty of Royalty."

"Yes," said Denny, "I'm a Catholic, but I live and let live. I'm like that Irishman who said, 'God is good and the devil none too bad if you don't rub him up the wrong way.' See here," said Denny. "I don't like that Church of England. She was started by that villain of a King who murdered four wives and would have done for the fifth only she saw him out. He left the old church just for his own bad ends."

"Dr. Bland, a navy surgeon, was my godfather. He came out on one of my father's trips with convicts, having been sentenced to seven years for killing a brother officer in a 'dooel.' The two were serving under Nelson on the old *Victory*, and they had an altercation in which Bland, who told me the story, gave the other the lie. A meeting was arranged, but Nelson, hearing of it, called them up to him, and said, 'We want our officers to fight for their country, not



against each other, and the first man that attempts to fight a 'dooel,' I'll hang him instantly at the yard-arm.' When the *Victory* reached land the two men, who were so eager to fight, met, and Dr. Bland shot his man dead.

"In those days," went on Denny, "a dooel was looked upon as quite an ordinary affair, and the usual penalty for killing your man was a fine of a shilling. In this case the dead man's friends were bigwigs and very influential, and poor Bland got seven years. However, on landing, no surgeons or doctors being available, Bland was at once appointed honorary surgeon to the Government Hospital, and he acted as such till he had served his time. When he became a free man he was regularly appointed surgeon. Later on he was appointed one of an executive council of four, the other three being Wentworth, Blaxland, and Bob Lowe. Bland then used to drive a little carriage painted red with red lamps. It was well known in Sydney as the 'Red Pill Box.' "

"Did you ever know Lowe?" asked Denny.

"Well, Denny," I said, "Lowe had left Australia before I came out; no doubt you allude to the man who became Chancellor of the Exchequer after he went home, and afterwards Lord Sherbrooke?"

"That's the man," said Denny, "and a bad tempered man he was. He got his back up at Dr. Bland's appointment on the Executive, he being a Government man (convict), and in a huff Lowe refused to act with Bland. Even at school Lowe was a cantankerous chap; someone once wrote an epitaph for Lowe. I'll give it to you." He promptly quoted:

*Here lie the bones of Robert Lowe,  
And where he's gone I do not know.  
If he's gone to realms above  
Farewell to harmony and love.  
If he's gone to a lower level  
We can't congratulate the devil.*

"I remember," says he, "Lowe defending a prisoner named Knatchbull for the murder of a Mrs. Jamieson. Knatchbull put the poor woman sitting on a fire to make her say where her money was, and finally he killed her, and he an educated man, too. In spite of Lowe's defence, Knatchbull was convicted and hanged."

Denny was pretty good on epitaphs. I can only remember two of them. "Did you ever hear of Sir John Trollope?" "Well, no." "He wrote an epitaph on himself."

*Here lies the body of Sir John Trollope,  
I caused the stones to roll up.  
When God shall take my soul up,  
My body shall fill this hole up.*

The next is bordering on the profane; it was written, said Denny, about a man named Todd, who had an enormous mouth, which he generally kept open. He consequently got the name of the Gaper.

*Here lies the body of Andrew Todd,  
Stranger tread lightly o'er the sod,  
For if he gapes you're lost, by G—d.*

"Governor Brisbane," says Denny, "on his way out, called at Pitcairn Island, and was greatly taken with the Bounty mutineers, and made up his mind to get them over to Australia. With that end in view he shifted the Viterans from Wilberforce, and gave them grants of land in others places, intending to settle the Pitcairn islanders on the land occupied by the Viterans. However, the powers that be would not consent to it, and nothing came of it."

Denny's father was shifted to Bathurst, but got a grant of land somewhere about Camberwell, where his mother lived later on.

"I started work when I was nine years old, stripping wattle bark, but when I was ten years old I

was sent to school in Castlereagh-street, to old Macgregor, till I was twelve or fourteen. He learned me to read, and to write, after a fashion. There were about twenty-three scholars there, among them G. M. Pitt, and a boy named Weston. Old Mac was a stern man, my word," said Denny, with a twinkle in his eyes (and good, honest eyes they were). "He could leather you and no mistake. They don't leather the young chaps enough these days. Why, if a boy was properly leathered now his mother would get the mimber for the district to see about it in the House, so she would.

"At fourteen years old I was apprenticed to a ship's carpenter, but I never learnt much of that work. The carpenter put me sawing; his name was Cuthbert, and when he found I was good at it he kept me sawing. I was as strong as a young bull. When I had served my time as apprentice I went to Circular Quay, and started sawing for old John Cook, a Bristol native; he came out a bird stuffer and went to the Richmond, and the sawyers there took him in hand. The blacks were pretty bad on the Richmond then; the married people all lived in the centre of the settlement. One day Cook saw the blacks coming, and gave the alarm. The men all ran up out of the sawpits, and made such a show that the blacks cleared out. The sawyers were so pleased with Cook over this that they made up 100,000 feet of logs for him, and sent it to the Circular Quay, and he started cutting it up, and I started in to help him. This I think would be about 1840, and I would be about twenty-eight then. I was thirty-six when I came up to this country, and shore here for three years. This place then belonged to Billy Nolan. John Eales owned Walhallow, and he went to law with Nolan. At that time," says Denny, "you couldn't own a station on both sides of a river. Eales contended that the Mooki was not a river with a frontage, but only a chain of waterholes.

"I was never here again till 1902—that was sixty-four years after. Mr. Croaker brought you to see here in 1902; that was the time he got me the old age pension, and a lot of trouble there was to get it for me, an Australian-born and then ninety years old, and you'll remember," says Denny, "you helped Mr. Croaker in getting me the pinsion. But I got it all right, and a good job it is for me."

"Tell me, Denny, where were you all that sixty-four years?"

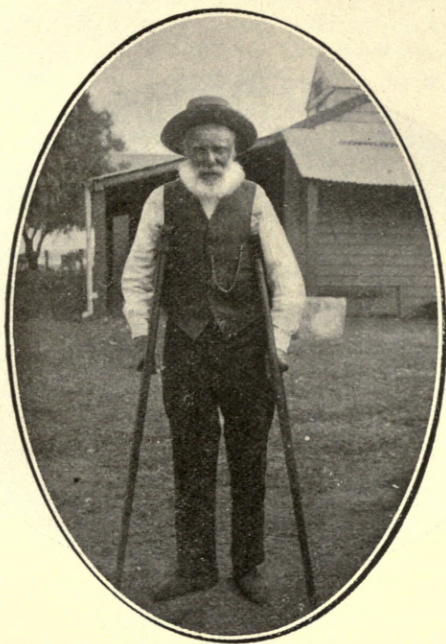
"Well, I was here, and there, and everywhere—Victoria, Queensland, but mostly in New South Wales. A good while I was sawing in Sydney; I was sawkeeper, that was better than sawing. I was down in Melbourne, and saw the first race ever run, where the present course is at Flemington. Plenipo ran and won. He belonged to a publican named Jack Smith; he beat Romeo, belonging to one of the Hunter Brothers. The match was for £500 a-side. I think this was in 1841, but can't be sure. It was the year of the big comet. It was as big up in the sky as this hut; it spanned the whole firmament" (Denny's own words). "You'd see the Jews in a great fright; they wanted to sell anything they had, but bedad you know in all their fright they'd give you nothing for nothing. There was more than Jews frightened, too, and I tell you, sir, there's plenty worse citizens of this Commonwealth than the Jews. Why, there's Christians (God save the mark) that would lamb you down and skin you for your last penny—not that I was ever lambed down. My spare cash never went in drink except in a big shout now and again."

"Did you ever see the Hunters ride, Denny?"

"I did, but I can't remember them much; there was one fair terror, Jack Hunter."

"Yes, I remember old Colonel Snodgrass, and his son Peter, too, that was a member of the Assembly later on."





WILLIAM DENNY  
*In His 102nd Year.*



SIR THOMAS N. FITZGERALD

"In 1834 Cox and old Harry Dangar were at Goonoo Goonoo, but they had to shift, and Cox settled on Ghoolendaddy and Nombi, and Dangar at Myall Creek, and there was not a myhall on it."

"In '37 the massacre of blacks took place at Myall Creek, but Mr. Dangar knew nothing of it till after it happened. I was shearing, and after the massacre, Mr. Dangar sent me to Myall Creek to muster the cattle."

"The blacks were massacred right enough. The stockmen had got the gins and promised the black-fellows presents, and when there were no presents the blacks played up, and the stockmen marched them out to a place, where sixty or seventy were shot. It was a horrible massacre. That talk about chaining the blacks together was all lies, but the blacks were marched along to a piece of open ground, and sixty or seventy were killed. The fools of men boasted about it, and they were arrested, all except 'Micky Bad English,' an Irishman, so-called because he spoke such bad English. He had queer yarns about the shooting all mixed up with queer Irish words. I got the 430 cattle all right, and Dangar left two stockmen to mind them. I went back to my mother in Sydney."

"Do you remember when Buckley was found?"

"Yes, I saw Buckley once at a place now called Dromana. At that time Gellibrand was lost, and there was a big reward for him. He was found near a mountain; there was a little fire and a saddle, bridle and whip. A man named Thorpe found him. The mountain was called Mt. Gellibrand after this. Thorpe was stockman for Faithfull on the Ovens, a place called Buffalo Mount. Bill Thorpe was the first man I ever heard called Buffalo Bill; it was while looking for Gellibrand that he found Buckley with a tribe of blacks. Buckley fell on his knees and repeated all he could remember of the Lord's Prayer."

"Do you know a place called the Piney Range?" said Denny.

"Yes, I know it well," I replied.

"It was at one time a rendezvous for all the horse and cattle stealers in that district; it's about eighty miles out of Albury. Many a time Morgan, the outlaw, called in at the Piney. When Mr. Kiddle bought Walbundrie, on which the Piney Range pub. stands, he pretty well bought up the township, including the pub., and the Piney Range mob of evil-doers was broken up. Well," said Denny, "I was one time at the Piney, sawing out the timber for a public house for a man named Galloping Dick. There was a man named Geary working there. He came to me and he said, 'I want to make a confession. I put away a man in Victoria seventeen years ago at the Stony Rises, beyond Colac. I was shepherding there, and I had just killed a sheep for myself when a man came up and caught me in the act. In a minute I caught hold of an axe, and put it into him, and he fell dead. I got a bag, and cut him up, and put the pieces into the bag, and my wife, who saw the whole thing, helped me to put it on the horse, and I took it away and buried it under one of the big heaps of stones. When I got back my wife had run away, and I have never seen her since. Then I cleared out, too. Now I can't stand it any longer. I mean to give myself up.' "

" 'Well,' said Denny, 'go to Galloping Dick, and tell him; it's no business of mine.' "

"Dick would have no truck with him either, so he went to Albury and told the priest, and he told him to go to Mr. Tom Browne, the Police Magistrate (Rolf Boldrewood). Mr. Browne told him that as the murder had occurred in Victoria, he had better go across the river to Wodonga, where he (Mr. Browne) also adjudicated, and give himself up there. Geary was arrested, and taken to the Stony Rises, and, sure enough, the remains were found. Then



the wife was found, and gave her evidence, and Geary was duly hanged."

"Did you ever try the Diggings, Denny?"

"Yes, I made a rise of £700 one time, but then I went to Major Creek diggings, and I blew it all; that's what happens to most diggers."

"No, I never drank, but I gambled."

"How gambled?"

"Oh, hazards; I never bet. Last time I was in Sydney I was forty-five years old. It was the time of my mother's death."

"I was once bitten by a black snake on the finger. I had an axe in my hand, so I at once chopped the finger off, and, in doing this, I took a piece off the next finger, as you can see. I went to Sydney, and my godfather, Dr. Bland, fixed it up for me."

"There was an old fellow in Van Dieman's Land; he was taken for killing a bullock, and he was sent to Sydney to be tried, and an Irish barrister, one Monty Dillon, defended him. They took the bullock hide over in a cask, and they thought they had the men jailed safe enough, but when the cask was opened out came a kangaroo skin; they had rung the changes somewhere, and the man got off."

"The first Cup ever run for in Sydney," said Denny, "was when I was seven years old. It was run in Hyde Park, and the end of that year news came out of the birth of Queen Victoria on 24th May, 1819."

"I was talking to a man named Walthers one day," said Denny. "He fancied himself on dates, so I said to him, 'Walthers, can you tell me what three great events occurred in 1812?' 'Well,' said Walthers, 'there was the burning of Moscow,' but he couldn't tell me the other two. 'Why,' I said, 'there was the taking of Badajos, and in 1812 William Denny was born.' 'Oh, you be damned,' said Walthers."

"Did you know Mosely, of Tibbereenah?"

“Yes,” I said.

“Well,” said Denny, “he was a good sport, and a hard case, and could use his fists. He kept pet snakes all over the place. There was a curse on Tibbereenah; no one ever did any good with that place. A man followed and shot an outlaw there, a bushranger, and after he had shot the man, he began to think it was not the bushranger at all, and he cleared out. A chap named—let us say, Smith—found the body, and thought he’d go for the reward and chance it being an outlaw, so he chopped off the head and took it to the police, who were satisfied that it was the man they wanted, and as a reward Smith got a grant of land at Tibbereenah, and there always has been a curse on the place since. Anyway, Mosely did no good with it.”

“The old Royal Hotel in Sydney was, I think, built the year after I was born, 1813; it was built by George Barry, the ‘Gentleman Thief.’

“Governor Denison was coming past one day with a gentleman each side of him, where I was sitting with two other chaps. As he passed I took off my hat, and he returned the salute, and the two gentlemen took off their hats, too. ‘Bedad, Denny,’ said one of my mates, ‘we never thought you knew the Governor?’ ‘No more I do,’ said I, ‘but you see it’s etiquette from one gentleman to another to lift your hat.’ I had him there.”

Old Denny was much missed by Mr. Croaker and his family, and Walhallow will never be the same to me without him.—R.I.P.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

I was much circumscribed in the management of Brookong. The wool sales and stock sales did not pass through my hands, I was not kept informed as

to the returns, so I cannot supply any information as to the profits that were being made at that time from station properties. Being a leasehold and fenced in, I should say that Brookong paid handsomely on its capital value. At the same time I remember a friend who owned a very good small property in the district saying to me that he would rather have my position as manager of a large station than his position as owner; but then he was heavily in debt.

That portion of Riverina extending from somewhat west of Deniliquin right up to a bit east of Wagga, and embracing all the country between the Murray and Murrumbidgee Rivers, and including the north frontage of the Murrumbidgee, from Wagga to below Narandera, has done right well for all the men who purchased properties there in the early sixties. I cannot think of any one station owner who did not make good on all that area, except William Halliday, and his failure was in no way due to the country, for had he remained to manage the station himself and not gone to Sydney and Melbourne, he would, had he lived, have come out a very wealthy man.

A number of station owners in the district under notice made a great deal of money and left it to their children. Now, how it is that so much money has been made off this Riverina country, while on country in other parts of New South Wales, with richer soil and a better rainfall, the failures have been many, as note what my friend R. D. Barton says in his very interesting and vigorously written *Reminiscences*. He says, "Before 1902 few graziers made money; the best they could do was to rear their families and pay expenses."

Riverina is just as subject to droughts, is not better fattening or lambing country, nor it is better wool-growing country than the country further north, with which Mr. Barton was conversant.

The reason, in my opinion, is not far to seek. Almost every acre of the area under notice in

Riverina was purchased by Victorians, and I have no doubt that the success to which I have just drawn attention was due to the up-to-date methods observed by these progressive men from the State which Jack Robertson styled "the cabbage garden."

As late as 1877 I rode over a great part of New South Wales outside Riverina with the view of purchasing a station property. When I came to a well-improved property, fenced in and sub-divided, with good tanks or wells, good homestead, good gates and also good sheep, I had not to ask as to where the owner hailed from. He was sure to be a Victorian. If I rode through an unfenced property, with pot-hole tanks (death traps), no wells, a tumble-down homestead, and inferior shepherded sheep, I could make sure that the place was owned by a New South Welshman. These remarks apply only to the Western and Central Divisions.

A very notable example of the contrast between the old New South Wales style of station management and that of the Victorian occurred in that well-known station, Calga, in the Castlereagh district, near Coonamble. This property in 1873 consisted of some 180,000 acres of, chiefly, rich basaltic plains running up to the foothills of the picturesque Warumbungle mountains. These mountains rise to an altitude of 4000 feet over sea level. Calga has an annual rainfall of 20 inches, that is three inches over that of Brookong. This fine property, together with some 30,000 shepherded sheep (being all it would carry in its unimproved state), was sold by the owner, an experienced New South Wales squatter, to Mr. James Murphy, a Victorian. Mr. Murphy told me that Calga was sold because of the difficulty and cost of watering the country. Mr. Murphy fenced and sub-divided the run, excavated a few tanks, made some dams in the watercourses, and, in about seven years, sold at a big profit to the Ryder Brothers, also Victorians. At the present time, and



only as the result of fencing and water improvements, a fifth of the original area of Calga is carrying as much as the whole area carried under the previous regime.

I often wonder where all the New South Welshmen have got to, for, except in the Eastern Division, nine out of ten of the stations in New South Wales are owned by Victorians or sons of Victorians.

I must not forget to mention how much Australia is indebted to these same old-time New South Wales squatters for the good work they have done in breeding the grandest horses in the world for endurance on the road and in the cattle camp. Alas, it is hard, if not impossible, nowadays to pick up a horse of which the picture herewith, drawn by Harry Stockdale, is the type.

The Australian horse has made a great name for himself in Egypt and in Palestine. Our returned soldiers cannot speak too highly of them, although at times they had to go for 48 hours without food or water, they "stuck it" well out, to the joy of their riders.

During my time at Brookong almost all the stations were leasehold. The only station owners who bought land were the Learmonths, of Groongall, on the Murrumbidgee. To the amazement of other squatters they, about 1870, applied for and purchased 300,000 acres of, chiefly, saltbush plains and myall country on the north bank of the Murrumbidgee, at £1 an acre. Forty years afterwards, although a great deal of money had been expended in improvement, the land would not have brought £1 an acre in the open market. The leasehold rents were very moderate indeed at the time of which I write, and wool and stock were a fair price, so that station owners should have been coining money. I remember one year when English buyers came round giving a shilling a pound for the greasy wool on the station. We had droughts—about one year in five—but until 1877 there were

no big losses in this district. That of 1869 was a pretty bad drought, and a number of sheep were sent to "the Hills"—that is, the Upper Murray country. We sent 6000 sheep from Brookong in 1869, and had no losses either in the hills or at home. I remember, however, Mr. Blackwood, of Hartwood, telling me later on that, if his backers were to force him to sell, he would go out without a shilling. This was after he had had to buy land.

Again I remember a firm on the Murrumbidgee—owners of a splendid property—becoming pushed. The station was valued by a friend of mine for the mortgagees at £80,000. This would not have cleared the mortgage, so the mortgagees carried them on, and within twelve months the station was sold for £160,000.

That was a hard case of the Desaillys. A bad drought hit them hard, and the mortgagees took possession. The day the Desaillys left their station, the drought broke, and they were bogged on the run they had just lost. This sort of thing happened to not a few—then and since. At one time the banks and pastoral institutions foreclosed on a man without much hesitation. Directors of financial institutions had no bowels of mercy. They did not then realise the wonderful recuperative powers of Australian soil. Now it is quite different. Any steady, experienced, industrious man who keeps his backers thoroughly informed of all his transactions, and of the state of his country, will get fair play, and more than fair play, from any of our large pastoral institutions. He will get fair play, too, from banks, but banks are not so well posted on pastoral matters as are the big companies. In fact, the financing of large squatting concerns is not considered to be strict banking business, so that banks are not nearly so liberal with squatting customers in bad times as are the large companies. Squatters who have to borrow should bear in mind that while the companies look

to getting their profits out of the wool, banks get their profits out of the interest on money lent. A pastoral company wants to lend as little money as it can, and to get as much wool as it can. A bank does not deal in wool, and does not look to it for its profits.

In the days of which I am writing almost all the stations in New South Wales outside the eastern part consisted of leasehold land. When they were sold they were sold at so much a head for the sheep, the leasehold and improvements given in, and this procedure still obtains in Queensland. About one-third cash was paid, and the balance at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5 years, bearing 7 per cent. interest. A buyer calculated on having the place clear of debt at the end of five years. That is, he expected to, and generally did, pay the balance of the purchase money out of the profits. At times droughts came and the speculator lost everything.

In 1861 the pastoralists of New South Wales received a staggering blow—under the belt—in “Jack Robertson’s” “Free Selection before Survey Act,” and yet what a splendid opportunity existed for bringing in land legislation that would have made New South Wales one of the greatest countries in the world!

What should have been done was so patent to any thoughtful man that one is lost in amazement that it was not carried out. Everyone can see now that if good big areas of land suitable for settlement had been chosen where the rainfall was sufficient, and to which rail communication could have been extended, and this area set apart under rigid conditions of residence and improvement, and no man allowed to take up a holding of more than a limited area, while the land not required was debarred from purchase altogether, the prosperity of the colony was assured.

Those dispossessed of their land could have been compensated by an assessment struck on those who

were left in possession, and the rentals could have been doubled, and compensation for necessary improvements allowed to leaseholders at termination of their leases. The colony would soon have been studded with thriving farms and thriving farmers, prosperous towns, well equipped with water and schools, the whole colony would have become wonderfully prosperous, and the Crown would have held a magnificent estate ever growing in value. It is very easy being wise after the event, my readers will say, but I can assure them that the scheme I have outlined was often put out by squatters in those days. But free selection before survey was a great cry to go to the polls with.

I was sitting beside old Jack Robertson one day at lunch at the old Reform Club. We had just purchased a station called Goorianawa, all leasehold. The old man put his hand on my arm and said, "Look here, young man, sell your blooming shirt and buy the land," and he repeated his advice.

Jack Robertson's Act set the men who wanted land and the men occupying the land at each other's throats. In one day the value of a squatter's tenure fell by one half. Any Thursday any man could select anywhere on the squatter's holding that was not protected by improvements. Unscrupulous men tried to blackmail by cutting a man off from his homestead, wool shed and sheep wash or frontage. On a cattle run cattle camps would be selected. I have known the owner of a fairly small run ruined on one Thursday. Sixteen selections were taken up on him by one family. That means 40,000 acres at one swoop.

I have known a man posing as an intending purchaser of a run make himself acquainted with all the weak points of the run, then offer the owner half the value of the place. Refusal meant the selection of all the salient positions of the run, the owner being forced to take what he could get.



On the other hand Jack Robertson's Act left room and to spare for the run-holder to harass any selector, *bona fide* or otherwise, who wanted to settle down and make a home for himself. Many and many a hard working honest good fellow was worried into selling his selection. The Act gave the run-holder (or indeed anyone else who wanted to) any amount of opportunity of dummying, that is taking up land by means of men paid for the job. In a short time this great Act had half the men in New South Wales at each other's throats. It purposed to stop the aggregation of large estates; it actually led to the building up of large estates.

Some years ago about the important town of Wagga there was a great outcry, "Burst up the large estates." The town was, it was quite true, hemmed in by large properties, and men who wanted small areas of land could not get them. Yet it is a fact that the men who were most vociferous in demanding that the large estates should be "burst up" were the sons of the men who, by selling their selections, had built up these same large estates!

For some time after Sir John Robertson's Act became law the original occupiers had only to buy picked portions of their runs, but very soon it became a race between the squatters, and the men who wanted land, either to use or to make money by re-selling. Squatters had to borrow money, and borrow at eight per cent., too, to enable them to buy as much of their holdings as would save them from ruin. All had to go into debt, and many got heavily involved, for not only had they to borrow money to buy, say, half of their holding, but they had to borrow money to enable them to improve the purchased half so that it would carry more sheep. The effect of all this was not all bad, for many men put their heads and their hearts into their business, and found after a bit that they were able by judicious expenditure on improvements, more water and smaller paddocks, and

by growing better sheep, to get as good a return from half the area as they before got from the whole. It must be remembered that I am now writing of the state of affairs during, say, the first fifteen or twenty years of the incidence of Sir John's famous (I was nearly writing infamous) Act of Free Selection before Survey.

The leaseholders (squatters) had no desire to buy the land; they only bought when forced to do so, and to save themselves from ruin. Many found themselves between the devil and the deep sea. If they didn't buy, ruin stared them in the face; if they borrowed money at eight per cent. to buy, and were hit by a bad drought or by a big fall in wool, or, as sometimes happened, were hit by both, then they were ruined, just the same.

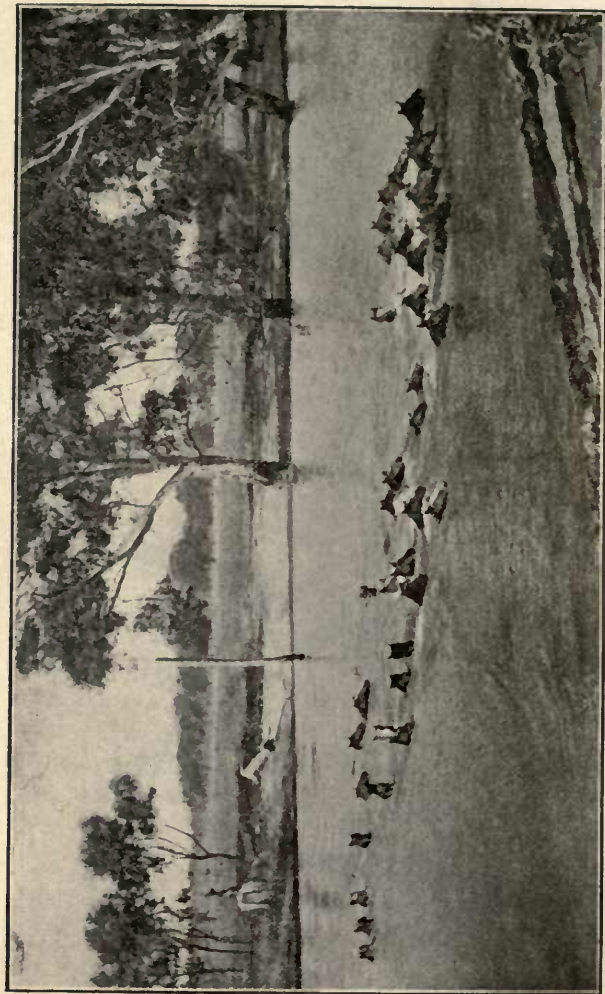
While I was at Brookong, all of that area of 315,000 acres, only the 640 acres on which the homestead and woolshed stood was freehold. I urged the owners to protect the station by buying a frontage, and the land round the tanks and dams. This land could then have been bought at £1 an acre. But they would not hear of it, and laughed at me when I suggested that they should buy the plains, then considered to be the best land, at the price mentioned. As for the forest and scrubby country, no one ever thought of buying it.

I was standing with Bobby Rand one morning on the verandah at Urangeline, and I pointed over to the Wallendool and Brookong scrubs, and I said, "What is that land worth, Mr. Rand?" He said, "I would not give half a crown an acre for it." That land with the timber merely killed would to-day bring forty half-crowns an acre.

At that time in Riverina the plains country was looked upon as far more valuable than the timbered country. To-day (in 1917) the timbered country, killed and cleared, is worth about four times more



ONE OF THE "OLD TIMERS," NEW SOUTH WALES



HORSES SWIMMING CREEK

[*Pastoral Review*]



per acre than the plains, and the killing and clearing has not cost more than £1 an acre.

Selection was creeping on steadily, and before I left one or two selectors had taken up land on Brookong. One knowing Scotchman selected round our sheepwash.

Very soon it became evident to Mr. Hebden that unless the owners were prepared to spend a large sum of money in buying land they had better sell. Accordingly in 1873 Brookong, with 96,000 sheep, was sold to William Halliday, of the Wimmera, in Victoria. I am not sure about the price, but it was over £100,000.

Mr. Halliday was a man of large ideas, very speculative and very capable. What attracted him on Brookong, and what induced him to buy the property, was the large extent of heavily timbered land. He saw that most of this forest land was composed of rich basaltic soil; the bigger the trees the richer he knew the soil to be. He had seen in Victoria that, by ring-barking, the carrying capacity of land could be trebled and quadrupled. He knew by his own experience in Victoria that the forest country on Brookong, which was only carrying some 60,000 sheep, could, by ringing, by more water and by more fencing, be made to carry 140,000 sheep. In his eyes it meant almost a fortune. He at once set to work to kill the timber, excavate large tanks, and subdivide the large paddocks. While hard at work at this he was caught in the terrible 1876-1877 drought which lasted well into 1878. Halliday's sheep died like flies. By the time the drought was over he had very few left. He lost 130,000, but his heart never failed him. All through the drought he had gangs of men ringbarking and suckering trees and excavating tanks and skinning sheep. His fences for miles were covered with sheep skins—yet his backers, inspired by his energy and go, stuck to him. In 1878, about March, he told me all this himself—believing

that rain was near, he took a fortnight's offer in Victoria of some 90,000 ewes in lamb. He went on up home to Brookong. A few days before his offer was to expire rain fell; it poured rain all night. Some of his tanks were filled, there was a certainty of good grass, and a good lambing was assured. In the morning he got the wires to work—he had the telephone on to his office—and he closed the deal for the 90,000 ewes in lamb at an average of 4/9 a head. Rain had also fallen in Victoria, and he got the sheep home without loss. He got a clip and a lamb from the ewes. These were worth about 10/- a head, and the ewes were worth 10/- ahead off shears. He sold half of them. This transaction put him on his legs and further increased the confidence of his backers.

Halliday told me how he and Mrs. Halliday had come out to Victoria. Upon coming ashore they sat down on their boxes, which contained all they had in the world. Mrs. Halliday was a grand help-mate for her plucky, capable husband. They and James Richmond, so well known later on as the owner of Haddon Rig, who had for many years been living in Scotland, came out together and went up country together; and each very soon got positions as overseers on sheep stations. After a while they were offered a small station on easy terms. They purchased this, Richmond took charge of it, Halliday kept his billet, and they pooled the salary. James Richmond was just as capable a man as Halliday—both Scotchmen. They prospered exceedingly, and each became owners of large stations, and each in that terrible 1876-1877 drought lost over 100,000 sheep. They always continued fast friends, and well would it have been for Halliday had they remained partners.

Halliday was now on the crest of the wave; he improved Brookong so that one year he shored 300,000 sheep. This would mean a return after paying expenses, except interest, of some £75,000 for the year!

Halliday was very generous, and very good and liberal to his employees, but he was a determined man, and in the big strike of 1888 he fought the shearers for all he was worth and beat them badly. All the same they always respected Halliday. I will have something to say about that strike and other strikes in my second volume later on.

In my time we had stands for only thirty-six shearers at Brookong, and these were for hand shearers. We paid 17/6 a hundred, but for several years I paid by results, the rate ranging from 17/6 a hundred sheep to £1/5/- a hundred. It answered well, but gave me a great deal of trouble, as I had to enter a rate on every pen of sheep shorn as I counted out. The good shearers were greatly pleased with the arrangement, but the indifferent shearers did not like it, chiefly, I think, because I told the 17/6 men they need not come again. One of the best shearers I had in the shed was a German farmer from Albury, one Davy Dale, a fine fellow he was. He had been a long time in Australia; he never varied, but shored like a machine. He used to average 80 big wethers a day, and 115 ewes; but it must be remembered that in those days sheep only cut half what they cut now. Davy's hard work made him sweat profusely, and he always brought a towel with him to mop up the moisture. When I went to Brookong the flock (Macansh blood) cut considerably under five pounds a sheep. Halliday had 97 machine stands in his shed, and used to shear from 7000 to 10,000 sheep a day.

Halliday showed great judgment in securing land on Brookong, and when the land racket was over he was still in a first-class position, for all the land he had purchased (some 170,000 acres) had almost doubled in value. Halliday could at that time have sold out and remained a wealthy man, but he looked upon Brookong as a gold mine, and so it was that he retained the management in his own hands. He was

at that time appointed a member of the Legislative Council, and a very good and useful member he was. Halliday's kind, big, generous nature led him into spending money like water; he put his name to bills for friends (?) who were dabbling in mines, and thereby lost thousands. He dabbled in mines himself, to wit, Tarangaba, one of the biggest swindles ever perpetrated in Australia. Halliday must have lost a pretty penny over that mine. It was a Queensland man whom I knew well who got up this swindle. He was a man we all looked on as perfectly honest, but if anything rather a softy. A softy, indeed! God save the mark! He could have bought and sold the lot of us. Tarangaba was supposed to be a second Mt. Morgan, and the gold that was shown as coming out of it was similar to the Mount Morgan gold. It was an immense proposition, and the public rushed the shares, although many shook their heads and threw cold water on it. Experts as to whose capability and reliability there could be no doubt inspected the mine carefully, took samples themselves, took these samples away under seal, and reported most favourably. One young assayer, highly connected in Sydney, spent two months at the mine, and came away not only satisfied, but enthusiastic. Still grave doubts existed among many well-known mining men. Some of my friends had taken shares, and, knowing that Halliday and his friends were pretty deep in the mine, I asked for his opinion. He said, "I can't tell you definitely at present, but we are sending up Tom Conran to report, and when he comes back I'll tell you."

Tom Conran's inspection and report on the Tarangaba knocked the bottom out of it. He summed up his report in a few words, "There was never any gold taken out of Tarangaba except what was brought there from Mt. Morgan. It's a huge swindle."

When Conran got to Tarangaba he was received effusively. What assistance did he want? They



would do everything to facilitate his inspection. He said, "All I want is a wheelbarrow, a pick and a shovel. I want no one with me." He noticed that this seemed to upset them, but they gave him what he wanted. He had his own assay plant, and he took it down the mine with him. He spent two weeks over the mine, packed up his belongings, said nothing, and went to Sydney. His report I have already given. Tarangaba was "bust."

How the "salting" was done has never been explained to me, but one hypothesis was that the water which was supplied to those who had previously assayed the mine was impregnated with gold. But this would not explain the case where a man had taken away his own samples under seal. However, the manipulators were clever enough to hoodwink high-class experts and the public, and they were never got at and punished, but I am glad to say the principal delinquent died quite a poor man.

## CHAPTER XXX.

The winter of 1870 was so dry that the sheep were watering at the tanks and dams right up to 11th September. I was then in the middle of shearing, and on account of the dry time I had been sending all the sheep that I could, as they were shorn, out back into the scrub paddocks. Between the 11th September and the 17th over five inches of rain fell. These heavy rains in the spring of the year caused an abnormal growth of grass, more particularly of the corkscrew seedy grass, which ever since has been such a pest to lambs. This was my first experience of this grass, and unfortunately it came as a surprise, and a very disagreeable surprise, to scores of Riverina men. Owing to the delay in shearing

due to the constant rain on the warm spring weather, this wretched grass had attained to an abnormal growth, and had run into seed. As soon as the seed ripened and began to shed, trouble arose. This seed penetrates the skin and pierces right into the flesh. If sheep are in the wool, the wool becomes a thick mass of matted seed, and the unfortunate animal quickly dies. On many stations it was found to be quite impossible to get the sheep to the shearing sheds, and thousands were shorn out in their paddocks.

Some stations caught with thousands of their sheep unshorn lost heavily. One of my neighbours lost 7000 sheep in a very short time. Fred Wolseley, then of Cobram, lost 13,000. The losses generally were very heavy in Riverina.

The season at Brookong, through our being more to the east and somewhat higher, was always nearly a month later than the country to the west of us, so that I had plenty of warning. I was hurrying the shearing as much as I could. I was very much alarmed, and, to make matters worse, many shearers from sheds to the West of us, who had cut out, were daily passing Brookong, and making my shearers very unsettled. Some of my chaps told me that they had been advised to strike for a higher rate, as they had me at their mercy.

I was not afraid of a strike, for the bulk of our shearers were small farmers and farmers' sons from Queanbeyan and Yass and other parts to the East of us, decent, respectable chaps, who shored regularly for us every year, and who, I knew, would play the game and go straight. At this time it was customary all over Australia to wash the sheep before they were shorn. I used to ride down to the sheepwash, four miles away, about three times a week, in the evening, after shearing was finished for the day. One evening, while returning from a visit to the wash with Mr. Dill, my horse put his foot in a hole and rolled

over on me; his quarters caught me heavily across the chest, and as I staggered up still holding the reins with all the wind knocked out of me and in great pain, I gave vent to some groans. Dill called out, "Are you hurt?" I said, in the intervals of my groans, "No, if I was hurt much I couldn't sing out like this." Dill helped me on my horse and we rode home. My old friend Ludlow Watton was with us at the time; he was a capital rough and ready bone-setter. He found both collar bones and the acromion of the left shoulder broken. He soon banded me up all right, and I tackled the shed next morning after breakfast and stuck to it till we finished shearing, nearly three weeks later on. My reason for sticking to the shed was that while I was confident that the men would not strike for higher rates while I remained in charge, I was just as confident that if a new boss took charge a strike would almost certainly occur. I thought nothing of the broken collar bones, and although my right shoulder gave me great pain, I put it down to a strain. So I just battled on to the end of the shearing. Had the men struck I knew Mr. Hebden would have fought it out, and by this time the seed was nearly ripe, and I knew of the great losses that had occurred elsewhere. So I dreaded any delay. As it was, even while pushing all I knew and shearing early and late, we lost 600 wethers from the grass seed. We finished shearing one evening about five o'clock, and I settled with every man on the place before I went to bed at 11 o'clock that night. I had close on seventy men to settle with. I laid myself out for a day in bed, but next morning I could not rest, and was off over to the shed about six o'clock. I was just like a man with delirium. I daresay a good stiff nip of whisky would have done me good, but at that time I was a teetotaller, so did not try that. I was really quite worn out, and should have been under treatment. After a few days I rode up to Wagga (fifty miles)

and saw two doctors, but beyond complimenting Watton on his skilful bandaging of the collar bones, they could not diagnose my further injuries, and I returned to Brookong. Then I saw Dr. Stewart, at Jerilderie, an old navy surgeon who had been on one of Sir John Franklin's Arctic expeditions, but he could do nothing. My right shoulder at the back continued to give me much pain, although I ate and slept well, I got thinner and lower every day, though continuing to do my usual work on the station. Then I got sciatica and neuralgia, and eventually asked for four months' leave on half-pay. Leaving Charley Hebden in charge, I went to Melbourne. I had had so many fractures and injuries, and had always made so light of them, that no doubt my friends made light of them also. I saw several medical men in Melbourne, but got no satisfaction, and I was still getting thinner and lower every day. One day I met my friend Herbert Power in the street, and he said, "What's the matter? You look pretty miserable." So I told him. He said, "What does Fitzgerald say about it?" I said, "I have not been to him." Herbert's reply was not complimentary to my understanding, and he forthwith called a cab and took me to Dr. Fitzgerald. My introduction to this wonderful surgeon was "Fitz, this fellow has had a bad fall; look over him and see what's the matter." "We'll have some lunch first," said the Doctor.

After lunch the little surgeon gave me a thorough overhauling. He took half an hour over it, and anyone knowing his wonderful facility at diagnosing injuries will wonder at the time he took. "Both clavicles fractured," he said at once; "the acromion process of left shoulder, the little crow's beak bone, right shoulder, one clavicle dislocated, and still out of place at the sternum, and, the worst fracture of all, the right shoulder blade split from top to bottom." As the doctor discovered each fracture he used to say, "Most amusing, most amusing." No



doubt he intended "most interesting." At any rate I failed to see where the amusement came in. Fitzgerald then explained to me that although all these fractures had united, yet from my not having rested, they were still throwing out callus, and that all my food instead of making muscle was used up in making callus. Consequently I was wasting and losing flesh. He made Power feel my shoulder blade, pointing out that it was three times as thick (with callus) as it should be. Fitzgerald got my collar bone into position, and I had to get a contraption to keep it in place. He gave me bromide and something else, and before long, with rest, I got all right, but I was for a long time "below par" and run down.

I had also contracted sciatica, so I returned a few days after in a cab and told Fitzgerald that he'd have to cure the sciatica so that I could attend a Government House ball, which was coming off in five days. Fitzgerald tackled to, and began by running a series of big pins into the nerve, but it did no good. Next day he injected aconite into the nerve. This was very painful, but it had the desired effect. I was able to go to the ball and dance all night, though one girl, who was really my attraction to the ball, declined to dance with me, as she said she was sure she would hear my bones rattling!

The effects of the aconite injection kept me fairly free of sciatica for some years.

Fitz. set me right, and the experience was the beginning of a friendship which lasted to the day of his death. I promised him that if he survived me he was to have my body for anatomical purposes, but he went first. The best description I have heard of Sir Thomas' wonderful powers of surgical diagnosis was: "He has got eyes in his fingers."

It's wonderful how nervous doctors become over little things that a layman would never notice at all. "Fitz." got a scratch on one of his fingers, and it became a little painful—probably owing to his fixing

his mind on it—and he got so upset I had to sleep in the room with him for the night. He was thinking of tetanus or blood-poisoning all the time. He was a wonderful man. A friend told me that he sat up till near daylight with him one morning, and they both consumed a fair amount of whisky. My friend had an appointment to meet Fitz. at 9 o'clock, but he put it off till 10 o'clock, and when he arrived the little doctor was there as neat as usual, and as fresh as could be, and very angry with my friend for not being up to time. When I was working as a parson out among the wood-cutters and charcoal burners in the Heidelberg, Doneaster, and Gardner's Creek districts, I met one of my "parishioners" one day with her arm in a sling, so I stopped and asked her what was the matter. She was a big rough woman, and could use language when irate. She said she had hurt the shoulder six weeks before, but the chemist had given her some ointment for it. I thought it was out of place, so got off my horse and had a look at it. She had dislocated the shoulder, and I told her to go in next day to Fitz, and I'd meet her. Fitzgerald never demurred, but sat her on the ground; I put my foot under the shoulder and pulled, and although it had been done over six weeks, Fitz. slipped it in in a few minutes. The woman's language while under the chloroform was just a bit strong.

One day Fitz. said to me, "I want you in the surgery after lunch." I found a woman there and a doctor. The woman had had a dislocation of the shoulder three months before, and it was still unreduced, although her doctor had told her it was in place. Fitz., as in the other case, sat the woman on the floor and tied a towel round the wrist and arm. The other doctor gave the chloroform, and I pulled steadily for all I was worth. Fitz. told me to stop, and the doctor said, "Ah, I see it's in now." It wasn't, and Fitz. said nothing, but looked a good

deal. He told me to pull again while he manipulated the arm, and I felt the bone slip into place. Now this was three months after the dislocation had occurred. What the other doctor thought of himself I can't say.

Fitzgerald used to let me attend some of his operations at the hospital. I saw him excise the tongue from a man of fifty, and after the operation the old fellow refused to be carried away. He walked off bravely, and bowed to the doctor as he went. I saw him ten days afterwards, and could hardly detect where the incision had been made in the jaw. I also saw Fitz. operate (his own operation) for talipes in a little girl. It was wonderfully interesting, and also successful. He was one of the kindest of men. Children patients just loved him. He was ever a staunch and good friend to me. He was a wonderful operator, and the more critical and difficult the operation the cooler he was. Fitz. was very fond of a good horse, did a good deal of racing, was a real sport, and the number of patients he attended for "love" merely was very great.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

The summer of 1871 at Brookong was exceptionally hot. We had had a heat wave lasting three weeks. The thermometer maximum for those three weeks had averaged 101 in the shade. No one on the station was sleeping inside; all lay out, and even then it was too hot to get much sleep. I was still suffering from the effects of my bad fall, and much debilitated. The grass was long all over the run, particularly in the timber country, and, as it was dry as tinder, we were in dread of bush fires.

One Sunday afternoon, with the thermometer at

115 degrees in the shade, four of us were lying on the floor in the hall of the Brookong house, when I heard the sound of a horse galloping. At once I guessed what was the matter. "Boys," I said, "there's a fire as sure as fate," and I remember I said to myself, "This will just about settle me." Sure enough, next minute a man jumped off his horse at the store. He and his horse were dripping with sweat. "A big fire in the Galore," said the man; "it has come on from the top of Boree Creek run." By this time Mr. Dill and Charley Hebden were off to gather together all the men on the place, and in a very short time eight of us, with beaters and bags, galloped off, leaving the rest to follow with the express waggon and water cask, and shovels, rakes, and other fire-fighting weapons, blankets and tucker. We were not long covering the twelve or fourteen miles to the fire, but we could make little impression on it until nightfall. Then, with other help, we made good play at it, and by about two o'clock in the morning we had it, we considered, pretty well knocked out, and the men had a feed and lay down to sleep. I rode on well around to the head of the fire, and found that the burning grass was all knocked out, but that there was a line of about eight miles with hundreds of trees alight. We had no fire carts in those days, and knew that we had a pretty big order before us next day.

We started to work about four o'clock next morning, one gang to the west, the other to the east, burning down trees on fire too big to cut down, and brushing back any live coal or stuff that would start the grass going again. All went well till about three o'clock in the afternoon, when the wind rose into half a gale. In half an hour there was over three miles of a face of fire rushing southward and eastward, the wind being from the north-west.

There was a good beaten road about three miles to the east, and a narrow bush track about a mile to



the south. I took a good look at the fire just to calculate what height the flames were, and I put the height at from twenty to thirty feet among the trees. The country was all open forest where the fire was then. If it were once to cross the track to the south I knew that nothing could save all the station to the south. There was no possibility of beating the fire out, a frontal attack was impossible—no man could get anywhere near it, and by the time we could have knocked out a mile of the side of the fire, the head would have gained two or three miles. I could see that the only hope of saving the station was to burn alongside the southern track, and let the new fire work back to the big blaze. I had provided myself with plenty of matches (much better if I had had a piece of tarred rope). I started running on foot along the bush track dropping lighted matches as I went, about a foot out from the track, and leaving three or four men to see that my fire did not cross the road. I had about three miles to go to hit the good beaten road to the east, running north and south. It was a race between the fire and me to the road, but I won by about a hundred yards, and right glad I was. My men prevented the fire I lit from crossing the road, and by sundown we again had the big blaze in hand, and by 12 o'clock that night we had all burning trees safe, and were able to turn in free of apprehension to sleep till daylight. The wind still continued from the N.N.W. The third day we again kept all right till the afternoon, when the wind again blew up strong. Bark from the burning trees flew over the north and south road in many places, and in a short time the fire was blazing away to the east and south as fiercely as ever. I had sent word to the home station to send out any men looking for work, so by this time we had more help, and more men kept coming every day. Every night we got the fire well in hand, and every afternoon it broke out again. Before many days we had formed

into quite an efficient and seasoned fire brigade, with axes and shovels and beaters, and so forth. If we only had had a fire cart and hose we would have had the fire mastered the first night, but fire carts were not then thought of. After a bit travellers looking for work came straight out to the fire, and we soon had a big gang on, and had formed a central fire camp. We had trouble in saving some of the sheep; about two hundred were burnt, also four miles of log fencing. I had to drive one lot of sheep over the burning lower log of a fence. We saved all the boundary fences. All hands worked like Trojans. This went on for nine days and nights, and on the ninth night we had run the fire into the main beaten Wagga road to the south, and out on to our neighbour's, Sandy Davidson, on the east, and he and his people had got it well in hand by then. On the afternoon of the tenth day I walked down to the road and caught the mail coach going to Brookong, and a nice looking object I was, black and burnt, and my clothes in rags, but, strange to say, I was quite well and not knocked out. In fact I felt twice the man I did when, on hearing the noise of the horse galloping, I had said to myself, "This will about finish me." I can honestly say that I did as much work at the fire as any man who was at it, and besides that I had all the bossing of the show and the responsibility, and every night after the men had turned in I had to go and reconnoitre and lay schemes how to circumvent the enemy, and yet there I was quite well and right.

It was a great lesson to me as to how greatly the mind affects the body. The excitement of the fire and the absolute necessity for prompt and vigorous action re-vitalised my nervous system, and the hard work actually did me good. I have never forgotten that experience. Many and many a time since, when I have been run down and when I felt done and miserable and life not worth living, the memory of

the experience of that Big Brookong Blaze has bucked me up and enabled me to keep going.

As I am now approaching the end of my Brookong reminiscences, I would like to recapitulate a little. When I took charge of Brookong there were 46,000 shepherded sheep, and these took some fifty hands to look after them in ordinary times, and about ninety at lambing time. When I gave up the management of Brookong the 315,000 acres were divided into sixteen paddocks; twelve of these averaged 25,000 acres each; the other four were small (?) paddocks of from 1000 to 2500 acres. Our horse paddock contained 2500 acres. Compare this with the area and condition of the land my son (now on active service) and I have been occupying for the last ten years. Our holding has an area of only 8000 acres, and is subdivided into sixteen paddocks ranging from 80 acres to 600 acres, and one paddock known as the big (!) paddock of 1100 acres. That is to say, our little block of 8000 acres is divided into more paddocks than was the huge Brookong area of 315,000 acres. This very plainly illustrates the advantages of closer settlement.

One of our Brookong paddocks, all scrub, contained an area of 138,000 acres, and one man rode the fences of this enormous paddock. He was a married man, and I am glad to say that several of his sons are well-to-do farmers to-day in New South Wales, as are many boundary riders and their sons of those days.

I could give scores of instances showing what a grand country is New South Wales for steady industrious young men with a little "go" in them. I will give some of these later on in the second part of these Reminiscences, but here I may instance the case of a thrifty married couple, well known to me, on a station almost adjoining Brookong. They had no children. In 1873 the careful old couple had saved £1500; with this they retired, and took ship and went

home to Scotland. (The old country is always home to us in Australia.) Their wages were £70 a year, and found. For this the husband killed, milked, groomed, and did the knock-about work on the homestead, and the wife was cook and laundress, often only cook.

I say it advisedly, and without hesitation, that, bar sickness, every working man in Australia who chooses to be steady and saving could in ten years' time be independent, that is to say, he could be his own boss, and probably be an employer of labour instead of an employee. It may be said that it is fortunate for employers of labour, in the bush especially, that between amusements, drink, races and frittering money away, the great bulk of the Australian workmen do not save and become employers. Yet such a theory will not hold water. The more men on the land, and the more employers, the more men we would have to import. What a prosperous community we would in a decade be if all Australian employees took to saving their wages.

This was in the 'seventies. Now as I write in 1917 wages are much higher. Married couples get £110 a year and found, and under an astounding award by one of our Judges shearers get 30/- a hundred (they can average 110, and some men have gone up to 270, sheep per day), and station hands 48/- a week and found. This is an advance of 25 per cent. in the already high shearing rate, and of from 80 per cent. to 95 per cent. in the wages of station hands. The outlook under these excessive wages is very serious for producers of wheat, wool and meat (the wages of farm hands have gone up in proportion).

For some time my mind had been turned towards trying to get into the ministry—that is, to become a clergyman. Something my friend, C. M. Lloyd, said to me one day in this connection strengthened the idea in my mind. While on my holiday another old friend, Mrs. John Sadleir, wife of John Sadleir, who



gave us that very interesting book, *Recollections of a Victorian Police Officer*, still further strengthened the idea till I could not get it out of my mind. The more I considered it the more it took hold of me. Eventually, in November, 1871, I took the decided step of resigning the management of Brookong with the view of preparing for the ministry.

Mrs. Sadleir, who was a great friend of Dean Macartney, of Melbourne, assured me that I would have no difficulty in becoming ordained, and that whenever I decided definitely she would see the Dean.

I finally left Brookong in March, 1872, being then in my 35th year. I had been nearly six years there. My hopes of becoming a successful station manager had been fulfilled, for as soon as it was known I was leaving Brookong I received several very good offers of management from owners of large properties. One was an offer of £600 a year. Another was a very tempting offer indeed, being nothing less than a managing partnership in a very valuable Riverina station. The owner, a North of Ireland man, was going to take his family to the "old country" for five years, and he made me an offer which would have been worth at least £1200 a year to me, and everything found on a most liberal scale. Knowing that if I accepted the offer I would be, as the saying goes, a made man as far as financial position went, and that I would be in a position to ask the girl whom I had loved for some five years to join her lot with mine, I was sorely tempted to accept. But my heart was set on entering the ministry, and in trying to do some really good work in a world in which—at that time—I thought the great majority were going straight to hell. I declined the offer, recommending a valued friend for the appointment, which he received. He never knew that it had been offered and declined by me. He fitted it well, and told me that it had been worth £1500 a year to him.

And now, although I have not got through half of my many years, I find that the "memories old" have grown into more than enough to fill a goodly volume.

Should this volume meet with approval, I purpose putting the recollections of the succeeding forty-five years into another volume, embracing four years of clerical life, twenty years again on the land as managing partner in Goorianawa Station, about eighteen months in connection with the Graziers' Meat Export business, some four years in mining, most of the time in North Queensland Gulf country, then some six years in Land Valuation in New South Wales, chiefly for the Commissioners of State Land Tax, and finally eleven years back again on the land in the Coonamble district not far from Goorianawa, where I had previously spent nearly twenty years of my married life.

Hoping that my recollections may prove interesting, not only to my friends, but to the general reader, I will now say "Au Revoir."

## APPENDIX.

In the early Saxon times all that part of Northumberland watered by the sources of the Tyne, with the district afterwards called Alston Moor, was given to a military chieftain for repelling the incursions of the Britons.

The name of the "Warrior" who founded the family was Frithelstan, and is so written in the old Saxon chronicles and other records. The addition of haugh to the name came in this manner. In the old Saxon dialect "halgh," pronounced "haugh," meant a valley or alluvial lowland, and a branch of the family having built a castle in a sequestered valley of the Tyne (at this day one of the most interesting structures in Northumberland), that branch after the Norman Conquest was called "Fetherston-de-halgh," and took for their arms gules a chevron betwixt three ostrich fethers argent.

In the reign of King John, Helias de Fetherstonhalgh endowed the Monastery of Hexham.

In the wars of Edward III. with Scotland, Thomas de Fetherstonhalgh had a mandate from the King to array all his men at arms.

Richard Fetherstonhaugh, D.D., was Chaplain to Queen Catherine, of Arragon, and conducted the pleadings in the affair of the divorce with so much zeal that the King had him beheaded in 1540.

In 1651 Sir Timothy Fetherstonhaugh, who was in arms for the King, was taken prisoner at Wigan, and beheaded at Chester by Milton, one of Cromwell's Colonels. His eldest son, Henry, was slain in the battle of Worcester, fighting on the King's side. This devoted loyalty to the Crown met with no return

from Charles II., even the family estates were not restored. Sir Henry Fetherstonhaugh, a grandson of Sir Albany, died in 1746, aged 100, without issue, discarding his nephew, William Henry, in the direct line, and appointing Matthew Fetherstonhaugh, a more distant relative, for his heir. This gentleman was created a baronet in 1774, leaving one son, the late baronet, who left no issue, so the title became extinct. William Henry married Miss Shafto and impoverished himself on the turf; his son, William, after fruitless attempts to retrieve his fortunes, died in Yorkshire at an advanced age. His son George died young in 1780, leaving an only son, now His Majesty's Consul at Havre, in France.

There are branches of this ancient family in Cumberland and in Ireland. Some of the family went to Ireland in the time of Cromwell and acquired estates there. The Fetherstonhaughs of Kirkswald have always taken distinguished rank with the gentry of that country (Cumberland), and have for its head in Ireland Sir George Fetherstonhaugh.

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